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Collier's

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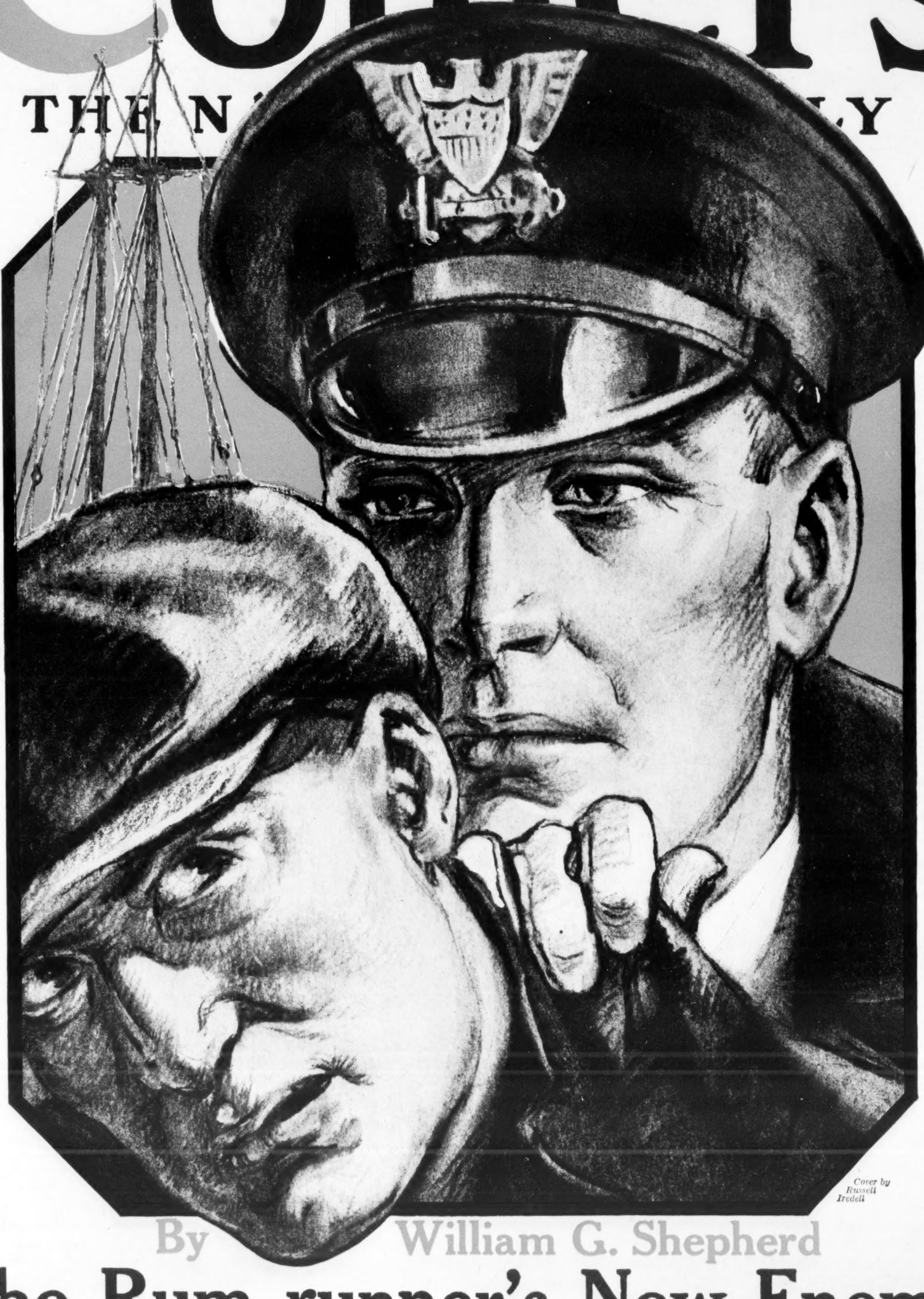

Cover by
Russell
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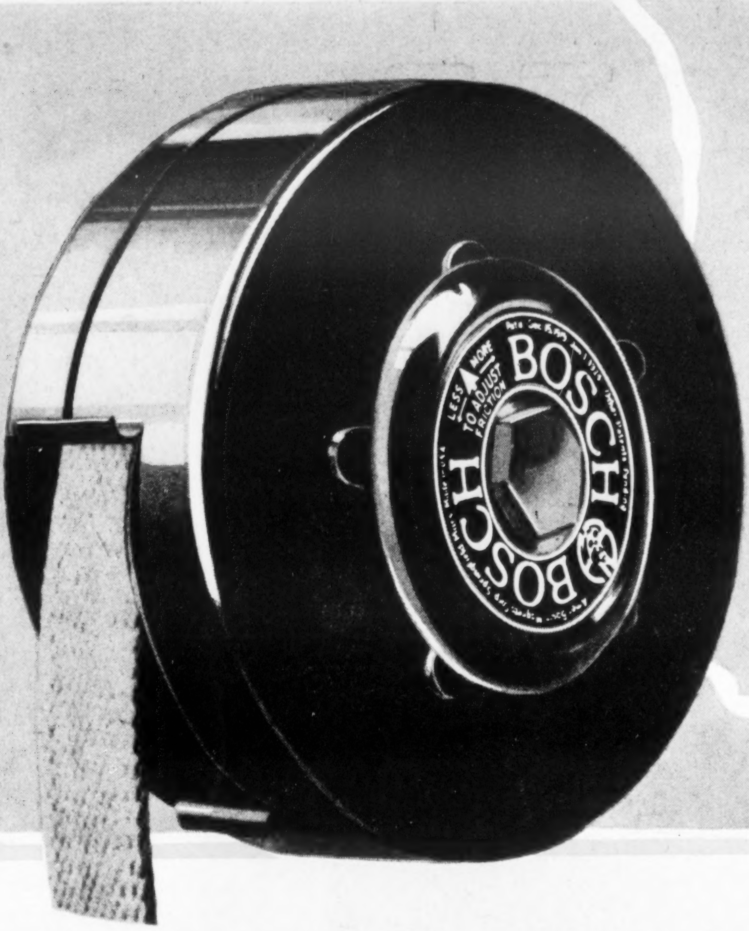
By William G. Shepherd

"The Rum-runner's New Enemy"



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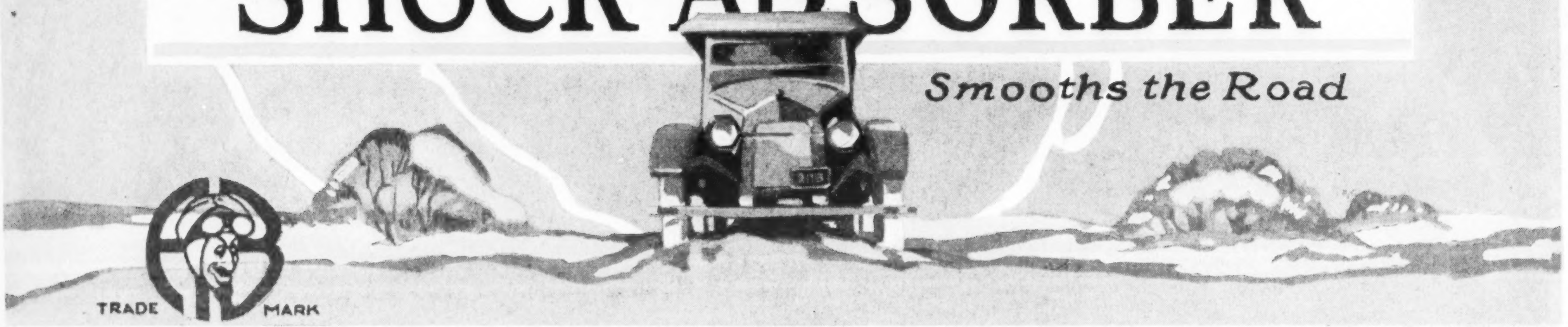

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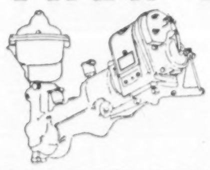

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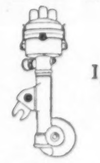

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As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.
—Lambert Pharmacal Company.

YOUR DENTIST MAY BE ABLE TO ADD MANY PRECIOUS YEARS TO YOUR LIFE—BETTER SEE HIM!

Hidden wells of poison

To all appearances she was the picture of health, yet a dental X-ray revealed hidden wells of poison that, neglected, might have cut short her life by many years

She was a beautiful girl. She had a host of friends and many suitors. To all appearances she was the picture of health. Rarely did even a slight illness interrupt her program of pleasure.

Suddenly one summer she started complaining of a rheumatic ailment. The trouble became more intense, and she finally sought the aid of a physician. His remedies did not help her.

So she changed doctors. And the first thing the new physician did was to send her to a dentist for an X-ray of her teeth and a report as to their condition. Outwardly they appeared all right. But the X-ray picture revealed several bad abscesses. These **hidden wells of poison** *had been seeping their deadly bacteria into her system and had unquestionably caused the rheumatism:*

Once attended to by her dentist, the rheumatic trouble disappeared. Neglected, they might have brought on many other ailments and, in fact, might have cut short her life by many years.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

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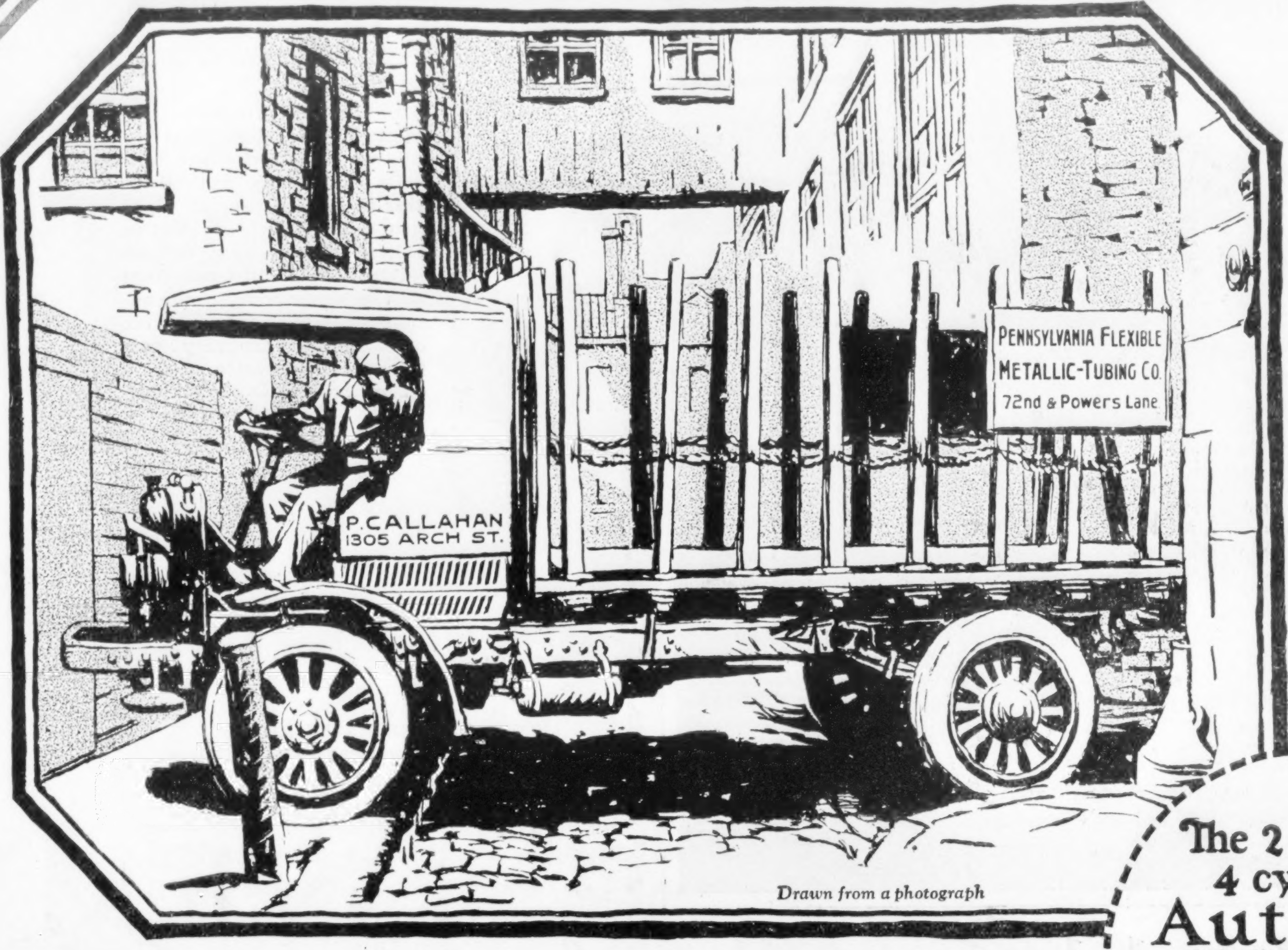

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The Autocar engine is *under the seat*

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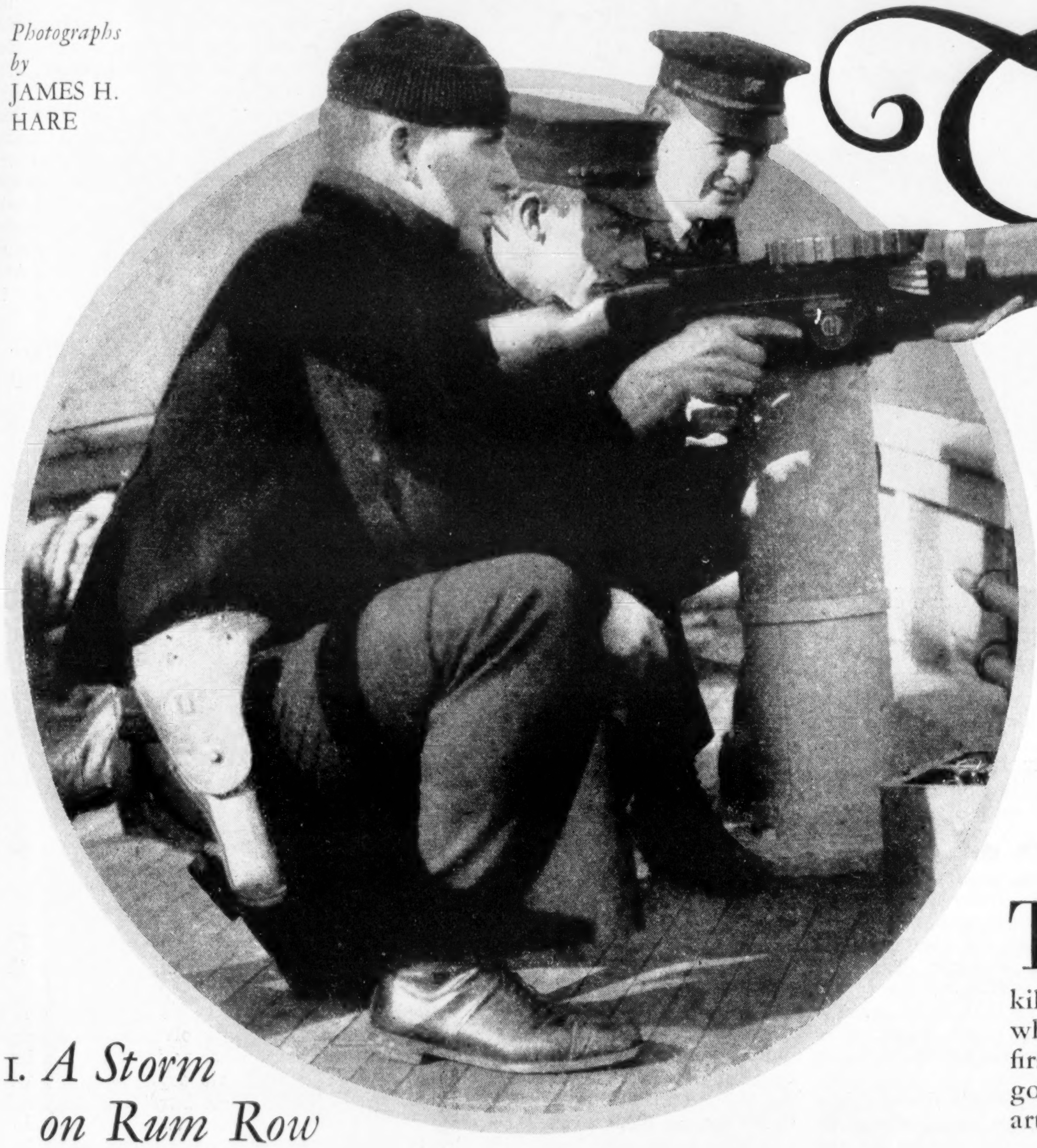
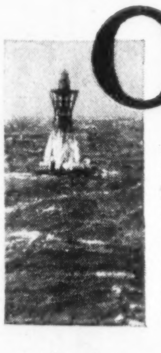


The Rum-runner's NEW ENEMY

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

THERE'S nothing more bewildering in American history than the Coast Guard and Rum Row war, in which men kill and are killed. William G. Shepherd and James H. Hare, who have seen several wars together, were the first correspondents given official permission to go to this one. The result is three extraordinary articles concerning a world of amazing adventure.

I. *A Storm on Rum Row*



ONCE three "wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl." That's nothing. What about going to sea in three narrow, deep, thin-shelled dry-goods boxes? That's what you ride in when you go out to the Rum Row whisky battle along our American coasts these days.

Three narrow, deep wooden boxes, fastened together, make one of the new $40,000 Coast Guard rum chasers, slender as a weaver's needle and seemingly as fragile as a fiddle. One box in the back (I heard the crew call it "aft") is square. There are two folding wall bunks there for the captain and the chief mate and, divided off by a thin partition, a table, a stove and a sink for the cook. The middle box, long and narrow, has two roaring gasoline engines in it that can make the boat shake like jelly. This thing really isn't a boat; it's a pair of powerful engines surrounded by a shell of wood to keep the engines afloat. Up in front there's a deep, long, slender box, with six bunks hung from its sides for the crew. This box comes to a point at the end. That's the boat's needle point. Stand down here when those engines are doing 1,100 revolutions and you'll see it quiver.

You don't pass from one box to another through doorways. No matter how wild the storm or how high the water, you must go on deck to pass between rooms. The three boxes are separated by steel sheets. You can fill one of them with ocean and the other two will keep the ship afloat. Not long ago one chaser stuck her nose straight into the middle of the front box of another chaser in a fog and, to all intents and purposes, filled the box with ocean. The cook, who was sleeping, swam around the box until he was helped out. The chaser was towed backward fifty miles into port; they're putting a new front box on her now and she'll soon be on the trail of the rum runners again.

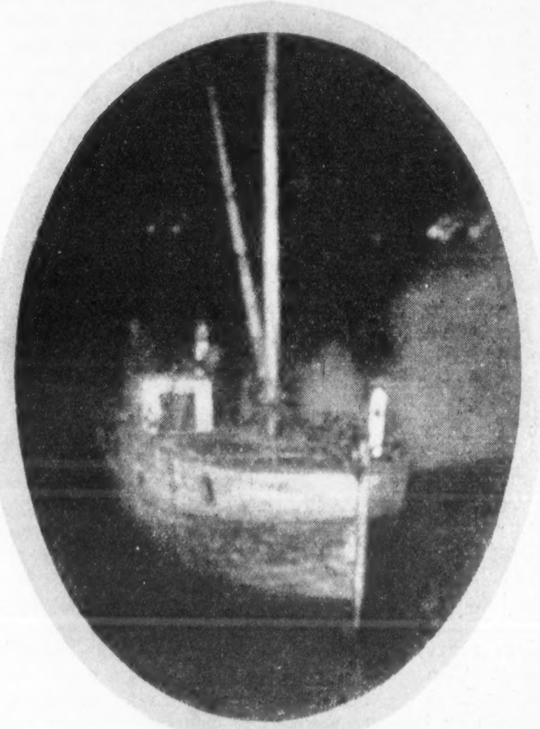
You enter these three doorless rooms by climbing down ladders through trap doors which the seamen call hatchways. Standing on the deck the visitor to one of these high-speed needle boats is likely to hear a tapping under his feet; he's standing on a trap door and someone is trying to climb up from the box beneath.

Topping the narrow, slim deck rises the glass-enclosed pilot house, eight feet square with doors on each side opening on the deck. You'd be surprised to know how many men can crowd into it during a biting gale that whips the sea into mountains and lifts the water into the air. In its floor are two trap doors that lead down into the front and the middle boxes. A steel cable, a little over knee high, edges the deck to keep you from toppling or being washed overboard.

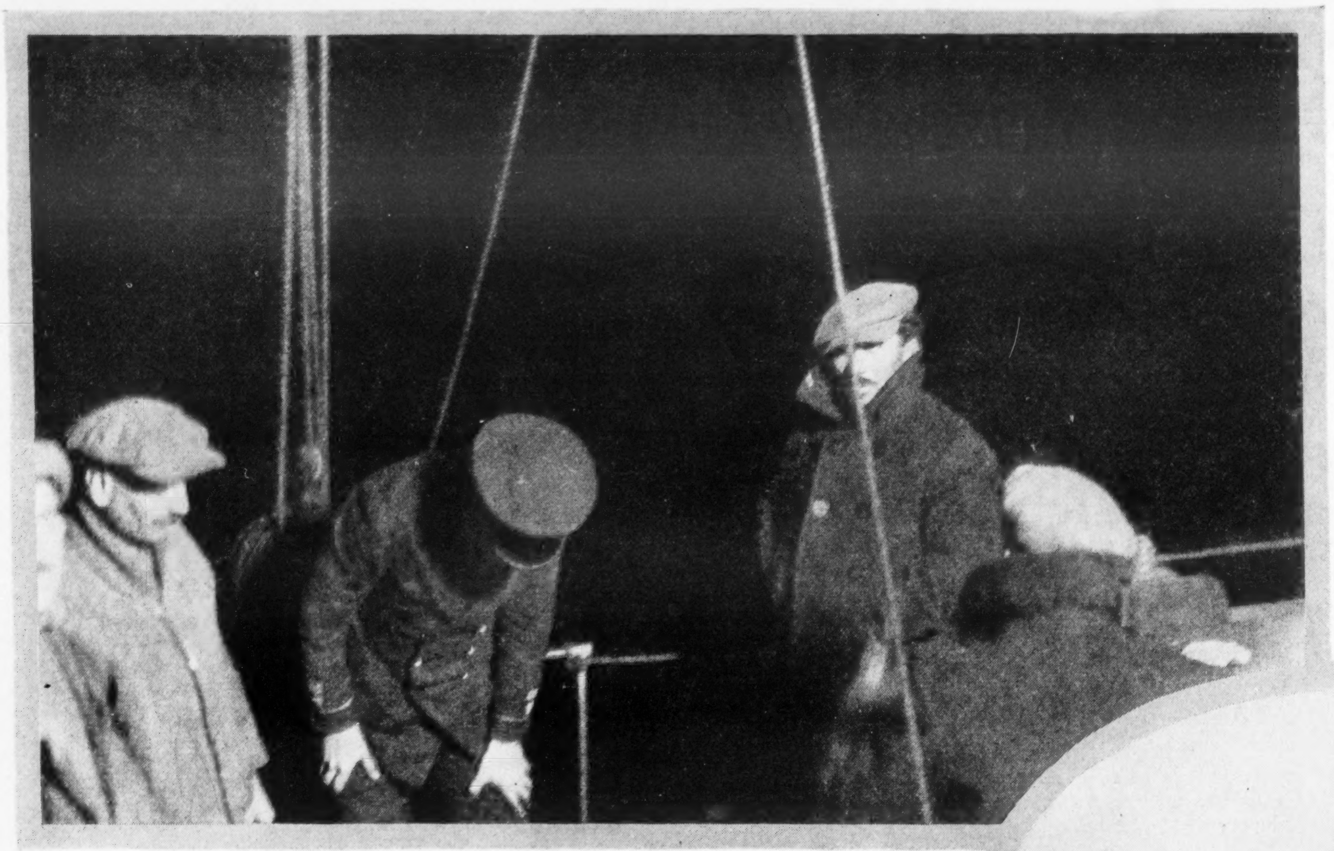
That's what we went to sea in—during a storm too. Its nose (her nose, the sailors call it) was pointed toward Rum Row.

"Let's have supper before we start out," said Captain Kiernan.

We were lying tied between two great snug piers on Staten Island where we felt no wind or waves. The captain and his crew of six men knew what kind of weather was waiting for us out there beyond the piers, but we didn't. We climbed down the seven-stepped ladder into the rear box. A stubby, brown, square-shaped Filipino cook was on one side of the room between his stove and his kitchen sink; he could stand at the sink and reach



Stopped on the high seas! A midnight flashlight of an empty rum runner



Turned back by the storm, the Coast Patrol found them empty

over to the stove. There was a tiny wire fence around the top of the stove. I noticed a string tied around the huge tin coffee pot on the stove and fastened to the wall.

On the other side of the room, three feet from "Kewpie," the cook, was an oilcloth-covered table. The captain sat at one end; his mate sat at the other and the rest of us sat on benches along the side.

"We eat well here," said the captain. "Leon, the cook"—only the crew called him "Kewpie"—"was cook in a fine club in Manila." "Kewpie" grinned. Soup, big steaks, a huge tray of French fried potatoes, coffee in thick cups with condensed cream and, to top all, apple pie—that was supper. We all talked, crew, captain and land-lubbers.

It's a new game for the Coast Guard, chasing rum runners. These men enlisted for only one year though the Coast Guard, recently, has provided for reënlistment. They have served only a few months as yet. Many of them in twenty-four boats like ours at Staten Island have seen war; they are lovers of adventure and this whisky war is the only war they can find. We talked of Saloniki. One man at our table had been there during the war. We talked of Vera Cruz, when the American marines seized it. Another man had fought in its streets. We talked of submarines. Another man had been on a torpedoed merchantman. We talked of flying. Another man had been in an aëroplane that had dropped bombs on the German test ships in Chesapeake Bay and blown them out of the water. It takes rough and brave rum runners to fight it out, face to face, with men like these.

Up on deck after supper we find the early darkness of a foggy, wet evening. Men jump to the pier to loose the ropes; the captain leads us into the pilot house. He takes the wheel and begins to ring various bells all over the ship. The engines start; they set the boat trembling. The men at the pier jump back to the boat as she moves away. In a minute or two we are out in the open water of New York Bay.

The wind whistles as it hits us a broadside; we roll and bounce; it's hard to stand straight. You must reach for something to hang on to. The amazing thing is you find a handle. All over the ship there are handles; the builder knew we'd need them. In the blackest night—and this is going to be an utterly black night before we're through—reach out your hand, as the ship lurches, and nine times out of ten your fingers will clutch some life-saving handle. But we're only started; we're in the basin of water that washes Manhattan; it can't be rough, though it *is!* Beyond that is the lower bay, a dozen miles across, which stretches to Sandy Hook and lies under the gleams of the old twin lights of Navesink. That will be rougher because it opens out to the sea; across it runs that Fifth Avenue promenade of the ocean liners, Ambrose channel, bordered by nine miles of lighted buoys.

And beyond that, twenty-five or thirty miles out on the open ocean, where the storm-sized waves run freely, lie the ships of Rum Row. Getting whisky out there this night is a man-sized job; the man who merrily tosses down a drink of Scotch carried ashore this night will lose nine tenths of the relish of it by not knowing how it passed through the storm.

We are headed out through the Narrows between Fort Hancock and Fort Hamilton—the eastern gateway to America. There are a few ships riding at anchor around us. One vessel is moving toward Manhattan. It is almost dark now. Our ship is teeter-tottering, like a plank on a saw horse, though we've been away from the pier only ten minutes.

"Small boat on the port side!" a sailor standing up at the front point of the ship shouts back to the pilot house.

"Well, what of it?" you say to yourself. A small boat right in the harbor of New York City isn't anything to get excited about, you think. We've been out only ten minutes; excitement couldn't commence this soon.

But you don't know the rum-chasing, rum-running game. You don't know the thirst of that towering city whose lights you see behind you.

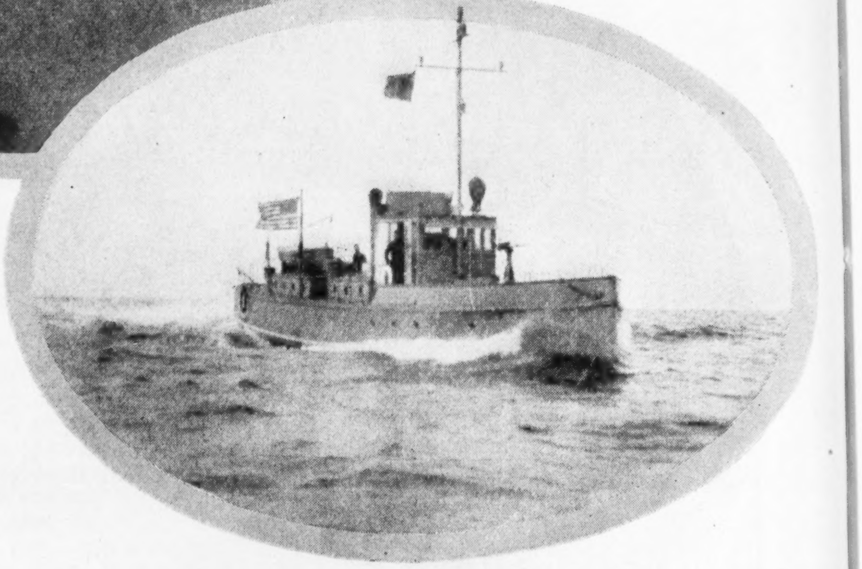
A mile away, over toward the Brooklyn shore, there's a small launch. The captain throws the wheel over; our ship leans down toward the water; everyone grabs at handles—and finds them. The captain starts the bells to ringing for full speed ahead. The moving ship passes between us and the little boat, but we glimpse it again.

"Take the wheel!" shouts the captain to a sailor. He dashes out on the deck and runs to a canvas-covered contraption you haven't noticed before. He pulls away the canvas. Here's a shiny, polished cannon that shoots a one-pounder shell. Beside it is a box filled with ammunition. A sailor stands at the captain's side; these men have drilled. But, you ask yourself, they're not going to shoot, are they? Here in the harbor? And at that little boat a mile away? This is like war. The lights of Brooklyn are reddening the low-lying clouds; you can see the gleam of lights in hundreds of windows along shore. And here are Americans getting ready to shoot at an enemy right here in the harbor!

The seaman hands the captain a shell. Imagine a revolver bullet as large around as a banana; imagine the bullet filled with an explosive that will cause the bullet to burst into hundreds of killing fragments; that's the kind of shell it is. The captain thrusts it into the breech; he sights. The little boat has turned not toward us but is shooting in toward shore. She's fast; that's why they know she's a rum runner. The captain pulls a string; the gun roars. Hello! Here's the same kind of sound that we used to hear in the war. We look intently and wait for the shell to strike. A lily-shaped tower of water rises a safe distance from the little boat. That's the Coast Guard's signal to halt. Now the boat must stop and wait for us; Uncle Sam's orders. The boat knows what we are—a Coast Guard chaser, with grim, uniformed, trained fighting men aboard. Now it must stop. Well, maybe it must, *but it doesn't.* The next shot must be sent to kill. But the tiny craft heads straight in toward shore; within a minute we can no longer

(*Cont'd on page 38*)

The "chaser" on which Hare and Shepherd made their trip

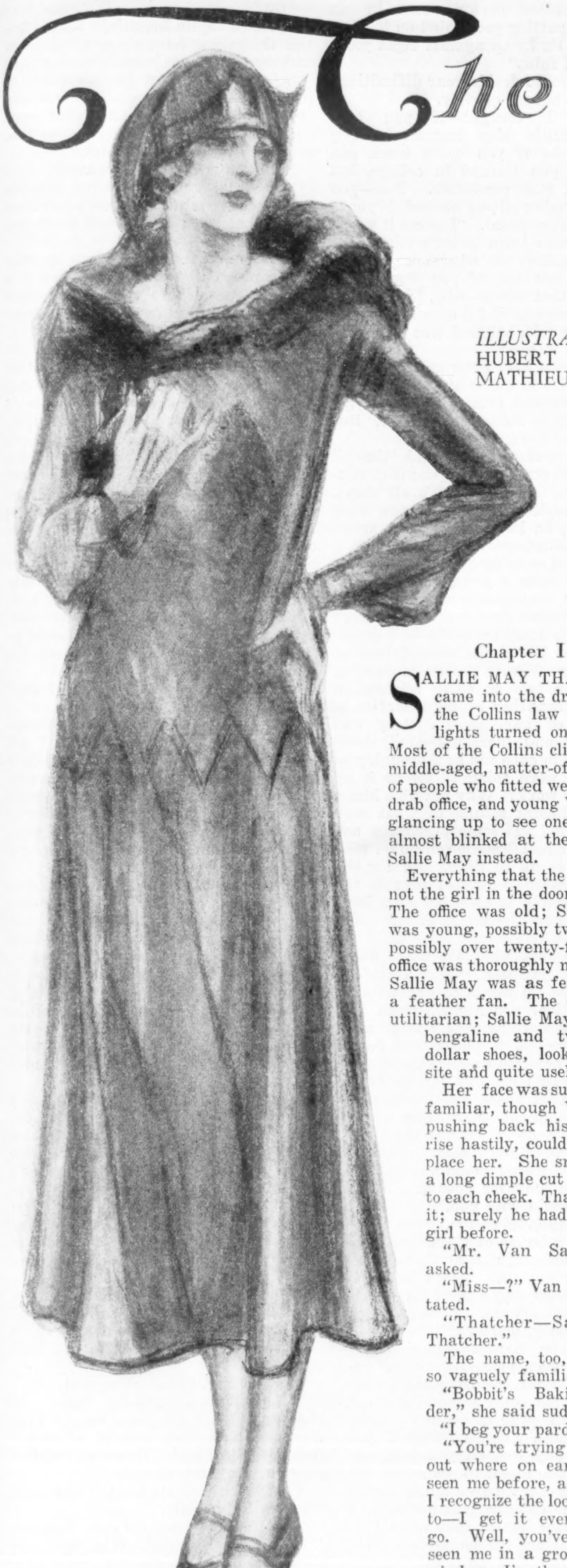


The "chaser's" cook and his cellar on the deck

The education of SALLIE MAY

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY
HUBERT MATHIEU



"You've probably seen me in a grocery store window"

Chapter I

SALLIE MAY THATCHER came into the drabness of the Collins law office like lights turned on at dusk. Most of the Collins clients were middle-aged, matter-of-fact sort of people who fitted well into the drab office, and young Van Sant, glancing up to see one of them, almost blinked at the sight of Sallie May instead.

Everything that the office was not the girl in the doorway was. The office was old; Sallie May was young, possibly twenty, impossibly over twenty-five. The office was thoroughly masculine; Sallie May was as feminine as a feather fan. The office was utilitarian; Sallie May, in beige bengaline and twenty-six-dollar shoes, looked exquisite and quite useless.

Her face was surprisingly familiar, though Van Sant, pushing back his chair to rise hastily, could not quite place her. She smiled, and a long dimple cut deeply into each cheek. That clinched it; surely he had seen this girl before.

"Mr. Van Sant?" she asked.

"Miss—?" Van Sant hesitated.

"Thatcher—Sallie May Thatcher."

The name, too, was ever so vaguely familiar.

"Bobbit's Baking Powder," she said suddenly.

"I beg your pardon—"

"You're trying to figure out where on earth you've seen me before, aren't you? I recognize the look. I ought to—I get it everywhere I go. Well, you've probably seen me in a grocery store window. I'm the girl on the baking-powder can."

Van Sant grinned suddenly. "By Jove, that is where!"

The girl sighed. "Of course. It's so terribly well advertised. Nobody but me knows I'm a moving-picture star, but strangers on the street stare at me and look worried till somebody says, 'Oh, of course! Bobbit's Baking Powder!'"

The baking-powder girl had worn a big checked apron and a fleck of flour on one soft cheek, but it was evident that she had come on in the world since then. Her little fur scarf, hung over one arm now, was softly sable; her soft slim shoes and cobweb stockings matched her beige dress exactly, but her French hat, knowingly, did not. Still, it was unmistakably the same girl, the merry eyes and long deep dimples. No wonder Van Sant's glance was curiously questioning. What on earth did Bobbit's Baking Powder want of him? She left him not long in doubt.

"Mr. Collins told me you were the man for me to see. He comes up to Future Films whenever they have a case that's likely to go to trial. He said that you were going to do some tutoring afternoons till he could give you some real trial work in the fall, and that maybe I could get you to give me some lessons this summer."

"Lessons? Are you thinking of going in for law?"

"Oh, heavens, no! But Mr. Collins said you were a brilliant all-around man in college."

Van Sant grinned. "And what did he tell you I gave lessons in besides the law—screen acting or shadow boxing?"

"He didn't say you gave lessons in anything except for the bar exams, but he did say that if I could persuade you to give some just to me, he thought you could teach me just what I want to learn."

"And what"—curiously—"do you want to learn?"

SALLIE MAY hesitated a moment, colored hotly. Then, "To be a lady."

"To be a lady!" Van Sant was surprised out of his usual poise.

"Oh, please don't be polite and say I am one already," she urged quickly. "If you're half as smart as Mr. Collins thinks you are, you know already that I'm not. Heaven knows what it is they tell by, but smart people can tell it at a glance. I get by with the men all right—they're easy to please—but there's something wrong, and the right kind of women spot it as quick as I can see imitation filet on a homemade collar."

"And what you want," Van Sant suggested, "is to be an educated lady?"

"Yes"—eagerly. "If I could just get a college education! I've doped it out that education must be what I lack. I'm making big money now, and I dress all right and have a swell apartment and keep a car and—oh, I've got all the props, but there's a screw loose somewhere. You see"—she hesitated, then evidently decided upon complete frankness—"you see, I'm engaged to be married."

Van Sant nodded. "I don't just get why that need worry you," he said, puzzled. "You say you get by with the men all right and you're not going to marry a perfect lady."

Sallie May raised a crooked forefinger to the inner corner of one eye and looked out above it, a funny, mischievous, little-girl gesture.

"Oh, no, but he's the son of one and the brother of three— Heaven help me! This is the way it happened—"

She paused suddenly with a guilty look at a jeweled wrist watch.

"Say, were you on your way anywhere, or just about to begin something, or anything like that? If you were, you must be ready to pass out, having me pin you down here and tell you the story of my life."

"There isn't a thing in the world I've got to do," Van Sant assured her. "Or a thing in the world I'd rather do than hear the story of your life."

"WELL, then, this is the way it happened," the reassured Sallie May went on. "I met him at a frat house party last spring. I was asked there by another man. It was the first college house party I'd ever been to, and I'd been scared to death at the idea of going; thought it might be highbrow, you know. It wasn't though, let me tell you. Honestly, some of the girls there that took it for granted I was pretty speedy because I was a movie actress shocked the very life out of me. A lot of them would never get by the censors. There were some awfully nice ones too, though, and the men—well, nothing but modesty keeps me from admitting that I certainly was a knockout with those college boys. It was really a wonderful party. And to cap the climax, I came home engaged to the one stag alumnus. Maybe you know him. Phil Lawrence. He lives in Chicago."

Van Sant shook his head.

"He's really awfully nice. After he went on home, he wrote me twice a day, wired flowers all the time, and everything like that, you know. So when they shot me out to Hollywood to make a picture the next month, he was determined I should stop off and meet his family. I only had between trains, so he brought the whole five of them down to take me to lunch. His father and mother and three sisters. It was awful!

"His father liked me, but the rest were all so polite to me, so terribly polite, I could see they felt I was a grave mistake. It wasn't because I was on the screen either. It was something else. It certainly wasn't my clothes. I was dressed all right—simple but expensive. I'm past the stage where you think big diamonds make you look rich and that you aren't properly covered till you've put on your earrings. I didn't cut my lettuce with my knife, or anything like that, either. But there was something, and the more I thought about it the more puzzled I got. But at last it came to me that it must be because I hadn't had a good education.

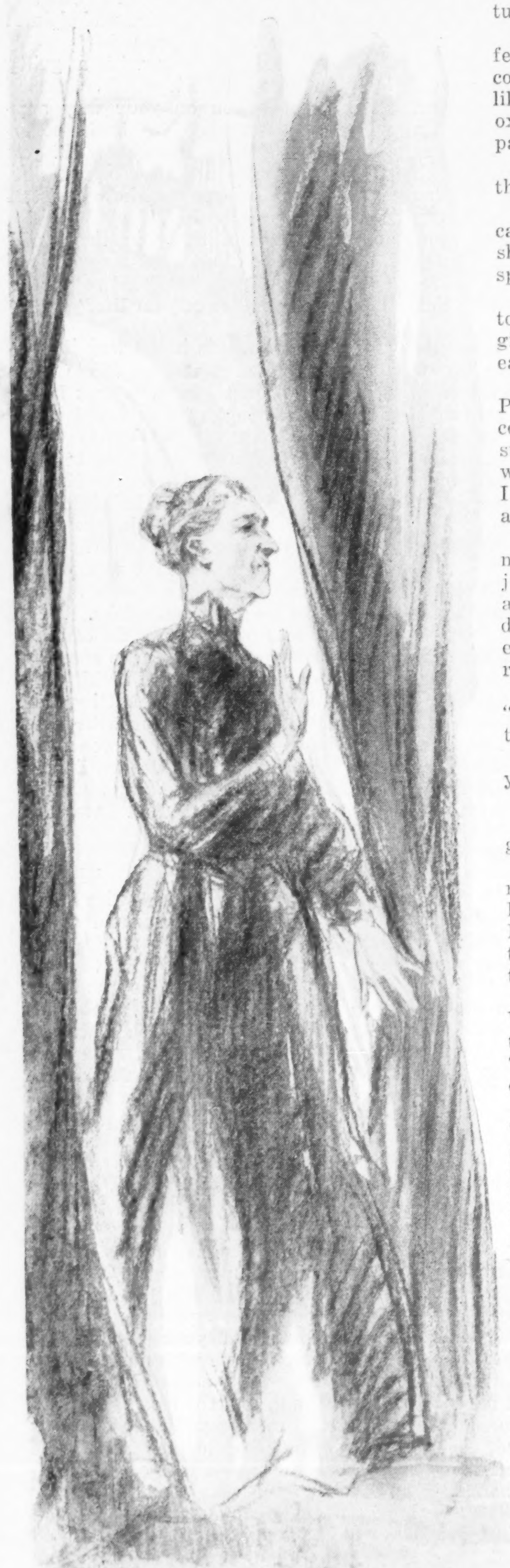
"Of course I was just there for luncheon, and I didn't say much. You don't have to go to college to learn to keep still when you're beyond your depth. But I thought about it a lot afterward. And the very first day we were working in Hollywood, something happened that clinched it for me. Something had gone wrong with the lights and everybody was waiting. I was talking to Martia Price—she was in that picture—and two awfully pretty extra girls that Martia knows; some old geezer in spats who was being shown through the studio was talking to our director, and he looked over at the four of us.

"'What a beautiful bouquet of girls!' he said to the director.

"The director glanced over to see who we were. He shrugged his shoulders.

"'Yeah,' I heard him say. 'Beautiful but dumb.' And I knew my hunch had been right. Education was my missing link."

Van Sant's smile was unmistakably sympathetic. "So you want to tackle the job of educating yourself?"



Cousin Lottie declined demi-tasse with a brief "Caffeine," and excused herself

Sallie May smiled too, her deep-dimpled, Bobbit's Baking Powder smile.

"Heavens, no," she said. "I want you to educate me."

Van Sant merely looked at her a little quizzically.

"Oh, please say you will!" she begged eagerly. "I must have somebody. It would be so awful to have the wrong person. I've seen women in gown shops who didn't know what was what and trusted to the saleswomen to tell them the right thing to buy. And the terrible things those poor women get sold! Some dress that has been around the shop till the madam has offered a fat bonus to the clerk that gets rid of it. Now, I can tell the right kind of clothes when I see them. But when it comes to education—"

"They could slip phony culture over on you?"

"As easy as John D. Rockefeller could open a charge account. Why, in culture I'd be likely to let 'em sell me tan oxfords to wear with hand-painted georgette!"

"And Mr. Collins assures you that I wouldn't?"

Sallie May laughed. "Oh, I can tell that all right myself," she said. "I'm only dumb in spots."

"I wonder—" Van Sant's tone was so dubious that the girl leaned forward, young eagerness in beige bengaline.

"Oh, please say you will! Please!" she coaxed. "Of course"—hesitatingly—"I don't suppose I could ever pay you what it would be worth, but I make quite a lot of money and—"

"It isn't any question of money," he said quickly. "I'm just wondering if you have any idea of what you'd be undertaking. Just how much education have you had already?"

"Not much," she confessed. "I went through eighth grade, that's all."

"And how much time would you be willing to spend?"

"Six weeks," said Sallie May.

"Six weeks!" Van Sant gasped.

"Six weeks," Sallie May repeated calmly. The entire Lawrence family is coming to New York for the winter, and they get here six weeks from to-day."

"Well, you've got a crust!" Van Sant laughed, admiring the sheer impudence of her. "You expect to get a college education in six weeks?"

"Oh, no," said Sallie May. "I probably couldn't do it on account of having to have all the high-school stuff first. If it was just college, I'd take a chance on it. I've heard a lot of college boys talk, and judging by the time they put in rah-rahing for the team and hunting up new bootleggers and dragging girls to house parties and getting elected to class offices and a million other things, it would naturally take them about four years to learn what an able-bodied person could in six weeks by putting your mind on it. But of course I'd be up against eight years instead of four."

"That would double your difficulties," Van Sant agreed gravely.

"What I thought—if you only would"—Sallie May suggested shyly—"would be if you could teach me, not what you learned in college, but what you still remember. You—you don't remember all you learned, do you?"

Van Sant grinned. "I guess it would be possible to learn in six weeks about all I remember," he admitted.

"Then, you see, if you would just teach me that much—why, it would be just the same as if I'd once learned all the rest myself, but that was all I'd remembered either."

Van Sant's eyes grew suddenly keen with interest in Sallie May's idea. His previous amused, admiring interest had been wholly in Sallie May herself. But this idea of hers, now—

"I've often thought," he said, "that all the average person really wants of education is to know what it's all about. A lot of people would like to know what entomology is, but don't want to spend a couple of afternoons a week with a butterfly net running down specimens to find out. Take a young fellow who's going into manufacturing cash registers with Father as soon as he's through college. He doesn't want to be a dumb-bell, but he hasn't the student type of mind either. What's the use of starting him out in two or three sciences, a couple of branches of mathematics, a language or two, some history and philosophy and literature—and starting him off in each one as thoroughly as though he were going to follow it up for his life work? Why not give him a brief, intelligent résumé of what each one is about? If some particular one or more interest him, he can go on with them as far as he likes. As for the others, a sketchy general idea is the most he's likely to keep out of a hard year's work on any one of them."

"THAT'S just what I'd like," Sallie May interrupted. "Just a sketchy general idea, in words of one syllable. Like beef tea, you know. Good rich meat, but something that a weak mind can digest. Oh, if you'll just do it! I'd like to pay you more than all your tutoring would have come to, together, so that you could spend all the time you possibly could on me." She caught Van Sant's smile. "What's the joke?"

"I was thinking," said Van Sant, "what a laugh that would hand a lot of men—to be paid for spending all the time they could with you."

Sallie May laughed too.

"I know a bunch of them that would do it for nothing, and at that price it would be more than they'd be worth. I'd a lot rather pay a good fancy price and get what I want. You—you want to make money, don't you?"

"Yes," Van Sant admitted. "That is why I was going to tutor." He paused a moment, then succumbed to the example of her own refreshing frankness. "I'm hoping to get married one of these days, myself. And if your fiancé's family look on you with cold, fishy eyes, you ought to see mine. Her brother had cleaned up a hundred thousand by the time he was my age. If they had ever known that when I got through buying the engagement ring and left Detroit I had my ticket to New York and twenty-two dollars and ten cents between me and nights on a park bench! With what little they did know—merely that even with good luck it would take me a couple of years to get to where I could support a wife in New York City—it was plain to a sensitive person that they felt Marjorie was making a mésalliance."

"Oh, you'll show them!" Sallie May prophesied optimistically. "Mr. Collins thinks you have every prospect of making a brilliant courtroom lawyer."

"Mr. Collins may be mistaken, of course," Van Sant suggested, "and even if he should be right, it's a slow game and the Calkins family well knows that prospects butter no parsnips."

Sallie May laughed delightedly.

"Oh, what we'll do for the families of those we love! I'll study my fool head off and you'll—you *will* teach me, won't you?"

"Oh, sure," said Van Sant, as nine young men out of ten would have said in the face of the smile that helped make Bobbit's Baking Powder famous.

THE practical details were easily arranged. Van Sant's time was free from two o'clock on each day, all day Saturday and Sunday. Sallie May's film year dated from September 15th, she had been rushed through her year's quota of pictures, and was beginning a two months' vacation. The decks were providentially cleared for education. It was agreed that Van Sant was to dine at Sallie May's apartment every evening. He had demurred a bit at this, but, faced with the problem of crowding the culture of the world into six weeks, he was forced to agree with Sallie May's sensible reminder that time was precious and that he could be feeding her mind while they both fed their tummies.

"You'll get sick of the sight of me," he warned her.

"Very likely I will," she agreed cheerfully. "And you'll probably find I get on your nerves and the six weeks'll drag the way time does when you're getting over walking typhoid. But what's the difference? In six weeks it'll all be over anyway and you'll have made some money for Marjorie and I'll have got some education for Phil."

It was after six when they finished talking and Sallie May, who had her car outside, drove Van Sant up and dropped him at Johnson's, the modest restaurant where he usually ate dinner, its pretty bad food being offset by the fact that several men he knew had formed the habit of eating there and he could drop down at the big table the waitress always saved for them with the assurance that he would not have to eat alone.

Sallie May's car was shiny and new and long and low and far from inconspicuous. Van Sant's arrival caused good-natured comment from the two young newspaper men at the big table who had chanced to be facing the door.

"I'll bet Van was relieved when he saw us watching him," Teddy Wayne observed. "It'd be a blow to drive up in style like that and have nobody see you."

Jason laughed. "Fat chance of nobody seeing you drive up in that car," he observed. "You might as well drive up in the fire engine. Twin six, isn't it?"

"I guess so," Van Sant agreed.

Teddy Wayne sighed. "Gee," he observed, "there are times when I wish I'd been born rich instead of smart and good-looking! However, well—how about a show to-night?"

Van Sant shook his head. "Got some work to do," he said.

"Not for me either," Jason declined. "Going up to Frances'. Why don't you come along? She's got her studio roof fixed up with deck chairs, and it's the coolest place in New York."

"It's the coolest crowd in New York that goes there too," Teddy objected. "Fran's friends are too highbrow for me. You and Van are bad enough, but at least you adapt your conversation to my simple mind. It's nice and breezy up there on the roof, but I'd rather buy a fan and make my own breeze somewhere that I don't have to listen to so much books and art and music talk. The only time I went up there she had a poet who read some of his own poetry out loud." Teddy shuddered. "I've steeled myself to bear a lot of things in this world, but hearing a poet read his own stuff isn't one of them. It turned my stomach."

"It must have been awful," Jason agreed, "if it did that. After the show you picked out Monday night and claimed to like, I shouldn't think anything could turn your stomach."

"Oh, 'Two Sweet Little Girls' wasn't anything to cast a shoe over," Teddy admitted. "It had some pretty good tunes in it at that, though." He rose, whistling one of them under his breath, left a tip for Katherine, and departed.

Jason looked after him. "If anybody had ever told me I'd get so attached to a moron like Wayne! Barely enough brains to draw a comic strip a day. Yet he's the nicest fellow in the world."

"He is," Van Sant agreed. They attacked their dinner in silence for a few minutes. Then, "Do you think Frances would care if I took a girl up there some evening?"

"Of course not," Jason assured him heartily. "She'd be glad to have you."

"W-e-l-l, this girl wouldn't exactly fit with Fran's crowd," Van Sant admitted. "Not much better than Teddy does."

"She probably wouldn't like the crowd any better than Ted does either, then," Jason suggested. "So what's the point?"

Van Sant was tempted to explain Sallie May to Jason, sorely tempted. Jason, he knew, would be vastly interested in the experiment. But Jason would also doubtless pass it all on to Frances, and Van, who admired Frances, but did not particularly like her, felt that she would not be above taking advantage of the knowledge. If Fran knew, he would not feel inclined to take Sallie May there, and the idea of dropping Sallie May into the group one was likely to find on Fran's roof of a summer evening was too promising to forswear. Fran's friends were all clever; one would run into a dramatic critic, a writer or two, perhaps an artist of sorts, or a designer. Sallie May, just by listening in on a few of the roof conversations, could pick up a vast deal of the artistic patter. And Sallie May desired to appear cultured, he judged, even more than to be cultured. He would give her all he could of the substantial underpinning of education and over this even the most superficial of intellectual polish would be so much clear gain. No, he wouldn't tell Jason why he wanted to take Sallie May to Frances'.

THAT evening Van Sant spent in his hot little furnished room without even knowing that it was hot, so engrossed he was in planning Sallie May's education, going over his old college curriculum, reaching back still farther into the hazy memories of prep school studies. Most of his old textbooks he had sold, but in the main they would be useless, anyway. They were too lengthy, too detailed for this scheme. Most of Sallie May's textbooks, he decided before the evening was over, he would have to write himself.

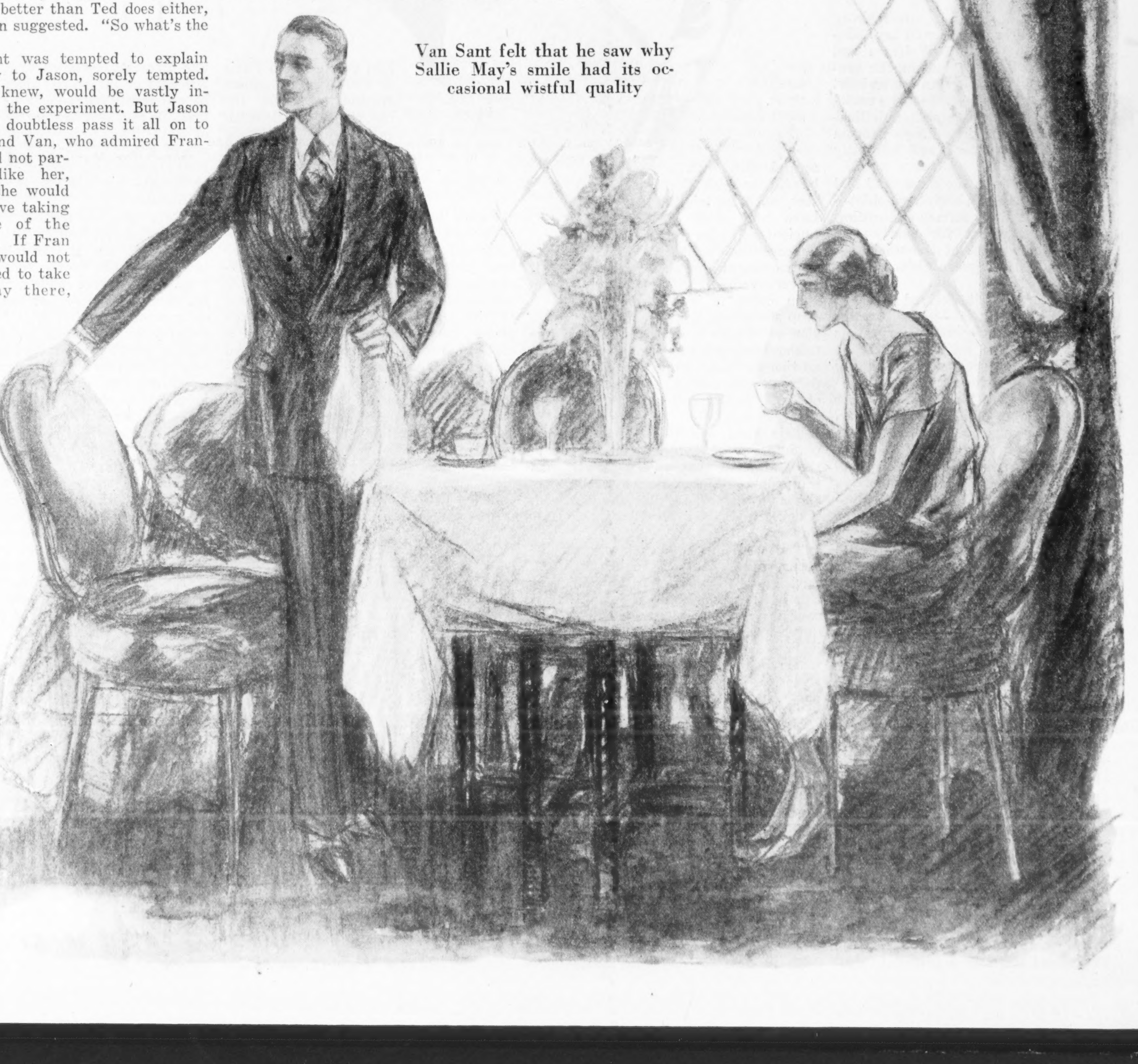
After all, a half dozen typed pages would explain all he remembered of zoölogy, another half dozen would cover physics. These would have to be carefully written, bearing in mind all the things that Sallie May probably did not know. He must assume no background of simple knowledge. It wouldn't be bad, writing these. Rather fun, in fact. He liked the mental challenge of Sallie May's "beef tea," all the richness of a subject boiled down to six single pages.

Funny how this dull, waiting job he had taken with Collins should fit in so beautifully. He had been almost sorry he had taken it, had thought he might as well have waited till the opening of the fall session of the courts. It had been flattering, though. Collins being willing to pay him even a small salary to hold him and, of course, Collins really needed somebody in the office mornings. Occasional mornings there had been plenty to do, but more often he had had a good deal of leisure even during his brief office hours. A dull, idle, waiting job it had been. That leisure now would give him precious time for writing Sallie May's textbooks.

He moved his bed over near the window and lay down, puffing lazily on his pipe and trying to formulate a general scheme. About the sciences Sallie May must learn a little; she should have something of mathematics, not lengthy problems and theorems to work out, but enough so that she would know the difference between algebra and geometry, would have a sketchy idea of what trigonometry is; something too of history and philosophy; a smattering—as much as possible—of art and literature.

These last would be the hardest to manage, of course, but at least he could tie them all together for her, show her how in the progress of civilization all forms of thought developed together, how government forms, the arts, the sciences, all the branches of human activity and wisdom developed together, each dependent upon the others.

The whole (*Continued on page 42*)

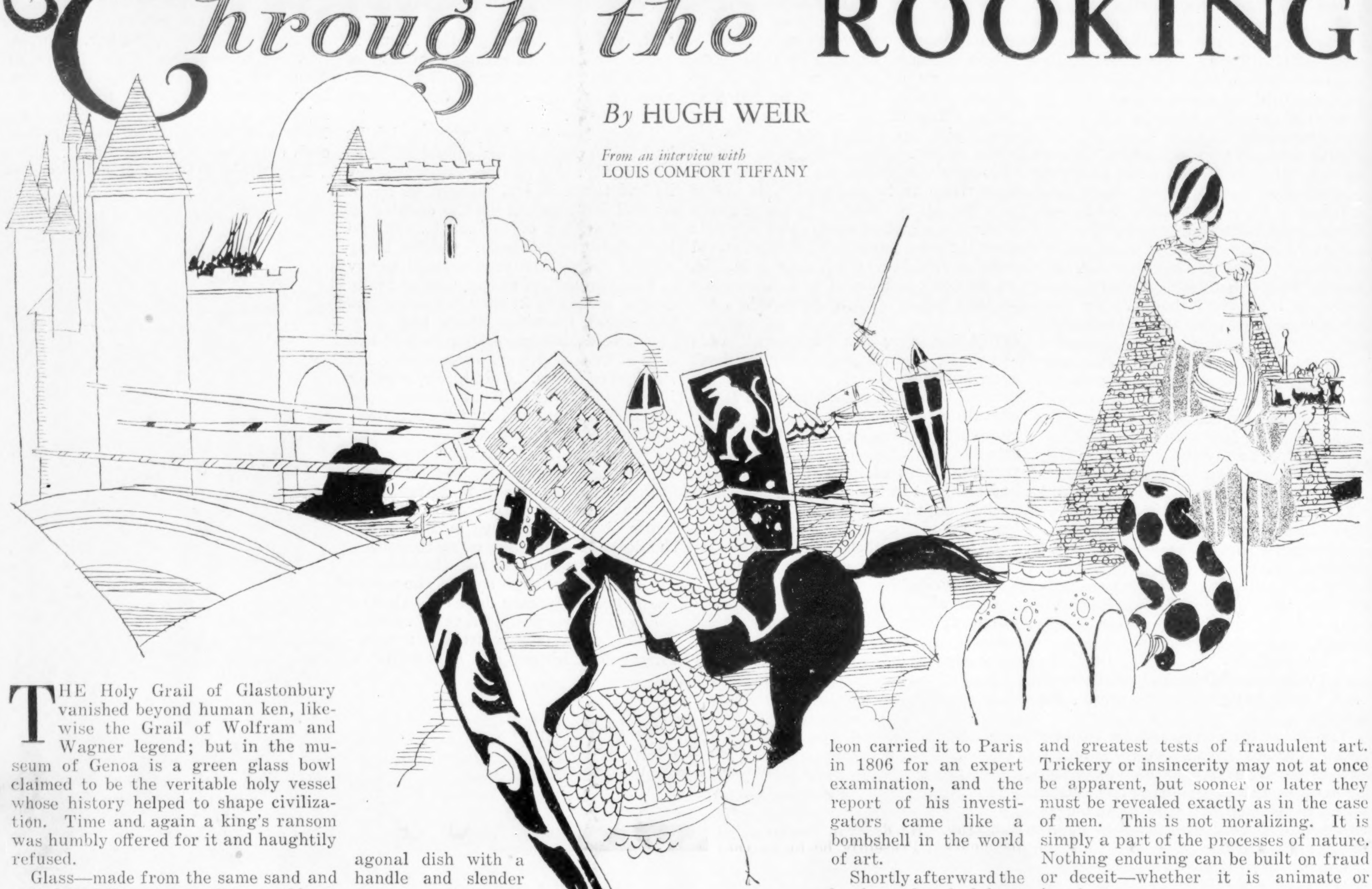


Van Sant felt that he saw why Sallie May's smile had its occasional wistful quality

Through the LOOKING

By HUGH WEIR

From an interview with
LOUIS COMFORT TIFFANY



THE Holy Grail of Glastonbury vanished beyond human ken, likewise the Grail of Wolfram and Wagner legend; but in the museum of Genoa is a green glass bowl claimed to be the veritable holy vessel whose history helped to shape civilization. Time and again a king's ransom was humbly offered for it and haughtily refused.

Glass—made from the same sand and potash and lime as an ordinary goblet—and yet so splendidly refined and so cunningly wrought that for nearly two thousand years most of the world believed this bowl of green glass to be a huge emerald!

Legends say that it received the blood of the crucified Christ—glass brought so nearly to the perfection of a precious stone as to deceive an expert! Louis Comfort Tiffany sees no reason for amazement in the fact.

"Glass," he said, "is itself the most beautiful product of art that we have. Maybe it is because glass is so beautiful that men seek to corrupt it."

He gazed into the shadows—a panorama of the best and the worst motives of men, crowded with the thrill of splendid achievement, the horror of tragedy, and bristling with the sordid cunning of trickery and knavery and deceit. He was reviewing a story whose beginning is lost in the mists of time—the story of glass and its part in the arts and frauds of civilization.

"For nearly four thousand years," said Mr. Tiffany, "the most effective medium for the expression of beauty and the preservation of beauty has been glass. The men who made this Holy Grail used glass as their medium because nothing else can so splendidly or so permanently retain beautiful colors.

"They succeeded so well that the world thought their creation was a work of nature—overlooking the quite obvious fact that human genius may duplicate and even surpass the work of nature.

"Had it, indeed, been made from an emerald, it would have been more costly, but no emerald could have been more beautiful."

From the viewpoint supplied by Mr. Tiffany, the history of the Holy Grail takes on an added interest.

The vessel itself is a graceful, hexagonal dish with a handle and slender feet, such as might have been used in ancient times for the purposes of eating or drinking at a meal of ceremony.

In color it is a deep sea-green, with a constant succession of shades and tints shooting like flashes of mystic fire through its depths, as though challenging the eyes of men to trace their source. If not a jewel, the observer might well be content to possess it as a jewel.

This bowl was probably of Roman manufacture. Many legends agree in the statement that at one time it was the property of Joseph, a wealthy merchant of Arimathæa, and the dish from which Christ was served at the Last Supper.

That Joseph, a secret disciple of Jesus, attended to His burial rites is a part of Biblical record, but whether this bowl was actually the Holy Grail used for receiving the Lord's blood will never be established. It has been the inspiration of this suggestion, however, which has produced some of the most majestic and best-loved legends and poetry.

According to one version, a Roman emperor, fleeing his capital before the barbarian hordes, risked his life in order to carry off the vessel known to Rome as the Holy Grail; and later it was preserved in Constantinople until the bloody sieges of the thirteenth century made necessary its transfer to Genoa.

It is a fact of history that for many centuries the vessel was generally accepted as a great emerald. If this had been the case its value, quite apart from its legendary associations, would have been, of course, priceless. So perfectly designed was the imitation that a deception was not suspected until Napoleon carried it to Paris in 1806 for an expert examination, and the report of his investigators came like a bombshell in the world of art.

Shortly afterward the bowl was knocked from its case to the floor, and the vessel, that had been guarded like a cloistered child for centuries, was splintered into dozens of fragments. The wreckage seemed a finality in disaster, but so wonderfully wrought was the texture of the fragile glass that the broken pieces were matched together with a cleverness that would have deceived many experts. Incredible as it may appear, the brilliancy of the design and the marvelous blending of the colors, buried for countless ages in its depths, were not affected.

From Paris it was returned to the Genoa museum, where it is now displayed with apparently the same fascination of awe for the spectator that it has exerted since the beginning of Christendom.

The Emerald Table

WAS this famed creation designed originally as a fraud—to deceive the eye as a proclaimed emerald?

Mr. Tiffany does not think so. From an experience of more than fifty years in the search for and the appraisal of the beautiful in precious stones, enamels, mosaics, potteries, textiles and paintings he does not believe that it is possible for any enduring art creation to be built on fraud.

"Such a vessel," he said, "must have been fashioned by its designers on a basis of good faith and truth. It could not have been otherwise, for it is art, and real art must be built on truth. Had the creators of the bowl sought to produce only a fraudulent gem, their handiwork would never have survived. If there was deliberate deception, that deception was added after the artist had finished.

"After all, that is one of the surest and greatest tests of fraudulent art. Trickery or insincerity may not at once be apparent, but sooner or later they must be revealed exactly as in the case of men. This is not moralizing. It is simply a part of the processes of nature. Nothing enduring can be built on fraud or deceit—whether it is animate or inanimate.

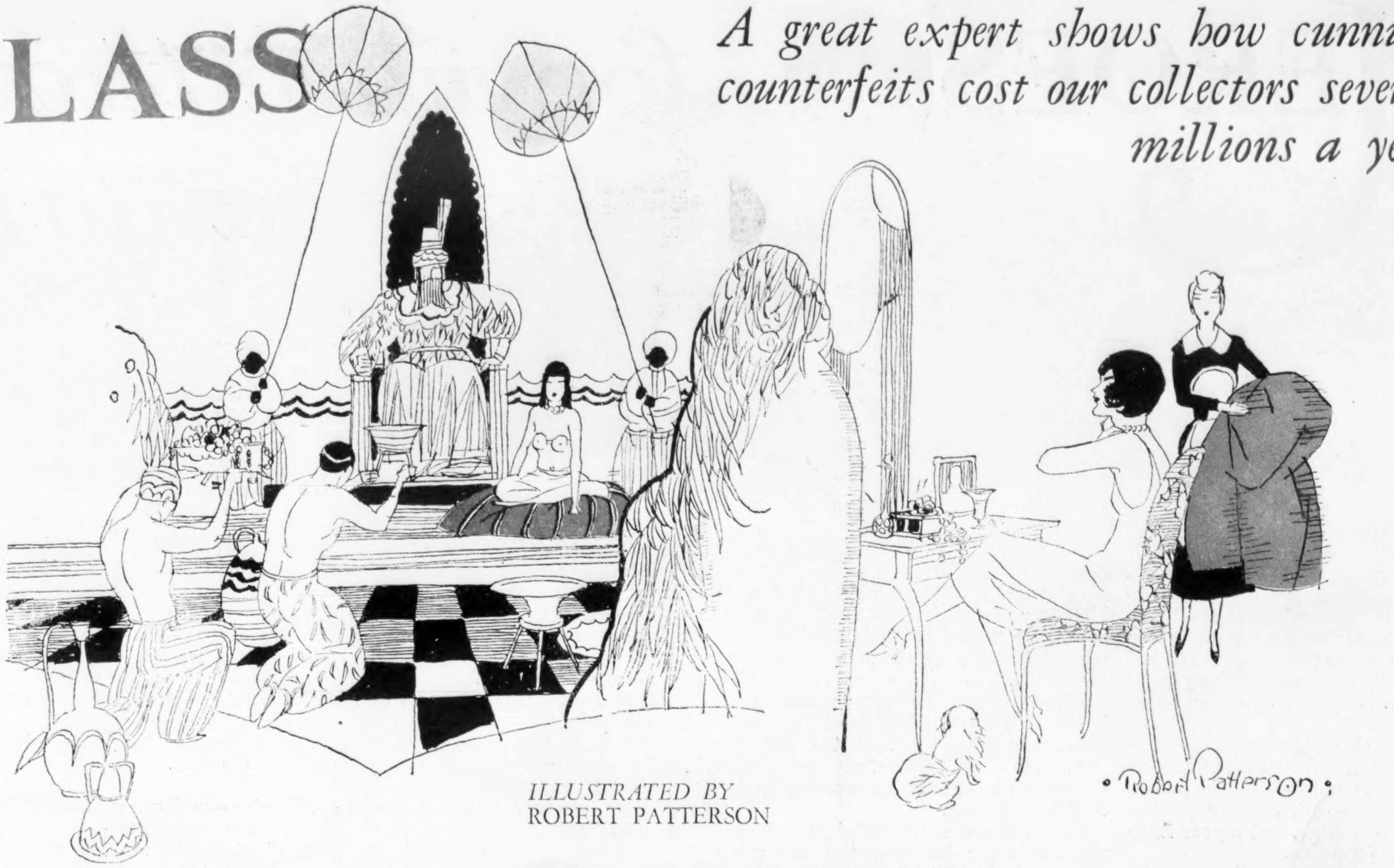
"Take the remarkable instances of the blue cup of Monza, dating to about 600 A. D., and the so-called emerald table of Toledo of the fourteenth century. These were made quite evidently for the sole purpose of imitating precious stones, and they were fashioned so cleverly that for many years the cup of Monza, about three inches in diameter, was believed to be made from a single sapphire, and the Toledo table was judged to have been cut from an emerald—truly creations of a splendor calculated to awe even the kings of the earth.

"It is not hard to picture the fierce passions of the collector before such objects—especially if he chance to be the ruler of a powerful nation, accustomed to demand by his sword what he could not purchase by his purse. And it is not difficult to appreciate the shock of the discovery that the apparently precious stones were in reality cunning creations of glass. In the case of the Toledo table the deception was elaborated by the addition of gold and actual precious stones, inlaid across its surface, and its value was placed at 100,000 dinars. There is no doubt that for a considerable period experts and collectors were completely deceived. Eventual investigation, however, was certain to reveal the truth. Fraud, in art as in finance, may survive for the moment, but it cannot withstand the test of time.

"The possibilities of glass for duplicating the most precious creations of nature are almost uncanny, and history proves that these possibilities have been known to the artist for thousands of years. Imitations of valuable jewels are in existence which have come from the tombs of ancient Egypt and are of a quality which few men could equal to-day.

GLASS

A great expert shows how cunning counterfeits cost our collectors several millions a year



ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT PATTERSON

"Indeed, we may judge that the Pharaohs of the Nile were often hoodwinked as thoroughly and as profitably as many of the American millionaires of to-day. Certainly the knavery of the jewel trickster must have flourished as industriously in the shadow of the pyramids as it does in the shadow of Fifth Avenue.

"But there was always this difference—and a rather vital difference to the victimizer. He was juggling with his life and not merely with his liberty. If he were discovered, he was certain to pay with his head. All of the great criminal lawyers in the world could have done him no good.

"Again we might consider the curious story of the so-called Portland, or Barberina, vase, now in the gem-room of the British Museum, one of the most celebrated of art creations. Historians describe it as the urn containing the ashes of the Roman emperor, Alexander Severus, and his mother, Mammæa, buried in the earth about 235 A. D. and dug up during the eighteenth century.

"Such was its ruggedness that for many years it was thought to be a product of natural stones, probably sardonyx and agate, but experts discovered finally that what was apparently a surface of stone, so finely chiseled as to be almost transparent, was actually a deep, pellucid blue glass, with the decorative cameo figures which adorned it fashioned from semi-opaque glass.

"It may seem incredible that glass can be used to imitate the hardest stone, but in the hands of an expert the imitation can be executed with a fidelity all but defying detection.

"When the vase was brought to England, it was purchased by the Duke of Portland for one thousand guineas, only a small part of what it is worth to-day, in spite of the fact that fifty years after it was placed in the British Museum a madman shattered it to fragments. Had it indeed been made of stone, its ruin would have been complete. And in that fact we have another of the amazing properties of glass. Such was the texture of its materials that when the vase was repaired no trace of the damage was visible.

"There are those who say that the history of art frauds is largely the history of glass, and, if we except the field of painting, this is true to a startling degree. Yet I question if the most lucrative kinds of fraud would be generally suspected.

"It is not in the more romantic province of the jewel trickster that the greatest profits are found for the unscrupulous artist in glass. His labors are exerted for one purpose only—the greatest gain for the least effort. Indeed, it is possible to obtain an imitation of almost any kind of ancient art glass, and all of it is sold to the unsuspecting purchaser at a handsome profit."

To secure concrete examples of certain of the more prevailing glass frauds, Mr. Tiffany gave me an opportunity to talk to some of his skilled artists and department executives, and through the coöperation of Joseph Briggs, his studio manager, an illuminating glimpse was offered into the intimate details of how the modern trickster in glass conducts his operations.

Such operations find a natural climax in the most consummate kind of counterfeiting, that of precious stones. And the art has reached such perfection that, apart from certain tests which are difficult to apply, the product almost defies detection.

One of the most colossal and successful jewel frauds of modern times was the curious affair of the Branicki sapphire of Warsaw in 1918. The stone itself, which originally weighed 291 carats, was rated as one of the largest and most perfect white sapphires in existence. For centuries it had been a cherished treasure of the Branicki family, in whose veins flowed the royal blood of the Romanoffs.

In the closing years of the Russian court it had descended to Count Javier Branicki, who with others of the imperial officers had borne his part in the last, ill-fated stand before the red tide of Bolshevism, but who, unlike most of his companions, escaped with his life.

In the disguise of a patriot of the revolution he succeeded in making his way to the family estate, near Warsaw, where the Branicki jewels had been stored since the outbreak of the World War. Bands of guerrillas were scouring the country, and the ancient Branicki home had been repeatedly ransacked.

Most of the faithful retainers had either been killed or were in hiding, and among the missing was the superintendent of the estate, a young man by the name of Sergius Pulaski.

The Jewels of the Madonna

THE concealed vault, however, which housed the collection of gems, had escaped the search of the marauders. Hiding the more valuable of these about his person, the count, who, despite the loss of wealth, estates and position, might still have regarded himself as a fairly fortunate individual, managed to reach Paris during the opening months of the Peace Conference.

Here the jewels were placed in the custody of a bank and certain of the smaller gems sold at a sacrifice sale for the support of the last of the Branicki line, who had no way to support himself.

It was not until a year later, when an expert was called to make an appraisal of the jewels as security for a considerable loan, that a crushing discovery was made. The monster sapphire, upon which the count had built his hopes for the future, was glass.

The genuine stone had evidently been stolen from the jewel vault at Warsaw and the imitation substituted. It was evident too that the robbery must have been committed by someone intimately acquainted with the habits of the family and the house, and suspicion at once turned to the missing superintendent, Sergius Pulaski. A general alarm was given to the French police, who were supplied with descriptions of the stolen sapphire and of the suspected thief.

Of the latter nothing was ever definitely established, but in the course of the next two years there was recovered from the jewel shops of the more questionable dealers of Paris and Amsterdam a collection of rudely cut, small sapphires, matching the texture of the great original, and totaling 136 carats.

As to why an imitation jewel was left in the rifled vault, the most acceptable theory is that the thief was in terror not only of the rightful owner but of Bolshevist marauders.

In the cathedral of St. Paul in the historic town of Czenstockowa, Poland, is one of the famed Madonnas of legend, she of the scarred face, known to the peasant worshipers as the Miraculous Black Virgin. Legend claims that the painting is the work of St. Luke, and that the time-blackened slash across the wistful face is from the sword of one of the barbarian warriors.

Splendid gifts were made to the scarred virgin from time to time.

Every possible precaution was apparently taken for their safeguarding, but in the summer of 1912 came the incredible news that the jewels of the Madonna had been stolen.

Frantic search was at once instituted for the thieves. But the investigators found themselves faced with a hopeless situation. The missing gems were conspicuous for their size and settings—two flaming rubies and a rope of emeralds of massive brilliance.

And then one morning came a fresh sensation. The missing jewels had been returned as mysteriously as they had been taken.

The suspicions of one of the investigators were aroused by a close examination of the returned jewels. An expert was quietly summoned, and the suspicions were confirmed.

The jewels were cleverly designed glass imitations, such as could have been made only by a skilled artist.

So discreetly was the examination conducted that no hint of its purpose or result was made public. And the wisdom of this was shown when, a few weeks later, a jeweler of Czenstockowa by the name of Lerski moved his home and his business to the city of Lublin.

Detectives followed him to Lublin, and when a search was made of his new house, during his absence, part of the stolen jewels were found hidden under an old mattress. Later the remainder were recovered (*Continued on page 50*)

HEROES *for more than a day*

By
GRANTLAND RICE

Willie Hoppe was a cue artist when he wasn't much taller than a billiard table

THE laurel wreath rarely lingers long upon any mortal brow. It withers quickly or it passes on. "The paths of glory," we are informed, "lead but to the grave." To that or forgetfulness. Heroes too often are crowned with the olive and bay one week and with wild raspberry blossoms a week later. Cheer and jeer keep close company.

There are champions who rise like rockets and sink just as quickly as the rocket flares and fades. One punch, one long run, one hit, one great effort may bring them fame, and a year later they may be forgotten.

The true test of competitive greatness is skill that rides out the years, that wins and then repeats and then perhaps keeps on repeating. In such cases the "fluke" plays no part. A fluke may happen once. But it doesn't keep on repeating itself against the best in the game. The true test is in repeating. In taking the heights and then holding them against all comers.

For example, there is Jay Gould. He is court tennis champion of the world. In all the sweep of competitive play he stands alone, with one of the most remarkable records ever made. Court tennis is a game that calls for speed, judgment, control, skill, nerve and condition. It is a matter of pace and punch together. Jay Gould became world's champion just twenty years ago. He won his title in 1905 from England's best. And only a few weeks ago he again made successful defense of this title. In that twenty-year period he has met the best amateurs and the best professionals in his game. He has never held back from any challenger, here or abroad. And for twenty years he has remained unbeaten.

Gould began to play court tennis about the time he could walk. At least it was not much later. He began with the best instructors in the game, who found in him a natural aptitude and who perfected his form. Perfected here *means* perfected. And with perfection of form came physical condition and the competitive temperament. So far as any single sport is concerned, Jay Gould has come closer to having all the needed qualities of success than anyone else in sport. Certainly no other man has ever beaten the best professionals and the best amateurs for twenty years without having the crown even jostled or disturbed.

The 1905 period was an important one. It was about the same time that three other great figures began to stand silhouetted against the faraway horizon, to reach the heights and hold them beyond normal mortal dreams. The three others were Willie Hoppe, Ty Cobb and Frank Kramer.

Willie Hoppe, like Gould, began his sport when just about able to balance himself upon two feet without toppling over. He was a crack billiard player when he couldn't stand flat-footed and see the level of the green cloth. He too had both the instruction and the knack, and he also had one of the great temperaments for competitive billiard play. He was the boy wonder of his time, one of the most famous boy wonders ever known.

Hoppe began with the right principle, for after learning the art and science of all billiard strokes, he continued to play billiards while most of his rivals were playing Hoppe. His championship record hasn't been as flawless as Gould's. After nearly fifteen years of consecutive triumphs he fell at last before the wizardry of young Jake Schaefer, only to swing back into action a year later and regain his crown. Perhaps his feat is even more remarkable than an unbroken run of victories. To rule for so long, to meet defeat, and then to come back for another series of winning years is proof of skill and stamina in their finest forms. Just after winning the three-cushion title from Cannefax, Hoppe again fell before the same Jake Schaefer this last spring, but he expects to fight his way back once more to the top.

To rule for eighteen out of twenty years and to be grand vizier on those two off seasons is a dream beyond most mortal imaginings.

Still in Harness

IN THIS select company, starting about the same time, Ty Cobb of Georgia and Detroit holds high place. He also began his major-league career in 1905, when he came from Augusta to Detroit, a young rookie of nineteen. Young Ty batted .240 in forty-one games that season and a year later jumped to .322. It was in 1907 that he moved up to .350 and began his famous march. For nine successive years he led his league against such stars as Lajoie, Collins, Speaker, Jackson and others, who were all great hitters. In that long stretch he averaged over .400 for the four years running from 1909 to 1913.

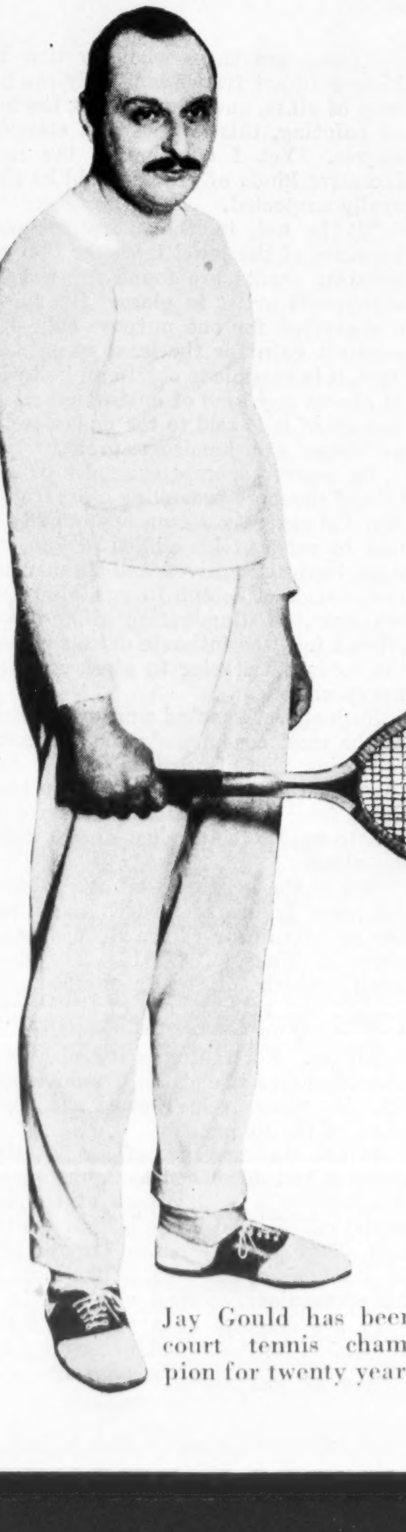
It was not until 1916 that Tris Speaker broke up his charge. But a year later the Georgia Peach moved once more to the head of the column, to rule again until George Sisler finally pitted his skill and *youth* against the veteran's skill. As it was, Cobb led his league at bat in twelve out of thirteen years, and his grand average for twenty years is in the immediate neighborhood of .370. There are few ball players who ever reach .370 any single year of their careers. To average .370 for twenty years is something almost beyond belief.

If Cobb had been saving himself, this record would not be so remarkable. But through all those twenty years he was hurling his body through the air at any chance around the bases, hustling at top speed to win.

Cobb in action through most of his reign might be thus described—

A swing—and a smash—and a gray streak partaking
Of ghostly maneuvers that follow the whack;
The old earth rebounds with a quiver and quaking
And high flies the dust as he thuds on the track;
The atmosphere reels—and it isn't the comet—
There follows the blur of a phantom at play;
Then out from the reel comes a glitter of steel—
And damned be the fellow who gets in the way.

A swing—and a smash—and the far echoes quiver—
A ripping and rearing and volcanic roar;
And off streaks the ghost with a shake and a shiver
To hurdle raw hell on his way to a score;
A cross between tidal wave, cyclone and earthquake—
Fire, wind and water all out on a lark;
Then out from the reel comes the glitter of steel,
Plus ten tons of dynamite hitched to a spark.



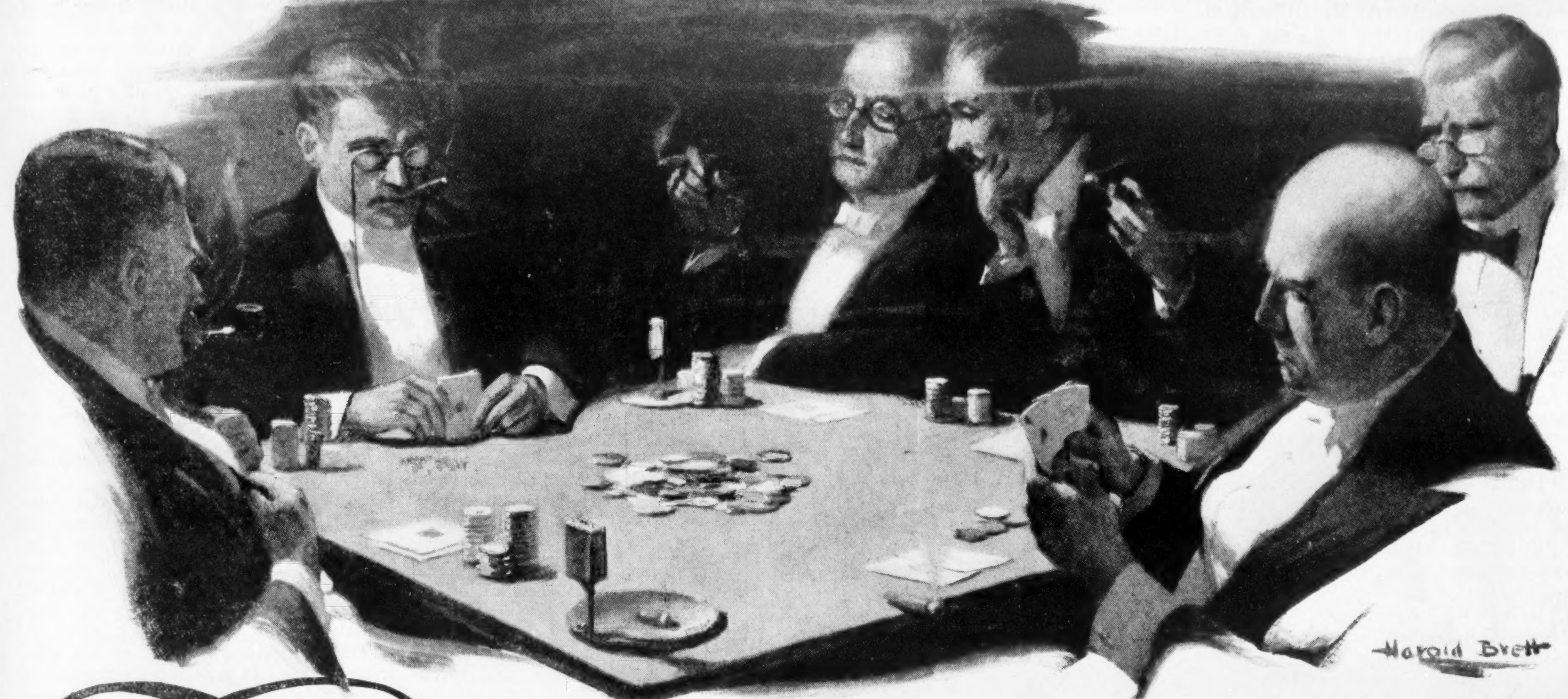
Jay Gould has been court tennis champion for twenty years

This might be taken as somewhat emblematic of Ty Cobb in his greatest years. But there is nothing about him that is quite so interesting as the fact that, in addition to managing a pennant-fighting machine, he is still in harness for his twenty-first campaign.

Cobb, like Gould and Hoppe, put a lot of hard work and tremendous enthusiasm and study into his early efforts. He also builded on a sound foundation, and the stamina was there to carry him on his way. For Ty Cobb was a major leaguer when Bobby Jones was just two years old, and Bobby Jones has been a championship competitor for nine years! You might ponder for a moment on that statistical jamboree.

Frank L. Kramer, the Jersey cycling cyclone, is not to be overlooked in these memoirs of durability. Bicycle racing is a game that calls for terrific speed and stamina. For nearly twenty years Kramer maintained the strictest sort of training. He neither smoked nor drank, followed the right diet and made a habit of retiring early and getting his full share of rest. His reward was seventeen years of championship greatness. Now and then he was beaten, but for that long span he was recognized as the king of sprinting cyclists.

As far back as July, 1907, Kramer broke the world's record for three quarters of a mile, setting the new mark at 1.21. Ten years later he broke the record for half a mile, unpaced. He saw young (*Continued on page 36*)



"Say, ain't we wasting our breath like this?" he said. "How about doubling?"

The ROYAL game

By
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

"TOO bad!" Mr. Billingham murmured sympathetically.

Madelon was almost angry. She leaned across the table toward her companion.

"Speak to him, please," she begged. "It is impossible that we go on like this. It becomes an affair of charity. You dispense the money. Nobody earns anything. He thinks and dreams and talks of nothing but roulette. You wished him to make some inquiries about those people at Nice. He did nothing."

"Well, they've gone now, anyway," her companion remarked.

"Will you speak to him?" she persisted.

"Right away," Mr. Billingham promised. "Here he comes. Now you shall hear for yourself."

"Do not be too easy with him," she enjoined.

"Leave that to me," was the confident reply.

The marquis drifted in from the arcade to the glass-sheltered bar. He was happy and spruce. He had a mille's worth of counters in his pocket and the music of the whirling wheel in his ears.

He greeted his niece and his friend with gay cordiality.

"A minute or two late, I fear," he apologized. "Let mine be the pleasure. Waiter!"

An approved order was given. The marquis accepted a chair.

"Mr. Billingham has something to say to you, Uncle," Madelon confided.

"A little matter of business which arises, eh?" the marquis asked. "Well, I am at your disposal."

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Billingham declared, "your niece hasn't had any fortune for the last few weeks, and neither have I—to put it bluntly, funds are running low. We think that it is time you bestirred yourself."

"Indeed, yes, Uncle," Madelon intervened. "You spend morning, noon and night at the tables. You make no acquaintances. You take no initiative."

"You being, so to speak," Mr. Billingham went on, "the social bird of the party, we expect you to be more in evidence."

The marquis gulped down his cocktail. "You think that I am neglecting our interests—our joint interests?" he demanded, in a hurt tone.

"That idea has occurred to us," Mr. Billingham admitted.

"There is no doubt about it," Madelon said coldly.

The marquis made signs to the waiter.

"I am," he announced, "in a position to prove that you have misjudged me. I have, in our joint interest, made the acquaintance of two gentlemen who possess the most amazing gifts. They need fresh blood and—er—introductions. I am arranging to provide them with both."

"What may their gifts be?" Mr. Billingham inquired.

"They are expert poker players," the marquis explained. "Their knowledge of the game is indeed wonderful. Among my acquaintances there are several wealthy men to whom the tables are no longer a novelty. A game of cards amuses. I have promised to arrange something, to play myself, to bring you. We are to put up nothing and we are to have a third of the winnings."

Mr. Billingham sighed.

"Are your friends clever enough to put this through?" he asked.

"One of them," the marquis confided, "was a professional entertainer for some years. His specialty was card tricks. The other learned the game upon an Atlantic liner."

"It is a primitive form of misappropriation, this," Mr. Billingham sighed, "but it depends, of course, upon the measure of skill which your friends possess. Invite them to a rehearsal. Have you pointed me out to them yet?"

"Not yet," the marquis admitted.

"Bring them along to my sitting-room to-night, after dinner," Mr. Billingham enjoined. "Introduce me as an American tourist upon his travels, one of the jay birds with plenty of dough. You may say that I only play a low game, but after a few whiskies and sodas I like to increase the stakes. I'll figure it out myself then if they're to be trusted."

The marquis looked a little doubtful.

"You will lose your money," he ventured, "and it may not be possible to explain afterward."

"I'll chance it. Bring your friends along and I'll see what's doing."

WHEN he ascended to his sitting-room that evening after dinner, Mr. Billingham prepared to dispense hospitality on a generous scale. There were two packs of unopened cards upon a green baize table, whiskies and sodas and a box of cigars upon a sideboard, besides a variety of liqueurs. Presently there was a knock at the door and in response to Mr. Billingham's hearty invitation to enter there appeared the marquis, Madelon, and the marquis' two friends, whom he introduced as Mr. Conrad Adler and Mr. Blane T. Hackett of St. Louis. Mr. Conrad Adler was a trifle Semitic. He had a black mustache, curly black hair, and tortoise-shell glasses. Mr. Blane T. Hackett was of a different type—florid, large and more American than Mr. Billingham himself. His handshake was painful, his tone almost vociferous. He eyed the preparations for the evening's entertainment with approval.

"Our friend Mr. Adler," the marquis explained, "is in the wine trade. He travels a great deal. Mr. Hackett is like yourself—an American bent on pleasure."

"Very glad to meet a fellow countryman over on this side," Mr. Hackett declared cordially. "You still in business, sir?"

"Only partly," Mr. Billingham confessed. "Linoleum."

"Shoes," Mr. Hackett confided—"the Hackett Shoe Company, St. Louis. I'm like you—get tired of these foreign games. The sight of a couple of decks of cards and a few chips looks good to me. Shall we make it a small game?"

"Fifty francs ante and a hundred francs rise?" Mr. Billingham suggested. "Will you join us, Marquis?"

"With pleasure," the latter assented.

The four men sat down. Mr. Billingham distributed the chips, and accepted the money. A waiter, who made an unobtrusive appearance, served drinks and passed the cigars. The game proceeded, and it was very soon apparent that it was proceeding very contrary to the expectations of Mr. Conrad Adler and his friend. On one occasion, when the former had shown, with a half-apologetic air, four eights, having drawn three cards, and Mr. Billingham, with a quiet chuckle, had laid down four knaves, an explosion appeared to be imminent. The game was continued, however, although, with the exception of their host, the players became more and more silent. At the end of an hour the whole of the chips lay in front of Mr. Billingham. That gentleman paused to light a cigar.

"Seems to me I got all the luck tonight," he remarked. "What do you say, gentlemen—shall we raise the stakes a bit? The game seems kinda quiet."

Mr. Conrad Adler glanced at his watch.

"I got to go," he mumbled. "I forgot I had an appointment over at the Casino."

There was an expression of pain upon Mr. Hackett's face.

"I'll be getting along too," he announced stiffly. "I don't seem to quite get the hang of this game."

"Eh?" Mr. Billingham ejaculated with ferocious emphasis.

MR. HACKETT opened his mouth and closed it again. His eyes were fixed upon the pile of counters in front of Mr. Billingham's place and the little roll of bills underneath his tumbler.

"Fact of it is," Mr. Hackett confided, "I don't think I know enough about this game for the present company."

"You'll learn," Mr. Billingham assured him cheerfully. "Any day that you feel like a little lesson, make the stakes worth while and I'll show you. Have another cigar before you go."

The two men took their leave, crestfallen, suspicious, and a little vituperative. The marquis looked at his friend and gasped. Madelon came over and patted him on the shoulder.

"Clever dear!" she murmured.

"Say, that was nothing at all," Mr. Billingham assured her lightly. "Watch me!"

He threw a pack of cards into the air, and brought one down from the ceiling, another from the sleeve of Madelon's dress, and a third from the back of his collar.

"Just a little lesson for you, Marquis," he said. "Now I'm going to let you have it straight. Card-sharping don't come inside our little scheme of life. Do you get that?"

"It really seems," Madelon sighed, "as though with gifts like yours some profitable use should be made of them."

"My dear," Mr. Billingham protested, "cheating at cards is a low-down game. We're out for adventures all right, but we're out to skin the worthless rich and to skin 'em our own way. You take my advice, Marquis, and don't you be seen speaking to that pair of crooks again. They'll get found out the first time they try a serious game with any man who knows his way about."

"But you are so much cleverer than they are," Madelon expostulated. "Couldn't you get hold of some really terrible people and win just a little of their money? I saw the most beautiful chinchilla cape yesterday, and so cheap!"

Mr. Billingham was playing idly with the cards.

"Do you," he asked the marquis, "happen to know Madame Groosens?"

The marquis shivered. "The good God forbid!" he exclaimed.

"That horrible creature!" Madelon cried. "Everyone in the club and at the Casino too hates her. She claims everyone's stakes. She's always trying to bully the croupiers—an unspeakable person!"

"She has no friends," Mr. Billingham remarked, "and therefore to make her acquaintance should be easy. I heard her say that she preferred bridge and poker to all that gambling. Here is your task, Marquis. Make her acquaintance and bring her with two or three absolutely respectable people to a little game of poker. There shall be no cheating, but something might come of it."

"It is a horrible task," the marquis complained, with a little shiver, "but I must confess that you intrigue me."

"See about it, then," Mr. Billingham enjoined, "and, by the by, you might remember this: Another ten days at the most sees our exchequer dry. I do not know what you have saved out of your share of our little adventures—you have perhaps added to them by your roulette wins—but as a coöperative society we're on the rocks."

The marquis rose to his feet. "I will take a stroll through the club," he observed.

"We will follow," Mr. Billingham agreed. "I feel like a little flutter myself. . . ."

The roulette-room of the club was crowded. Around the louis table people were standing two and three deep. Madelon touched Mr. Billingham on the arm. Almost opposite was the woman of whom they had spoken. They watched her for some moments. She was short and inclined to be fat, expensively dressed and with a profusion of jewelry. Her face was heavy and pallid, her mouth disagreeable, her eyes acquisitive. With her sallow, pendulous cheeks and occasional glimpses of ill-shaped teeth, she was irresistibly reminiscent of a soft and pudgy insect.

"They call her the 'yellow slug,'" Madelon whispered. "Watch her now."

She stood with a plaque in her hand, as though uncertain whether or not to risk it. People on either side of her made their stakes. Still she hesitated. The wheel spun, the number was announced. There was a plaque, placed some time previously, almost in front of her upon the table.

"Un cheval à moi," she called out shrilly to the croupier.

An Englishwoman seated on the same side of the table protested.

"Madame is mistaken," she exclaimed indignantly. "The plaque was mine."

There was the usual controversy. Madame Groosens ejaculated, shouted, pushed, and finally seized the money. The croupier looked remorseful. The chef awaited an appeal. The woman to whom the money belonged shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not worth while," was her only comment.

"Absolute robbery," Madelon murmured, as Madame Groosens thrust the plaques into her bag and left the table.

Mr. Billingham nodded. "I'm glad we saw that," he declared. "Mademoiselle, I take my hat off to your uncle. Behold!"

The marquis was offering his commiserations. It was most annoying to have one's stake claimed. He was glad that madame had courage. These people who were not habitués threw down their plaques right and left and claimed everything.

"Uncle is really doing his best," Madelon whispered.

"He is earning good money," Mr. Billingham assented.

THE second poker party in Mr. Billingham's room came off within the next few evenings. It consisted of Mr. Billingham himself, the marquis, Madame Groosens, and two perfectly respectable acquaintances of the marquis—Madame de Bernande, a well-known resident of Monte Carlo, and Lord Henerford, whom the marquis had once met in Paris and who was also a well-known habitué. The presence of Madame Groosens appeared to be somewhat of a surprise, and Madame de Bernande's greeting was cool in the extreme. The marquis, however, who figured as host, exerted all his tact to create a feeling of friendliness.

"Seems deuced odd to be playing poker down here," Lord Henerford remarked. "One does get rather fed up with these other games, though."

"I play poker at my villa once a week," Madame de Bernande announced. "Some of you must join me there one evening. I expect your friend Mr. Billingham plays very well—most Americans do."

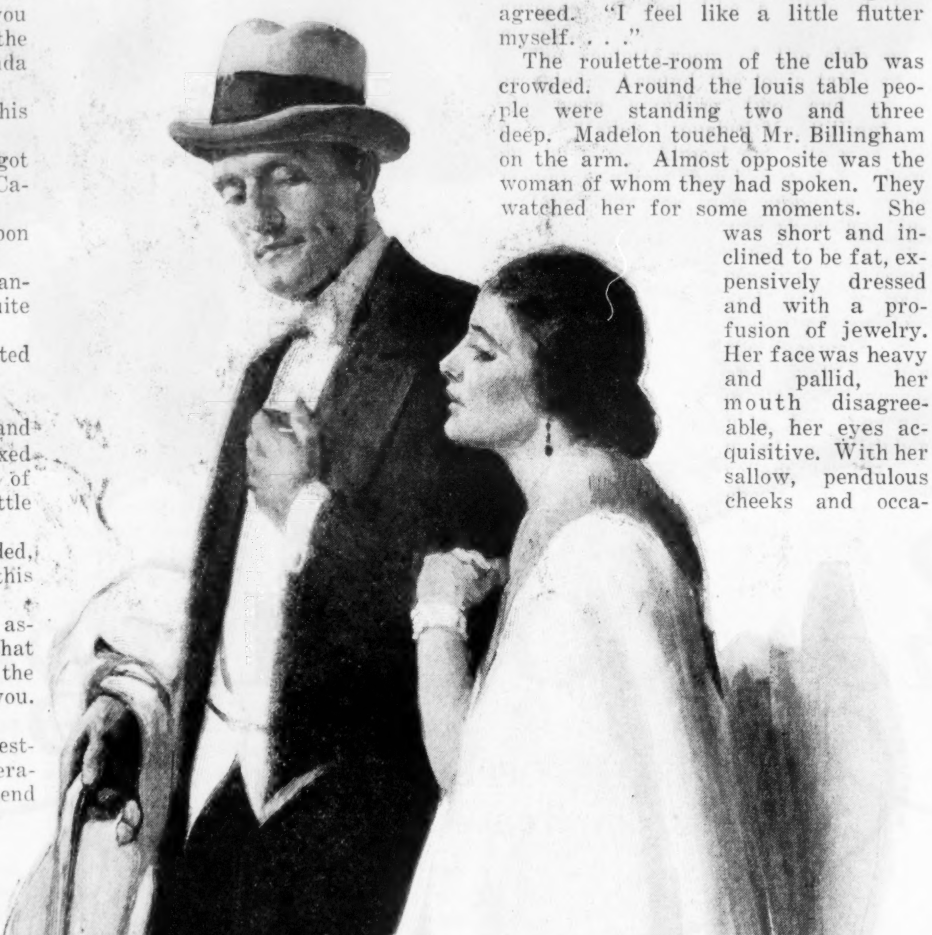
"Nothing out of the way, madame," Mr. Billingham assured her. "When I was in business in New York we used to play Saturday nights at the country club and I played coming across on the steamer."

"A risky proceeding," Lord Henerford murmured.

"I can generally size people up," Mr. Billingham declared. "Besides, the gangs who work the steamers are pretty well known. I wouldn't say they had much chance—on the southern route, anyway."

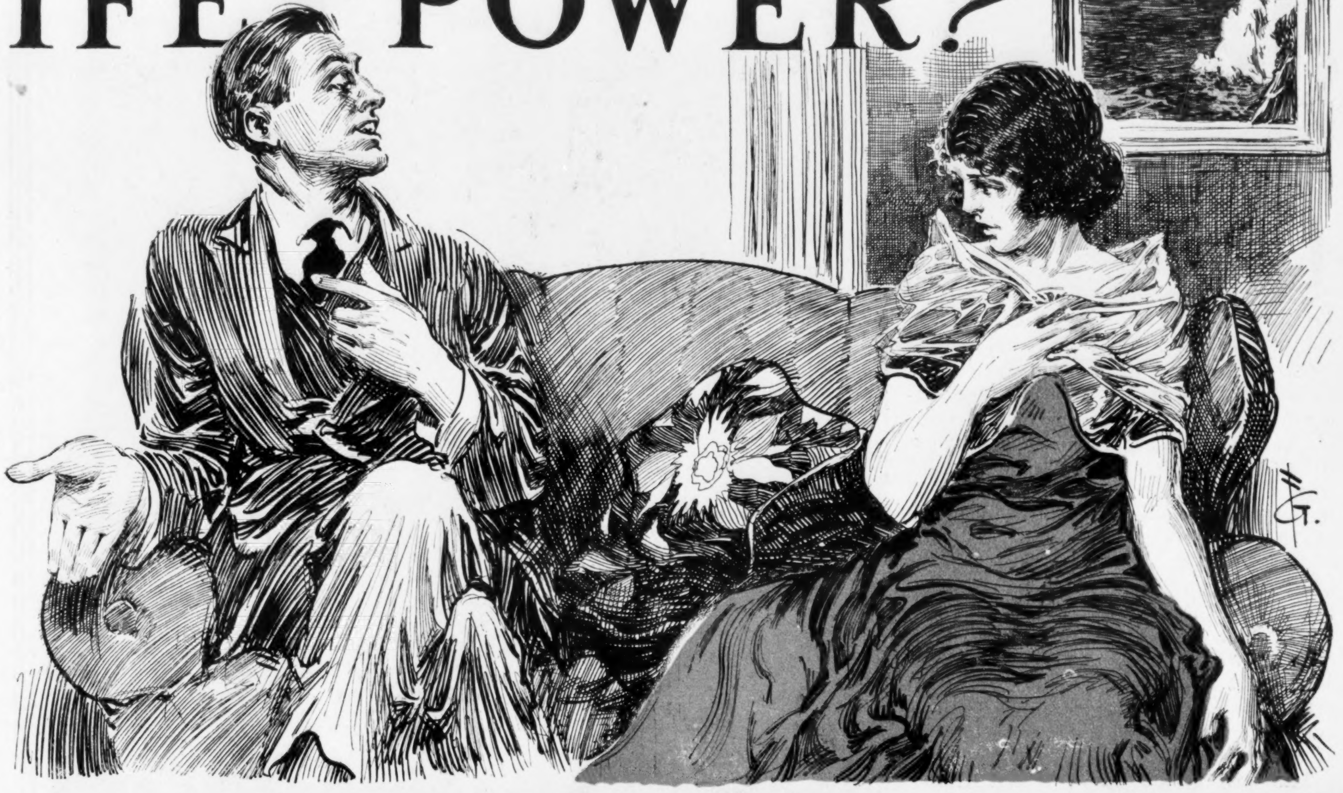
The game proceeded without event. The marquis and Mr. Billingham were excellent joint hosts, and they kept the game from flagging. Sandwiches and other forms of refreshment were handed

(*Continued on page 51*)



"Not exactly what you might call bluffing," Mr. Billingham replied evasively

What's your WIFE-POWER?



"All of us are natural-born liars where women are concerned"

"ALL this talk about two bein' able to live as cheap as one is jes' plain nonsense," insisted Mr. Stubbs, a confirmed bachelor. "Besides, I've never been able to make myself believe that a wife was any great help to a man."

"Not any great help?" Uncle Henry's tone combined both shock and horror. "Why, 'Lonzo, but for the stimulatin' influence of matrimony, the male of the species would still be swingin' from a bough with no larger occupation than the pursuit of parasitic life, an' no higher hope than its apprehension. In any census of a country's economic resources, wife-power ought to be given first place, for it's easily the greatest motive force in the world.

"Work isn't an elemental urge by any means, but a painfully acquired habit, an' I shudder to think of man's 100 per cent worthlessness if he didn't have a little woman at his back, beatin' a nervous tattoo with her toe as she waits for him to bring home the bacon.

"Back in the time when every male was a Minute Man as far as women were concerned—a mate for each mood—the alarm clock was an unknown noise, an' even in Sweden there wasn't a single employment agency. Right now, if you gave him the chance, there isn't a man that wouldn't leap at the prospect of transferrin' his calluses from the hands to the hips.

"Why do we crouch over desks, wastin' precious hours that might be devoted to correctin' hooks an' slices? Why do we have to tell the barber that the facial massage must wait for another time, an' spring from the chair before the manicure girl has finished her short an' simple scandals of the poor? Why do we shut ourselves in factories an' stores when on almost every corner buildin's are bein' torn down an' steam shovels are diggin' holes in the ground?

"I'll tell you why. It's because there's a wife at home who hasn't had a New Dress in Over a Year, an' who's Positively Ashamed to be seen in the Same Old Hat, an' while she doesn't Want to Complain, it certainly is humiliatin' that she has to do her own work when every other woman in the neighborhood has a Girl, not to mention a Car, an' it Does Seem that if there was a Larger Appreciation of Responsibilities an' a Little More Energy, etc., etc.

UNCLE HENRY *says:*

"Take marriage out of the world, an' you'd have to put benches in every spare inch of space to take care of men with no larger ambition than to rest their feet"

"Yessir, 'Lonzo, it takes marriage to make a man realize that life is *real*, life is *earnin'*. If Juliet had lived, Romeo would have soon found out that what he thought a nightingale was really the factory whistle, an' each mornin' would have seen him dashin' out of the house, drippin' egg at every pore, an' yellin' back that he'd get the meat, garden seed, dress samples an' wall paper for the dinin'-room at the noon hour.

"As a bachelor, one day meant no more to me than any other, but I hadn't been wedded a week before Pay Day took its proper an' important place in my life.

"Why should a bachelor work? If he takes his friends to luncheon now an' then, or gives a dinner party at set intervals, he meets his social obligations amply an' generously. But the married man's life is one constant round of entertainin', for he has to give a dinner party every blamed night. Any Man About Home is a bigger spender than the most prodigal Man About Town.

"Aside from the weekly envelope, there are certain other causes that impel even the most sluggish husband to furious efforts an' feverish industry. It's the fear of bein' found out. Truth may be mighty an' bound to prevail, but I've never yet seen a man who was willin' to take a chance on it. From the time he falls in love until he falls over his feet at the altar, he spends every walkin' minute thinkin' up imaginative bits designed to enhance himself in his girl's estimation.

"All of us are natural-born liars where women are concerned. We lie for the same reason that the male bird ruffles his topknot an' spreads his tail feathers. On the way to the house I used to make resolves that I'd let her see me as I was, but the second my foot touched the front porch my mind changed, an' I started in thinkin' up imaginary encounters, brilliant business offers, heroic achievements an' other things calculated to give the impression that under my quiet exterior were volcanoes of force, passion an' genius.

"All of us do it, 'Lonzo. Why, I've seen the Babe Ruths an' Ty Cobbs of the Epworth League sit in the parlor an' lie with such conviction that you'd have thought 'em endowed with the financial acumen of a Morgan, the grace of a Valentino, the courage an' vision of a James J. Hill, the intellectual breadth of a Wilson an' the administrative capacity of a Hoover. It's as much of a drug habit as hashish, opium or cocaine.

"After marriage, when the Dearest Little Woman in the World turns to you with that look of implicit faith in her eyes, every one of those infernal brags comes back to you with all the force of a blow. That's why the average husband leaps from the bridal couch an' dashes out into the world of struggle with a horrid, wolfish scream.

"I always get a laugh when I read about Captains of Industry who won from poverty to success because they saved their first dime or picked up a pin or heard about Lincoln studyin' by the light of pine knots. If you could get 'em to tell the truth you'd find out that they never began to climb until the People Next Door bought a piano an' a Car an' hired a Cook.

"Get a bachelor down, an' he begins worryin' about his clothes an' lies still, but when a married man thinks of havin' to go home an' confess failure, he never quits kickin' an' scratchin' until he's on top of the heap.

"Take marriage out of the world, 'Lonzo, an' you'd have to put benches in every spare inch of space to take care of men with no larger ambition than to rest their feet.

"Aside from impellin' him in the general direction of industry, a wife helps a man in a thousand other ways. All of us are made over by our wives. Why, within a year from the time I adjusted my neck to the altar, I was callin' up Information to find out about myself, an' takin' off my clothes to see if it was still the same old mole on my left shoulder blade.

"Every single man labors under all sorts of delusions. It makes me laugh to think of it, but prior to becomin' an inmate of matrimony I actually had the idea that I was a keen judge of human nature. Nobody could fool *me!* It didn't take my wife a month to make me realize that I was a simpleton where every other woman was concerned, an' that not one of my bachelor friends was worthy of me.

"I used to think that I knew how to handle babies, an' the proper way to bring up children. I rather prided myself on my taste in pictures, an' took a lot of pains buyin' engravin's for our first parlor. Come over to the house some day an' we'll go up in the attic an' see 'em. An' maybe you won't believe it, but I also had the obsession that I did *not* like beets, an' simply *couldn't* eat spinach. It's wonderful how a wife can make a man over."

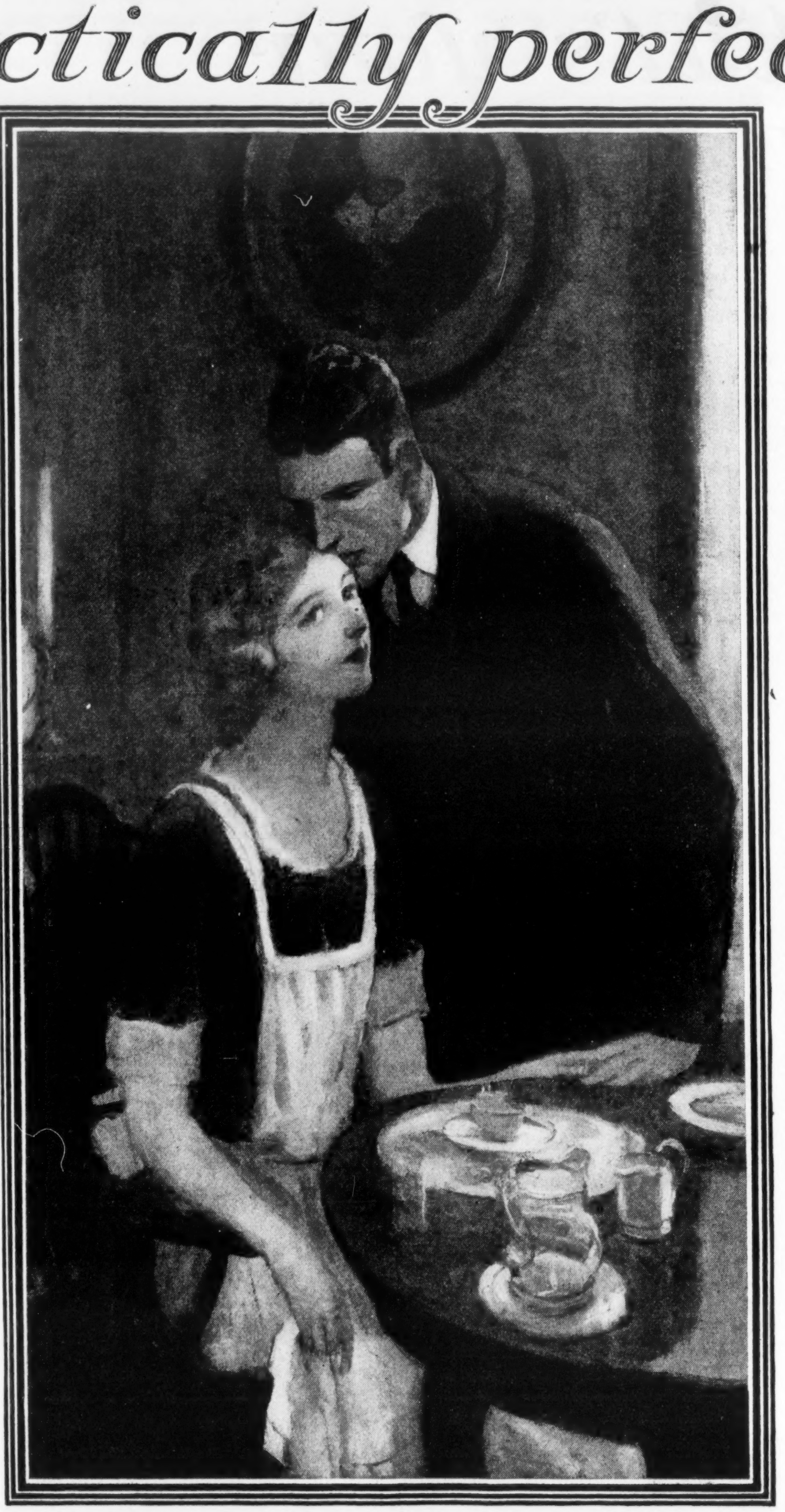
"I can tell a married man as far as I see him," disdainfully remarked Mr. Stubbs.

"How do you know that some of the people you pick aren't jes' gettin' over typhoid fever?" demanded Uncle Henry.

Practically perfect COPY

By
EDWARD
HOPE

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAWTHORNE HOWLAND



He went to her and placed a light kiss very carefully on her forehead. "I'll try to be home early," he said

IF THIS were an up-to-date novel instead of a short story, it would begin with the night Kenneth Van Nostrand's grandmother died in Lynn, Mass., in the winter of 1883. It would describe in detail all of the Van Nostrands and the Cottrells and the Grahams, what they wore at tne funeral and what they thought and said.

Presently the scene would shift to a little town in Missouri and there would be a detailed description of the birth of Kenneth Van Nostrand in the spring of 1892. There would be a couple of chapters for Mrs. Van Nostrand's sentiments about the matter and another chapter for Mr. Van Nostrand's. This would be followed directly with chapters showing the development of the boy: first in early infancy, then in grammar school, later in prep school and college. Puppy loves and family disagreements.

The book would be very dull in the name of artistry for the first hundred and fifty pages.

On page 134 or thereabouts would begin the struggle between Kenneth's desire to write and his desire to marry Helen Ripley, whom he had met six months before at a house party. On page 142 he would burn the first act of his play and at the bottom of the page he would write a letter accepting a job in the copy department of the Hethrington Advertising Agency, Inc., 342 Madison Avenue, New York.

From this point the story would go along easily enough. The wedding, the honeymoon and the first six months of married life could be disposed of in a paragraph. By page 148 the reader would know just how the young Van Nostrands lived in their three tiny rooms just one block away from the nice section of Greenwich Village, just how shiny were the elbows and seats of Kenneth Van Nostrand's two suits, just how unhappy was Mrs. Van Nostrand at having nothing to wear anywhere and no prospect of better fortunes.

It is on page 151 that this story begins; on page 178 it ends. The novel would continue about two hundred pages further, stopping only when the reader had witnessed the rather conclusive funerals of Kenneth Van Nostrand and his wife Helen and Robert Haverford, the hypotenuse of the triangle if you care to think of it as a triangle. . . .

WHEN Kenneth came into the living-room—which was a breakfast-room at the moment, as it was breakfast time—he was in the middle of wishing to God he could afford another shirt or two so that he might see smooth, unfrayed cuffs about his wrists once more. He was neither more or less depressed than he had been the morning before or the morning before that. Every morning when he came into the living-room he wished to God he could afford something he couldn't afford. All the hope had evaporated from his wishes long ago, but the dregs of the wishes still welled up within him.

He was thinking that this was not an unbeautiful idea when Helen entered from the kitchen. She came in the manner of a young woman who has just burned her finger frying eggs for her husband who would be able to pay a cook to fry his eggs if he were any sort of a man.

Kenneth saw her face. "What's the matter, darling?"

"Burned my hand on that damned stove." There was more venom in it than can be made to appear in the type, but those were her words.

"Poor dear!" he said to the place where she had been standing. She was in the kitchen getting the coffee and toast. She returned, put the things on the table and sat down facing him.

Kenneth saw her face.

Intently, with infinite precision, he amputated a corner of one of the eggs. In complete and awful silence they went over the conversation about getting a woman in for the day. Both of them knew it by heart; there was no use saying the things all over again. After nearly five minutes of silence, Helen spoke:

"I'm going to buy a fall dress today," she said. "I've got to have it, and I may as well get it. I'll charge it. Maybe we can pay for it in the next couple of months."

"Yes. I suppose so."

He took the last of his coffee, folded his napkin and rose. He went to her and placed a light kiss very carefully on her forehead. He walked to the door, took his last winter's derby from the hatrack and turned. "I'll try to be home early," he said.

He went.

I have only one reason for selecting this particular morning in September from among tragically many mornings just like it in the lives of the Van Nostrands. It was on this day that Maréchal et Cie., Paris and New York, first appeared on Kenneth Van Nostrand's horizon. In fact, when Kenneth reached his desk at nine-two this morning, the center of the blotter was covered with a neatly clipped together bunch of papers relating to the famous jeweler.

On top was a memorandum from Mr. Hethrington, freshly typed. Thus:

Mr. Van N. Subject: Copy
from
G. V. H. Client: Maréchal et Cie.

We will prepare an extensive campaign for Maréchal et Cie. to appear in general and class magazines, beginning with January issues.

Maréchal et Cie. is probably the best retail jewelry firm in the world. The Paris office was opened in 1824, the New York office in 1908. In Europe and America they cater to the most exclusive sort of people. They hold without question the leading place as designers of jewelry. Their prices are high, but they acknowledge no competition.

The Visualization Committee has recommended a campaign which is to depend practically entirely upon the copy. We are to take full pages, treating the decoration very severely and throwing up a few sentences, fifty to seventy words, in a clean, clear type, with lots of white space on all sides. In each advertisement we will describe a single piece in the possession of Maréchal et Cie.

You will readily see that the success of this scheme lies in the copy, which must be practically perfect.

Will you drop everything else you may be working at and start at once to produce ten to fifteen pieces of copy? Make them restrained but as near to poetry as you can get prose. I am giving you this assignment before I try anyone else. I hope you will be able to handle it.

Descriptions and photographs of several Maréchal pieces are attached to this memorandum.

KENNETH VAN NOSTRAND read the thing through, standing beside his desk, still wearing his hat and overcoat. At the end he slid the papers back to the blotter, tossed his hat accurately at the rack beside his desk, and yanked himself out of his overcoat. He pulled his chair under him to the desk and read the memorandum again. For about half an hour after that he went through the other papers, sheet by sheet, photograph by photograph.

Here, at last, was something.

He had written of garbage cans chemically treated to absorb odors; of a breakfast food that cleared pimply complexions; of a near-pearl so like a real pearl that it was worth one five-hundredth as much; of a powder which would absolutely rid your home of vermin; of seventy-five or a hundred other inglorious, necessary human conveniences.

But these photographs of diamonds the size of his thumb nails, these single blindingly beautiful jewels which were worth—yes, worth!—twenty years of his labors! . . . He spread four photographs on the blotter before him.

Here was a collar of pearls with an enormous ruby, square-cut and set among diamonds, as a clasp. A glowing pear-shaped pearl, pendant from an exquisite group of diamond-studded leaves. A ring in which an oblong diamond was held between smaller oblong diamonds tapering off to the sides. A broad bracelet of diamonds and emeralds perfectly worked into a delicate mosaic design, so cunningly, closely set that the jewels seemed not to be set at all.

Kenneth Van Nostrand picked up the pictures and went over them one by one. The collar of pearls seemed a little florid; the sort of thing one saw on wrinkly, fat necks in front of one in the theatre, dowager duchesses from Chicago. He tossed the photograph face-down on top of Mr. Hethrington's memorandum, and came next to the pear-shaped pearl pendant.

This one might give one's wife on one's twentieth anniversary to make up for the light that had been in her eyes that day so many, many years ago; to show her that, after all, the hot, clear love of youth is a matter of physiology, like the thick hair on youth's head; to convince her, as the kisses of a short-breathed man of forty-eight could not, that love laughs just as heartily at makers of calendars as at locksmiths. . . . The picture of the pendant met the fate of the picture of the collar of pearls.

At the ring the corners of Kenneth's mouth drew down almost imperceptibly.

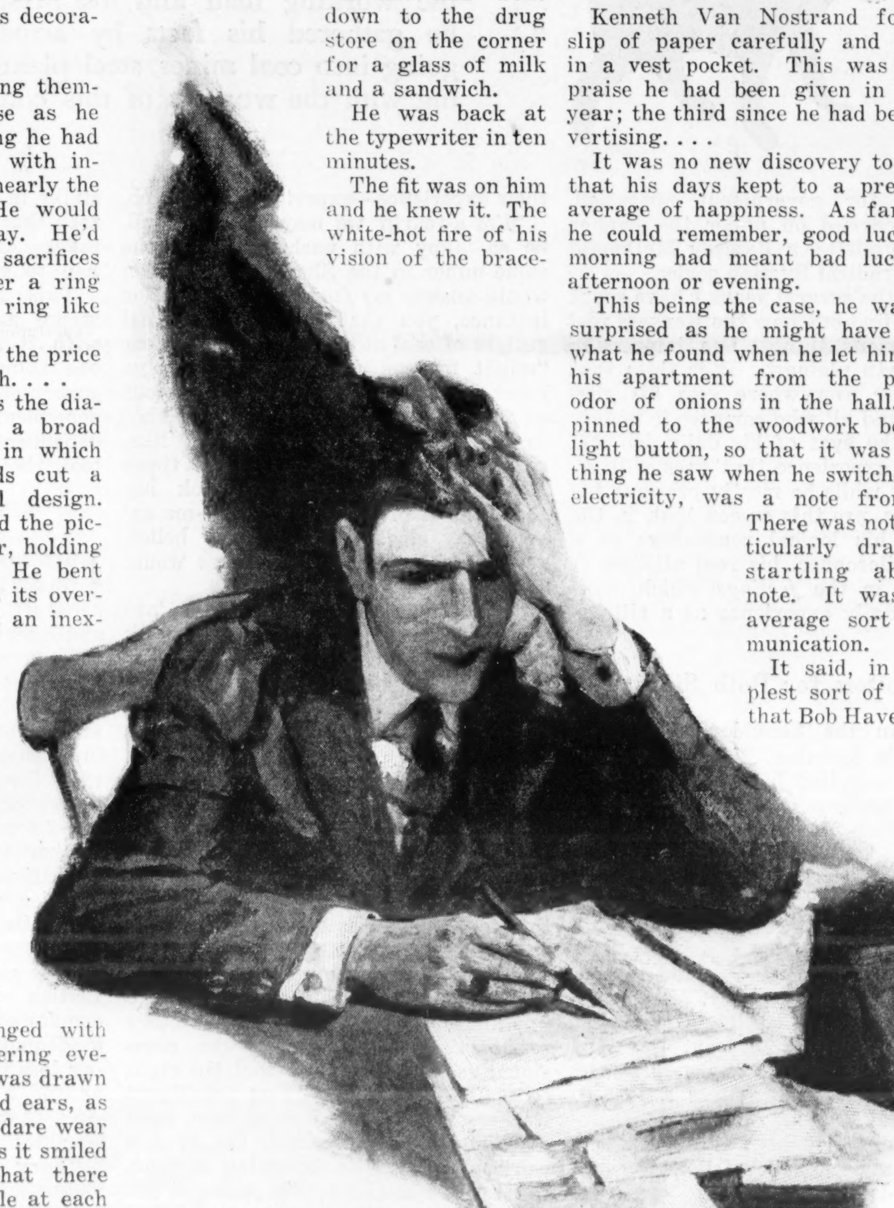
For a ring like that it was not hard to conjure up a finger. It was not hard to find a hand for the finger and an arm for the hand. Nor was it any great surprise to find, in a moment, that the wraith attached to the arm was that of Helen Ripley, who had since become Helen Van Nostrand. . . . That was the sort of ring she should have had in the spring of 1919 when she accepted him. No hand he had ever seen, in life or in art, had been so worthy of a graceful, precious decoration.

HE FOUND his lips drawing themselves up under his nose as he thought of the engagement ring he had been able to buy. And that with installments that had lasted for nearly the year of his engagement! He would make that up to her some day. He'd show her he appreciated the sacrifices she had made. He'd give her a ring worth waiting a little for, a ring like this one, or better.

He gulped a little as he saw the price on the back of the photograph. . . .

The fourth photograph was the diamond and emerald bracelet, a broad band of exquisite diamonds in which the dark green of emeralds cut a strange, simple, geometrical design. Kenneth Van Nostrand spread the picture before him on the blotter, holding it flat with his finger tips. He bent forward over it and gazed at its overwhelming loveliness. He felt an inexplicable, half-anguished shiver undulating down his spine. In this shiny sheet of paper there was something of the mystery of life and time, of uncounted generations of acquisitive men who had brought nothing into the world and taken nothing from it. . . .

Again he saw his wife, radiant, this time, in vague, delicate things he could not buy for her. Her shoulders flashed naked—not dead white, as women's shoulders are in poems, but alive, tinged with pink, young—from a shimmering evening dress. Her yellow hair was drawn back to reveal her cheeks and ears, as very few other women would dare wear it. Her whole face smiled—as it smiled too seldom nowadays—so that there was a suggestion of a wrinkle at each side of her small nose. She had just said something amusing about the bracelet on her wrist—the new bracelet her husband had given her. An inexplicably amazing bracelet, a broad band of exquisite diamonds in which the dark green of emeralds cut a strange, simple, geometrical design. . . .



It was nearly two o'clock when he raised his head from a thoroughly marked-up and scribbled-on piece of paper

Kenneth Van Nostrand swallowed hard.

He raised his head and looked at the office about him. The back of his neck was stiff. His hands were loose. His sight was blurred a little.

HE LIFTED the black hood from the typewriter which stood on a table beside him, ran a sheet of paper under the roller, straightened the edges carefully. He struck the keys a few times, and four words appeared on the paper. He sat back and gazed at them as if judging their balance on the white page. After a moment he pushed the carriage over and ran a neat row of x's through the words he had written. He pulled the sheet of paper from the machine, crumpled it in one hand, and threw it violently into his wastebasket. He put a fresh sheet into the machine.

It was nearly two o'clock when Kenneth Van Nostrand raised his head from a thoroughly marked-up and scribbled-on piece of paper. He rubbed his nose. He had written the best sixty words of his life and he knew it. Whether Mr. Hethrington liked the copy or not, even if Maréchal et Cie. should insist upon having their head salesman rewrite it, Kenneth Van Nostrand knew that this was as good a piece of writing as would be done in an advertising agency in a year.

The back of his neck was stiffer than ever. His mouth was dry. He was dazed. He put on his hat and went down to the drug store on the corner for a glass of milk and a sandwich.

He was back at the typewriter in ten minutes.

The fit was on him and he knew it. The white-hot fire of his vision of the bracelet had cooled, but it had left a red glow. Words flowed as words flow only occasionally. There was rhythm in what he wrote, grace and assonance. His copy was good, good, good.

His wastebasket was nearly full of crumpled balls of spoiled paper when, ten minutes after closing time, he put the cover back on the typewriter. From his desk he took fourteen pieces of paper, on which, for no particular reason, he had neatly retyped the fourteen pieces of copy he had written. These he shook into a neat stack and took to the head stenographer to be typed again the first thing in the morning.

Still in more or less of a daze, he balanced his hat over one eye while he struggled into his overcoat. Except for his ten minutes for lunch, he had worked steadily for more than eight hours. Except for his order to the soda clerk, he had not spoken to anyone since he had left his wife that morning. He wanted to tell somebody about the copy he had written. He wanted somebody to read it right now. Everyone had gone home except a few clerks waiting for proofs. He straightened his hat and left.

For ten days he did not hear again of Maréchal et Cie. or of the copy he had written. Finally he came in one morning to find on his desk a penciled note from Mr. Hethrington:

Mr. Van N.
Mr. Grunthal of Maréchal has accepted twelve of the fourteen pieces you wrote for them last week. This is the best copy you have done. Congratulations. G. V. H.

Kenneth Van Nostrand folded the slip of paper carefully and placed it in a vest pocket. This was the first praise he had been given in nearly a year; the third since he had been at advertising. . . .

It was no new discovery to Kenneth that his days kept to a pretty rigid average of happiness. As far back as he could remember, good luck in the morning had meant bad luck in the afternoon or evening.

This being the case, he was not so surprised as he might have been by what he found when he let himself into his apartment from the permanent odor of onions in the hall. There, pinned to the woodwork beside the light button, so that it was the first thing he saw when he switched on the electricity, was a note from Helen. There was nothing particularly dramatic or startling about the note. It was a quite average sort of communication.

It said, in the simplest sort of language, that Bob Haverford had asked her to go to dinner and the theatre with him and that she was sure Kenneth wouldn't mind and therefore had gone. She would be home right after the play, unless they stopped for supper somewhere. Quite a plain sort of note. Distinctly.

There was nothing at all on the paper that should normally have caused Kenneth Van Nostrand to get a look like that on his face. There was no more reason for him to set his teeth that way than there was for the little drawn lines under his eyes to get so dark red and congested-looking. There was no excuse whatever for the way he flung the evening paper at a chair and left it on the floor when it fell there.

As for the fact that he threw himself face down on the bed and lay there long after he should have gone out for dinner, that is simply beyond comprehension. Still, he smoothed the bed very carefully after he got up, and nobody ever knew about it, so there is no use going into this action at all.

The whole affair was extremely mild. Bob brought Helen back before half past eleven and said a very pleasant good night. Helen explained that she hadn't been inside a real theatre since the preceding December and just could not resist the temptation, now that the Lord knew when Kenneth would be able to afford to take her, as Kenneth would understand. Kenneth gulped and said he did understand. There was no unpleasantness at all.

This was the first time Helen went out in the evening without her husband. After that both of them became accustomed to it.

SEVERAL young men became politely attentive to young Mrs. Van Nostrand and took her out in the evenings and sometimes to lunch and tea. The most attentive was Bob Haverford.

Perhaps it would be better for me to explain that Helen Van Nostrand was a reasonably pretty girl and an unusually good listener. Her eyes were large and of a particular shade of blue so indescribable that every man wanted to try to describe it. She had a smooth, straight forehead which wrinkled delightfully to express whatever emotion might be most desirable. The list of her inamoratos is remarkable for its brevity rather than for its scope.

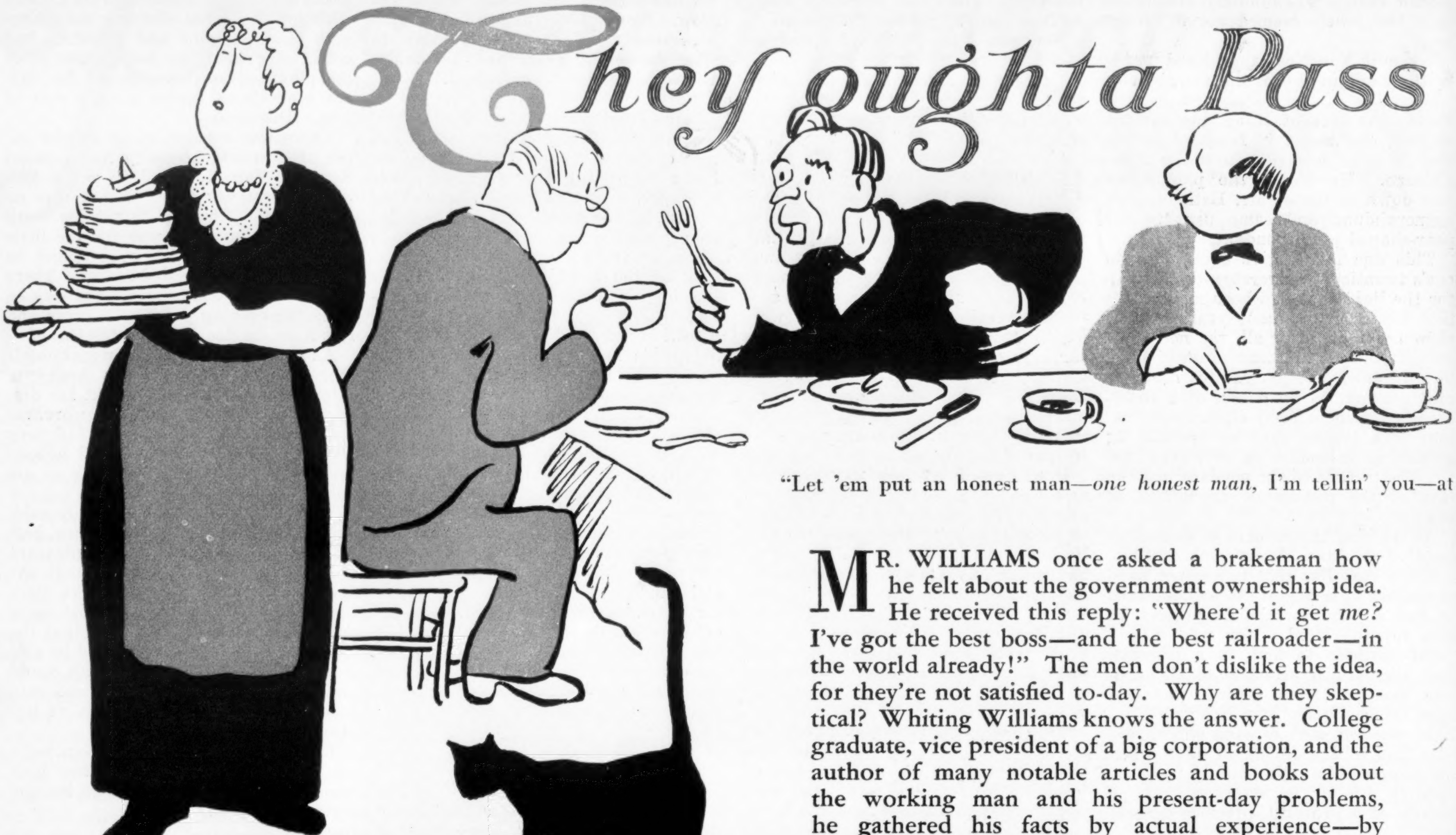
Bob Haverford was the only one of the five she saw very frequently. The others appeared about once each every two weeks, but Bob became her more and more regular companion. Being an architect with an office of his own and a staff of his own, he was able to arrange his time pretty much as he chose. For luncheon he was always at Helen's disposal; sometimes he would suggest it, sometimes she. That was a little intimacy of theirs; she was to invite him to take her to luncheon whenever she felt inclined.

Kenneth, of course, couldn't take her to lunch. In the first place, his hour between twelve-thirty and one-thirty was not long enough to allow the trip from the office to the apartment on Greenwich Avenue and back. In the second place, their budget didn't allow them to buy two lunches out, and it would be an imposition to ask Helen to cook his lunch as well as his breakfast and dinner. There were similar facts which prevented him from taking her to tea and theatres and after-theatre places.

Perhaps an account of the conversation they had the second time Bob Haverford asked her to see a play with him would clarify Kenneth's official position as husband of the sought-after young lady.

They were at dinner one evening. The omelet had not been much of a success; it had (*Continued on page 47*)

They oughta Pass



"Let 'em put an honest man—*one honest man,* I'm tellin' you—at

MR. WILLIAMS once asked a brakeman how he felt about the government ownership idea. He received this reply: "Where'd it get *me?* I've got the best boss—and the best railroader—in the world already!" The men don't dislike the idea, for they're not satisfied to-day. Why are they skeptical? Whiting Williams knows the answer. College graduate, vice president of a big corporation, and the author of many notable articles and books about the working man and his present-day problems, he gathered his facts by actual experience—by going into coal mines, steel plants, etc., and laboring with the workers of this country and Europe.

"THE government oughta put all them high-up grafters off the railways and make all that money itself!" shouted a brakeman, pounding on the boarding-house table in the little town where I was pushing a truck in the railway storeroom. "Let 'em put an honest man—*one honest man,* I'm tellin' you—at the top in Washington, and it wouldn't take long to turn the trick!"

"No, we don't want Uncle Sam a-bossin' us fellows!" a conductor on a Western road lately exploded at me. "The railway mail clerks are all right, but they ain't railroaders, and we don't want to get balled up in red tape like they are."

Anywhere on our railways it is easy enough to run into these two extremes. But it's a whole lot easier to run into testimony like this:

"The way the higher-ups on this road spent Uncle Sam's money durin' government ownership in war time! Where we used to order bolts or nuts and such things by the barrel, they ordered 'em by the carload! The taxpayers was payin' for 'em, see? 'Twas shameful!"

At first I figured that this represented friendliness to private control. Later I thought it meant opposition—mainly because of the vehemence of its utterance. Later still I found it represented neither. It was the railway man's way of contradicting all those who were holding against government operation the shortcomings of the war-time experiment. It was his way of saying that, in his observation, it had not had a fair trial; it therefore could not be given a fair hanging—not yet.

Most of all, however, the testimony was the worker's way of expressing his attitude toward his employer, not his government. In my observation it is the worker's feelings about his employer and not his ideas about his government which are behind most of the agitation for government operation, whether carried on under the banner of a La Follette, a Ramsay McDonald or even a radical Russian soviet.

Out of the several years I have spent trying to find out how the workers feel about various things, one impression stands forth plainest. It is this: that the worker everywhere sees his government and all who compose it mainly through the eyes of his daily job and the daily experience that goes with it. Also, that while he mostly presents his arguments, pro this or con that, in the guise of his logical reasonings as a citizen-philosopher, his real attitude is grounded in the *feelings* which come with his daily experience as a citizen-worker.

Boosters for Both Sides

THUS in the Shoulder of Mutton saloon in Swansea, Wales, the miner who was spending his vacation before its ample bar would set the beer glasses to one side and with his finger use the drippings to draw the lines of his proposal:

"See 'ere. 'Ere are twenty yards of goodish fuel this side the bound'ry and another twenty on the other side, that must be left by law, y' understand, where 'tis private property. Well, that's forty good yards left below ground that the country will need—an' that the country could 'ave if 'twas guv'ment done! They'd oughta pass a law to make it so!"

The same thought was also in the heads of my "Bolshie" fellow workers in a near-by mine.

But to any of these men, below ground or above, you had only to put a question or two before you ran through this imposing but superficial vein of propaganda into a deeper one of thoughtful uncertainty and perplexity, a vein deposited by the drippings of their experience—experience on the job.

"I'm a-fearin' we may not, after all, be so 'appy with nashul'zashun," the same miner in the Shoulder of Mutton would answer my further queries. "For instance, you that be colliers" (real getters of coal at the face of the seam) "might find us shot firers—an' as ye know well, ye cawn't mine coal without us shot firers—you might find us shot firers, I say, a bit easy-goin', like, under guv'ment control. Many times I've fired shots where I took big chawnces of blowin' myself up—me an' everybody else. Now, 'tis my belief, gentlemen, guv'ment shot firers would not take chawnces!"

"But if the guv'ment wuz ter 'ave the profit," a steel maker would speak from down the bar, " 'twould 'ave some sense. Why should we stand and sweat our guts out before the bloody furnaces simply to 'elp the mawster mike 'is pile?"

"But, Bill," another would say, "yer knows well as 'ow a man can strike against 'is mawster, but, blime, 'ow can 'e strike against his guv'ment?"

No worker abroad or here needs to be told that the politicians are unable to raise the salaries of his fellow workers in the post office with anything like satisfactory promptness. And no laborer that breathes but finds it hard to imagine how he can make satisfactory progress without at least the occasional use of his ultimate tool, the right to walk off his job. Few intelligent workers anywhere but recall how, some fifteen years ago, Briand, the French worker-socialist, on becoming Briand, the cabinet minister, disappointed his companions and stopped a general strike on France's railways by calling the strikers to the colors and so making them their own strike breakers. Recently, also, more than a few noticed that the National Undertakers' Union of France registered its protest by a strike in many cities. But they noticed, too, that in Paris, where the undertakers are municipal employees, they had to go on with their duties.

This forced abandonment of the strike as a fighting weapon carries with it several serious results. For one thing, it proceeds to cut off the government employee from his more independent and aggressive comrades, dependent as they are upon their single tool, the walk-out.

What Gompers Believed

FRANCE, Italy, Spain and several other European cabinets have put up some of their present railway, telephone and other monopolies for sale. Over there the average citizen knows his government needs every possible penny of income; otherwise it can't maintain the armaments required for national self-protection pending a satisfactory protocol for peace. "The more profit for the government," he reasons, "the fewer taxes for all of us." But when he gets neither lower taxes nor good service the citizen over there is quite as quick to raise his kick as is his brother here.

"While Americans have one phone for every eight inhabitants," a French deputy protested not long ago, "and the British one in seventy, we have only one for every 147! In addition to this inadequate service, our annual operating loss to be made up out of taxes is around a quarter of a billion francs! And then, in addition, the service is terrible!"

"Very good, madame," I heard a young man in a southern French city answer with great scorn, when the phone girl at the post office told him she could "give him communication" with a near-by address in half an hour. "I'll be back in good time—after I've gone over and disposed of my affair with them face to face!"

a LAW

By WHITING WILLIAMS

the top in Washington, and it wouldn't take long to turn the trick!"

That same week a lawyer was suing the French Government for continuing, against numberless protests, to show in the phone directory the name of his client, a famous surgeon, as a "man midwife." As proof of what we'd call "rotten service," he showed the jury that the 1921 phone book continued to list as a subscriber in good standing one Bolo Pasha—no one, apparently, having informed the postal authorities that some three years before he had been executed as a spy!

It is all this day-by-day observation and experience with the big bosses and the efficiency of their handling the various public services that is behind the worker's attitude toward government ownership and operation. When he speaks for publication he is likely to propose a fairly elaborate program—one which appears to base itself upon fundamental and imposing political or economic principles. He uses such slogans as "Save the waste of competition!" or "Produce for service, not for profit!" But all the time the real trigger in the situation is not his beautiful economics, but his unbeautiful experience—his unsatisfactory day-to-day dealings with the railway or other utility which employs him as a worker or serves him as a citizen.

What helps the program preacher and keeps him in business is this: Nearly all of us, his listeners, proceed first to take his program very seriously and then to devote ourselves to an attempt to dispose of him and his program by proving his economics to be faulty or unfeasible—overlooking, meanwhile, the real cause of it all—the underlying dissatisfaction and protest. This procedure pleases the program preacher, but doesn't get anybody anywhere. The reason is that, right or wrong, he has to keep going in order to please his constituents until someone removes the cause of the flood of oratory and propaganda by turning off the faucets of bad service and bad treatment.

To overlook the protest and to try to outargue the program is worse than to have nervous prostration over the spigot while neglecting the bunghole—or to put the cart before the horse. That's what the program is—something to "doll up" the underlying complaints and make them look more dignified and imposing than merely swearing and pounding on the table.

This is mainly why we have so much less talk about government operation here than in Europe. The ordinary job and the ordinary service given by the ordinary employer here are a lot better than there. The various whys of that would take us far afield, but one of them is the late Samuel Gompers and his belief that the worker gets on better by using the tool of the strike and keeping out of politics. So while his organization thought La Follette the best Presidential candidate of the three, it took pains during the campaign and later, at El Paso, to repudiate La Follette's idea of government control, of isolation from Europe, and of a third, or Labor, party.

The Teapot Boils Over

NEVERTHELESS, even "Old Sam" could not—and his successor probably cannot—keep a good many railway workers from wishing they could change the bosses of their jobs. The reason ought to be known by more of us. It is not that they have listened to "agitators." The reason is that they are unhappy with the way their jobs are going.

The improvement these men wanted through the Labor Board was the chief cause of the La Follette movement. Since that failed of its objectives, the same relief has been aimed at more recently by the federal Barclay-Howell Bill. Personally I believe the desired gains could be better arranged through a modification of the Railroad Labor Board. As mentioned in my Collier's articles following the Shopmen's Strike in 1922, there are a number of changes which would be satisfactory to the workers and to practically all the railway executives, as well as the public. One of the chief of these changes would permit both the workers and the executives a freer choice of their own representatives on the board. A second would keep political lame ducks out.

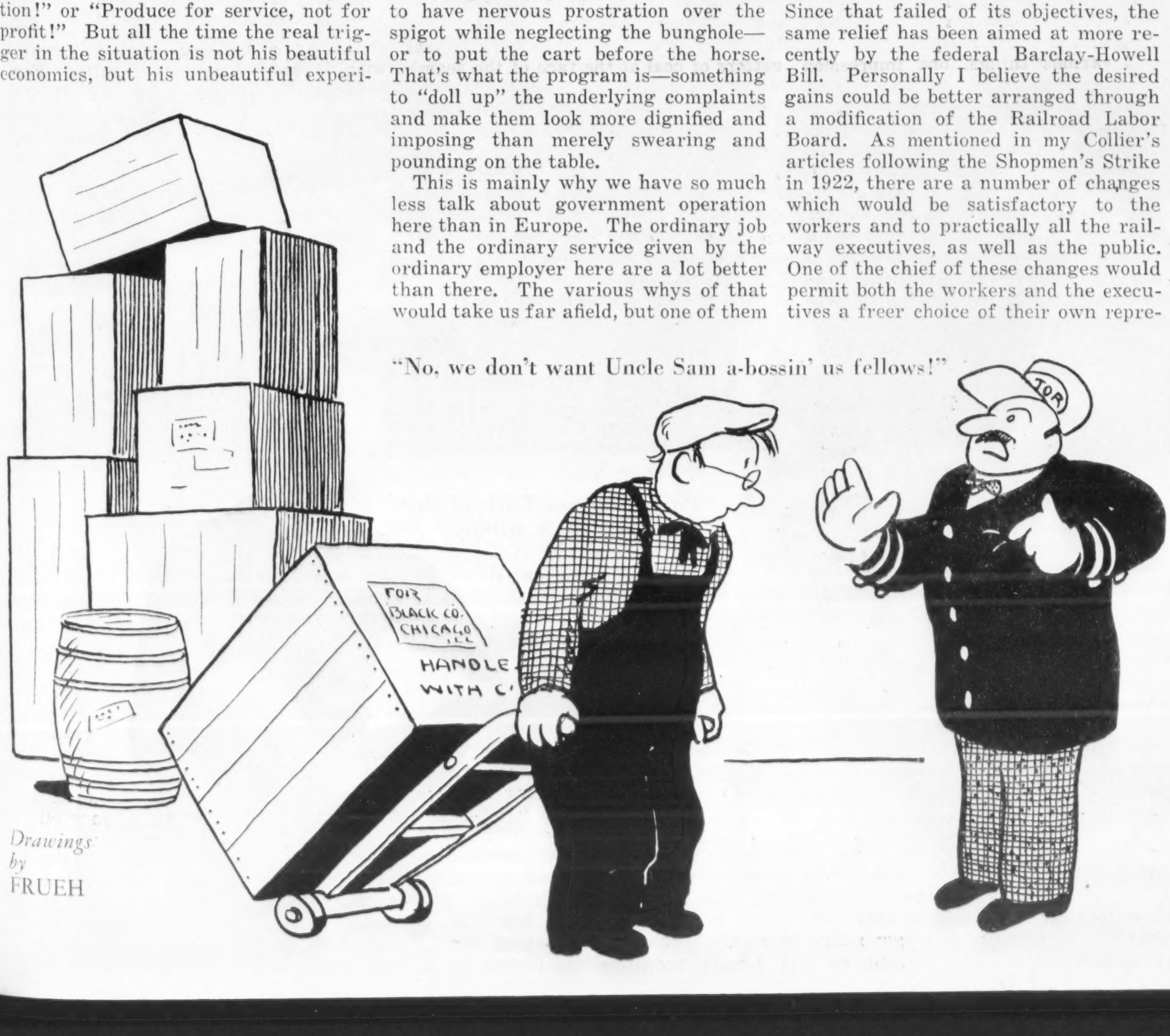
But whatever method is chosen, the public, as in the case of all utility employees, has a big stake in doing away with the ground for unhappiness among certain groups of railroaders—the public along with the railway workers and managers. When conductors, brakemen or engine repairers get in a jam with their employer and have no easy way of getting out of it, a railway's service soon becomes "shot." And when the service falls off, the public naturally makes it worse because it grows bad-natured and hard to handle.

So these feelings, caused at first by bad industrial relations, proceed to cause bad relations with the public, and then carom back into worse and worse relations among the final givers of the service, the workers. As that vicious circle speeds up, it first calls loudly for some way of settlement between employer and employee. The Labor Board was set up to answer that call. But if that machinery fails to get the good will of either railway worker or railway employer—well, then, on all sides you begin to hear how "They oughta pass a law!" With that everybody starts to complain of either rotten service or grafting bosses. Government ownership comes into the talk—and the country looks on while the industrial teapot boils up until it spills over on the table of social reforms and political parties.

This has happened so often in so many lines that it's funny we so often forget that the imposing philosophies we glibly set forth to our fellow citizens every evening generally find their real foundation in the feeling and experiences we encounter among our fellow workers every morning. But it does look as though Mr. Average Citizen has to-day more of a "hunch" than ever before that if business and industry gave more attention to getting along peacefully with their co-workers, their competitors and their customers, then the political chaps would have a lot less to do.

What is encouraging about that, in turn, is that more and more managers of railways and other utilities are doing just that—improving their service, perfecting their methods, ironing out their difficulties with their workers, and thereby establishing with them and with the public those feelings in everyday experience and observation which make any protest too slight and too temporary to call for the help of the passers of more laws.

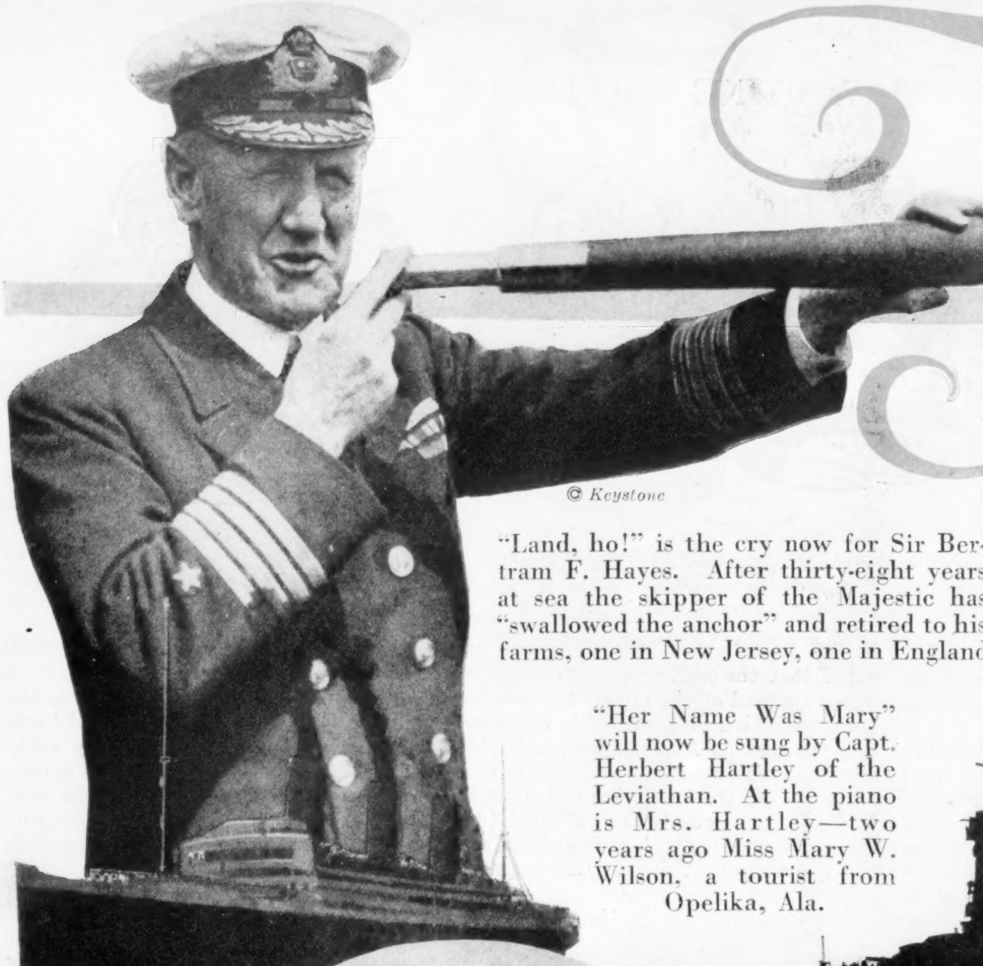
"Me raise a fuss to get a Washington boss?" one happy brakeman answered me lately. "Where'd it get *me?* I've got the best boss—and the best railroader—in the world *already!*"


FOR BLACK CO. CHICAGO ILL
HANDLE WITH C
TOR

"No, we don't want Uncle Sam a-bossin' us fellows!"

Drawings by FRUEH

Master



© Keystone

"Land, ho!" is the cry now for Sir Bertram F. Hayes. After thirty-eight years at sea the skipper of the Majestic has "swallowed the anchor" and retired to his farms, one in New Jersey, one in England

"Her Name Was Mary" will now be sung by Capt. Herbert Hartley of the Leviathan. At the piano is Mrs. Hartley—two years ago Miss Mary W. Wilson, a tourist from Opelika, Ala.

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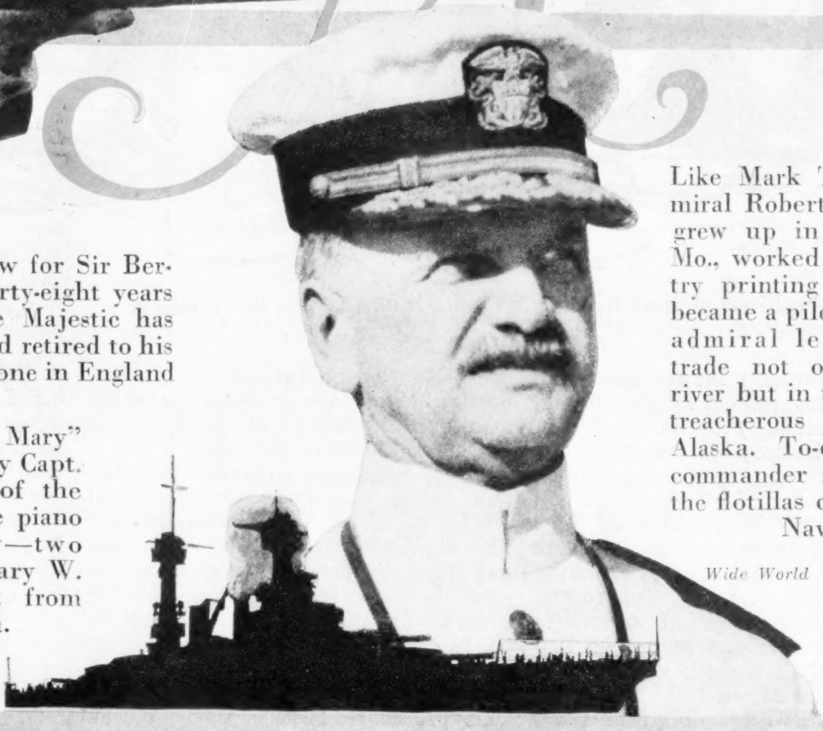

Like Mark Twain, Admiral Robert E. Coontz grew up in Hannibal, Mo., worked in a country printing office and became a pilot. But the admiral learned his trade not on the old river but in the equally treacherous waters of Alaska. To-day he is commander in chief of the flotillas of the U. S. Navy

Wide World

© Keystone

Skipper Conrad Luck of the Westphalia is a painter. A "marine artist"? No! Landscapes and figures

All alone in a thirty-foot sailboat, Alain J. Gerbault crossed the Atlantic in 142 days. France gave him a medal for it to add to his tennis trophies

© Keystone

MARINERS

Wide World

The Tuscania, famed as a "literary ship," has a high-seas bookshop and is commanded by Capt. David W. Bone (left), the author of "Brassbounder." A few of her murals are by Muirhead Bone, the skipper's brother

Wide World

The only woman in the world to hold master of all oceans papers is Mrs. N. F. Crocker (right), who shares with her husband the command of the four-masted schooner Ruth Martin. In the twenty years since they were wed they have spent but five months ashore

Wide World

An enigma like Mona Lisa—and with the same sort of smile—is Anton Flettner (at left). He's the German inventor of the "sailless sailing ship," and he may or may not revolutionize the freighting system of all oceans. How his rotors operate is about as clear to most of us as the Einstein theory

STAND BY
FINISHED WITH ENGINES
STAND BY
DEAD SLOW
SLOW
HALF
FULL
ASTERN
AHEAD
SLOW
HALF
FULL

© Keystone

Upon the bridge of an ocean liner beside a telegraph we posed Sir Thomas Lipton, all set to signal "Stand by!" A yacht race in 1926, he suggested—"What good is the cup to America if you can't put anything in it?" A wit answered: "How about tea?"

Kadel & Herbert

From timbers of Chinese fir and camphor wood, the master mariner at the right, Capt. George Waard, hewed and built a stanch little vessel which he christened the Tiny Junk. In it he and his Chinese wife, a young son and a crew of four coolies traversed the Pacific. After that they rounded the Horn and went on to New York

Collier's

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MAY 23, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ECONOMIC FORCES AND POLICEMEN

"YOU can't catch an economic force with a policeman." Herbert Hoover said it, and it expresses crisply a wise observation of the Secretary of Commerce. For a long century, however, we have been trying to arrest economic forces with policemen and to punish them under the criminal law. Now we seem to have reached a turn in the road.

Consider the packers. The "meat combine," so called, has been hunted by trust busters for forty years. The packers were accused of seeking to create a food monopoly. After long years of fighting, the five big Chicago companies agreed to sign a decree prepared by the Attorney General of the United States. The "food trust" was supposed to have been smashed by that action.

Recently, however, a Washington judge suspended the decree. After five years it seemed better to the court not to restrict the packers to the meat business.

The action of this jurist may not be final, but it is a straw pointing the direction of the wind. Trusts and monopolies are not considered so sinful as they were when Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House.

Francis J. Heney, the famous trust buster, once said, "You can't indict one hundred million dollars," thus intimating that the packers were too strong for the government. Has organized wealth finally licked the American people? Not at all. The packers are allowed greater freedom for much the same reasons which induced the country to demand that the railroads be combined and which persuaded Congress to exempt coöperative farmers and organized labor from the prohibitions of the anti-trust laws.

Something revolutionary has happened to public opinion. For a hundred years we said that big business was bad because it was big, and now we are discovering that big business, whether good or bad, is unavoidable.

A new railroad system is being created through the merging of many important lines by the Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland. The Virginian Railway, that spectacular achievement of H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, is being leased to its former competitor, the Norfolk & Western.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, which was founded thirty-odd years ago to prevent railroad combinations, is now, under orders from Congress, stimulating new mergers. In transportation big business is not only tolerated—it is demanded by the American people.

What does all this mean? Among other things, certainly, these mergers prove that the logic of machinery has at last proved convincing.

With steam, gasoline and electricity, with vast power, rapid transportation and instant communication, man's mind operates over ever-widening fields.

It was no trick to keep business small when there were no railroads, no steamships, no airplanes, no telephones, no wireless: with these tools in hand it is impossible to limit business to a single parish.

But this is not to say that we shall finally become the prisoners of our inventions and that liberty will perish from the earth.

Big business is not necessarily bad business any more than the small fellow is inevitably good. Man can live in a highly organized world and still be free.

The problem, accordingly, is not to try vainly to arrest economic forces with policemen, but rather to devise means of making it certain that these great forces will serve the public good. What has lately happened in Washington indicates that progress is being made in this desirable direction.

The Man Behind the New Woman

WE HAVE all grown so accustomed to what was once called the New Woman that nobody calls her that any more. She used to keep house for her own family. Now she keeps house for half the country's industry and commerce. The son of the man who was in the habit of banging his fist on the table and affirming that woman's sphere was in the home now sneaks off at three o'clock in the afternoon, leaving his stenographer to run the business. She does it too. She corrects his grammar, looks up the facts he needs, keeps track of his appointments, and, in short, saves him from utter ruin twenty times a day. If all the women whose sphere used to be in the home should go home and stay home to-morrow, American business would come to a standstill at fifteen minutes after ten on the day after to-morrow.

But, as Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer, who has spent many years teaching household science, recently pointed out, the New Woman can't take all the credit. She would still be putting in her eighteen hours of housework every day if it hadn't been for the New Man. Says Mrs. Rorer:

> No one ever heard of a man canner when I was a girl. My mother did all her own canning. My mother made her own soap, and cured hams as well. She sent for women tailors, who came into the house and made the clothes of the man of the family. Those days are gone forever. To-day men make the soap; men examine the milk. A woman buys a skirt at a store, but wants it lengthened; a man steps forth. We have men dressmakers and men milliners, and they make more money at it than the women ever made. We have linoleum floors; steel walls in our kitchens which require only to be washed down; we have eliminated scrubbing brushes, brooms and coal stoves. We have electric and mechanical apparatus for lightening the burdens of housework, thanks to the ingenuity of the New Man who manufactures them.

The New Man does housework just as effectually as though he put on an apron and cap and took up broom and rolling pin in an old-fashioned home. Homes used to be not only homes but factories. Now they are merely homes. And, on the whole, despite the increase in divorces and some other discouraging symptoms, it is very likely that the New Man and the New Woman have a better time together and get more out of life than the Old Man and the Old Woman used to.

Looking Eastward

JAPANESE students resident in the United States have launched a plan to create a year's scholarship at one of their universities for an American college graduate. The exchange of students and professors between nations is not unique. It has, indeed, become a settled practice. In the past, however, Europe chiefly has thus been linked with us.

This friendly gesture of the Japanese students will help us to discover the Orient. It will emphasize the fact that the Pacific has two shores and that adjacent to our far-flung Philippines lies a nation whose cultural, artistic and literary traditions are worthy of our soundest scholars' labor.

Loyalty: A True Story

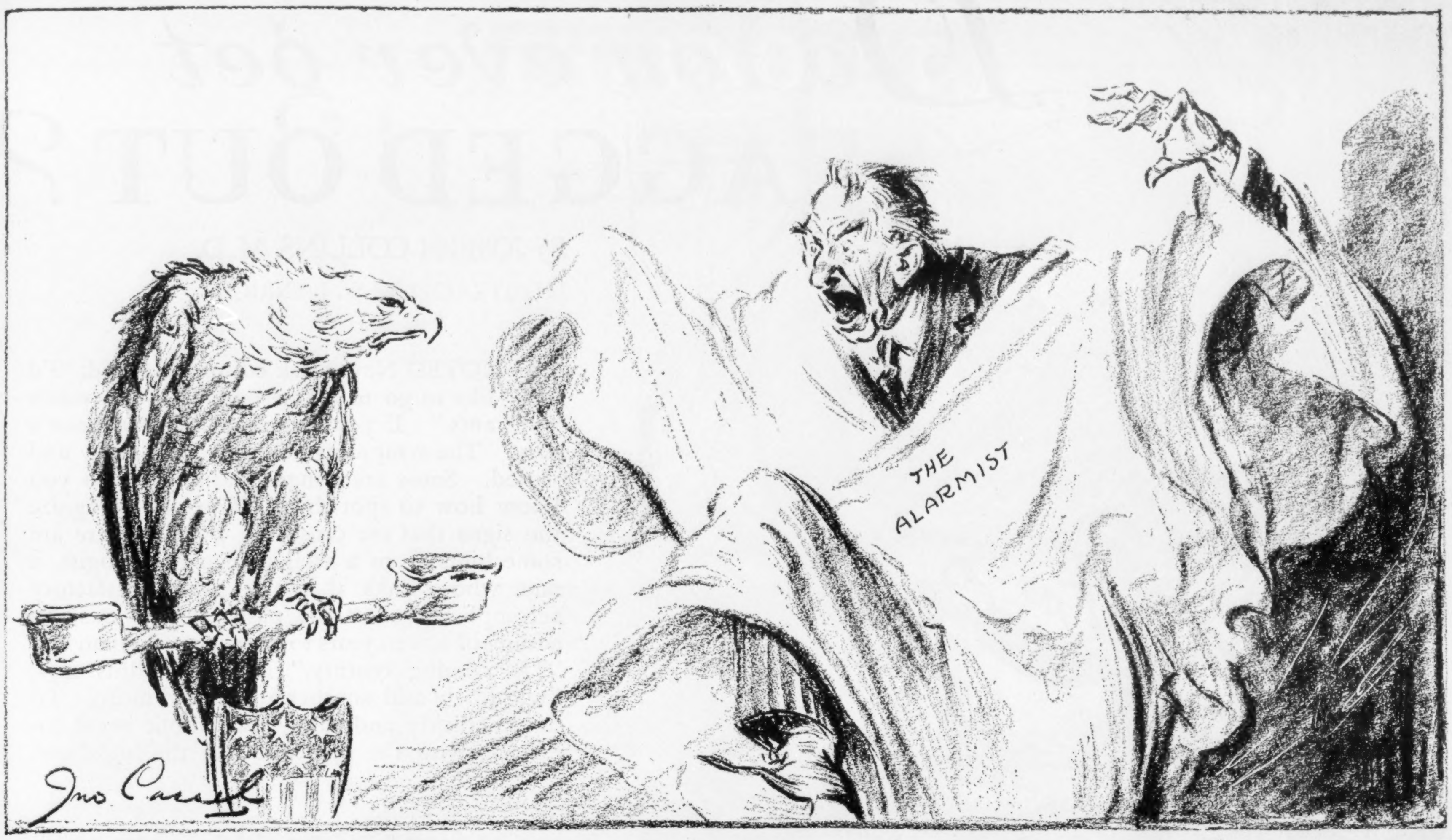
THE persuasive stranger glances again at the door and leans forward across the table on which he has spread out a sheaf of one hundred gold certificates, each for a thousand dollars. Real money, unmarked, ease for a lifetime, the price of—?

"This is our idea, Captain," he purrs. "When you dock at Guayanquilo every month a man will come aboard with eight ten-pound cans of dope. You just tell him where to hide it. When you tie up here each trip a man will come aboard and you just tell him where it's hid. He will hand you forty thousand dollars. These bind our bargain?"

Some hours later the captain, thirty years of age, is telling his story to a gray-haired chief of the customs secret service.

"It's not for myself that I'm afraid, sir, but we have several ships on that run. This fellow's slick, and some one of the men might fall for his stuff and get the old line into trouble."

A captain's pay is perhaps four thousand dollars a year. The devil's game, and wealth, against a plain man's duty. It is loyalty that holds men to their trust despite all that greed and fear may do, and by that strength our world is saved anew every day.



Hard to Scare!

THE CAVE MEN KNEW

By Henry Fairfield Osborn

President, American Museum of Natural History

IN FORTY-FIVE years of teaching in Princeton, Columbia and the American Museum I have always inculcated in my students, many of whom have now attained great distinction as teachers, as explorers, as writers, as investigators, the old Roman motto, "If you cannot find a way, make one." The reason I feel these matters so strongly is that I had a very hard struggle to get my own education. Not a single step in it was easy. Every step involved self-sacrifice, self-denial, strong resolution, inflexible purpose, the choice of the line of greatest resistance rather than of least resistance.

Take the "struggle for existence" out of education and you paralyze the student. In our American eagerness for education we make it far too easy for the average American parent as well as for the average boy and girl.

Nine parents out of ten get education for their children with little or no effort on their part because there is no direct tax for education. Instead of saving pennies for the education of their children and for buying good books as our forefathers did and setting the example of home thrift and self-denial for this purpose, they get the education and the books for nothing, because all is paid for by the relatively small number of taxpayers or by the benevolent who endow great free institutions.

Only that which we get by effort and hard work is really appreciated and really becomes part of ourselves. Every parent should be made to feel that education is the great privilege which the state offers and should be made to carry his or her direct share of the cost. Some parents begrudge the advances in teachers' salaries, while their boys and girls are spending more than enough on chewing gum, the movies, and cosmetics to raise the teachers' pay to the level of that of bricklayers, masons, painters, and plumbers.

The chief reason why it is impossible to recruit the teaching class from the best graduates of our normal schools is that the parents have received their own education and that of their children without any apparent effort or self-denial on their own part such as our forefathers practiced. When the colony of Massachusetts passed the first compulsory education act in this country it coupled with the act compulsory pay on the part of every colonist.

In my judgment the teaching force should be the best paid class in the whole community; it should attract the finest young men and women; it should rank with the ministry, medicine, and the law as the noblest of the professions.

Only the natural-born teacher, well cared for by the state so as not to feel the pinch of poverty, has the talent to put the "struggle for existence" back into education, to make the boys and girls feel that education is no pastime or luxury, but something absolutely essential to their future existence. This is what I mean by the superior education of the cave boy and the cave girl.

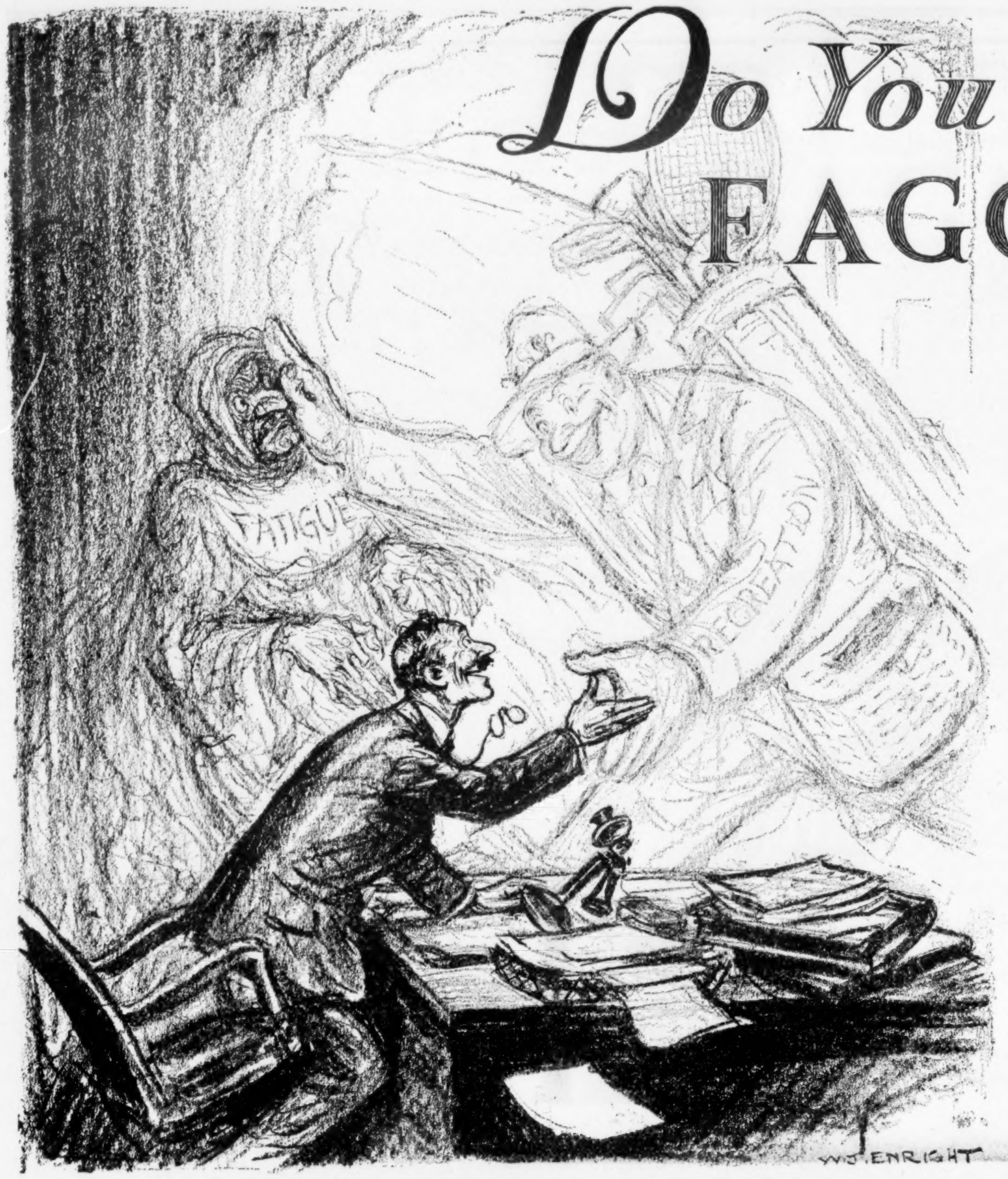
They were forced to learn the father's or mother's trade or perish. The cave boy certainly had advantages that most of our boys have ceased to enjoy; his father carefully instructed him in flint making, in fashioning wooden arrow and spear shafts and handles, in fishing and in the chase; part of his daily struggle for existence was this primeval form of compulsory education and his survival depended on his aptness in working, in learning, and in imitation.

After the Stone Age this kind of education survived in the apprentice system and extended into the world of ideas through such great apprentice teachers as Socrates. Right before the boys' vision was the other master—the compelling force of Nature, gentle, inspiring, but relentless; the tree that must be felled and fashioned into a canoe, the wild animal that must be overcome.

After taking out of education the struggle to get it, and after taking away from our boys and girls the stern element of the struggle with the forces of nature, the final step in the emasculation is the substitution of the woman for the man teacher. Admirable as are many of our women teachers, they have neither the natural mastery nor the natural leadership in the education of boys; even in the education of girls, especially in the upper grades, the virile quality is lacking in them.

Sooner or later life becomes a hard struggle; let us therefore initiate our youth into the struggle for education as our ancestors did in the Stone Age.

Do You ever get FAGGED OUT?



By JOSEPH COLLINS, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT

A NOTED New York editor once said: "I'd like to go to a desert island—and watch ants." If you ever feel like that, have a care. The symptoms of fatigue are many and varied. Some are danger warnings. Do you know how to spot them? Can you recognize the signs that are cause for alarm? Here are some hints from a well-known neurologist, a man who thinks that the most satisfactory accomplishment of the past century was the adding of fifteen years to the span of human life. "The coming century," Doctor Collins says, "will likely add another fifteen and more. To do it quickly and surely, the public must coöperate with the hygienist and the legislator.

SOME indolent wag once said that "work never killed anyone," and physicians have loved to repeat that "work without worry does not injure." One statement is about as true as the other. Fatigue rarely kills, but will always help. Our last two Presidents were sacrificed to it. One was mentally fatigued and would not admit it; the other was physically fatigued and denied it; and neither would be guided.

A distinction between qualities of fatigue was well expressed by a woman of the North Carolina mountains when a friend of mine told her she looked tired:

"I ain't suh tired ez I'm weary."

When we are "played out," when every effort is a burden and every move a pain, we are oftentimes not tired but weary. What we need then is recreation, diversion.

Look at Sally, the young clerk in a large department store. She has reached home too tired to put her hat and coat away. But just let her chum ask her to go to a dance to-night, and watch her forget her weariness!

When Nerves Are on Edge

FATIGUE means one thing to one person, something else to another. To one it means that he is neither inclined nor able to go on with what he is doing.

To another it means that when he tries to apply himself he is constantly tempted to drop that task and tackle something else, but if he does he drops the new one also before he has made much headway, and goes back to his first undertaking or tries still another. Or it may mean that when he sticks to it his head gets hot and his feet get cold, and that he has palpitation of the heart and vertigo.

To still another it means that he goes to bed at ten o'clock, dead beat, inert of body and sluggish of mind, falls into a sleep that is a stupor and awakens at 3 A. M. with his mind going like mill-sails in a high wind.

Physical fatigue is plain to almost everyone. But mental fatigue and its self-announcements are much more diverse and complex. Individuals not only differ in their resistance to it but are differently affected by it. Apprehension, despondency, impaired memory, poverty of ideas—"the old bean won't work," might be Sally's way of putting that. Even passing hallucinations, disturbance of the special senses, and disorder of all the bodily functions may be accompaniments of mental fatigue, and all of them are subject to great variation.

The first thing mental fatigue does is to play havoc with our powers of association. Everyone has noticed that "What was I saying?" "Where was I?" "I can't remember my own name," are heard more often at the end of a day than at the beginning.

Mental fatigue—the kind of fatigue which is fraught with danger—is heralded by vague sensations of discomfort. The man who is becoming its victim recognizes that his capacity for getting things done is lessening. He begins to ache physically and experiences a sense of pressure in his head. Then his horizon shrinks and his sense of proportion grows distorted. Molehills that would ordinarily be taken in his stride become jagged mountains.

The more he tries, the more tired he becomes and the less he accomplishes. His sensitiveness and sensibility increase; his nerves are "on edge."

Fatigue is nature's danger signal. If it is mental it is easy to cure if taken in hand early, rebellious if the treatment is delayed. The gloom that spreads over existence is one of its most conspicuous attributes. Nothing interests the tired individual but immediate rest—in some cases annihilation may appeal to him—and he shows a decided incapacity to throw off trouble and face life. As to efficiency, whether man is tired in body, mind or soul his work suffers, sometimes in speed, sometimes in accuracy, more often in both. Fatigue is one of efficiency's worst enemies. It is costly to the individual and costly to the nation, and it is up to both to prevent it.

There is a definite relationship between mental and physical fatigue. They react on each other, play into each other's hands. They are both the result of changes in the blood chemistry—auto-intoxication. This has an important bearing on our tired man's choice of measures to refresh himself.

If mentally fatigued he is commonly advised to get out and take a lot of exercise, to tire his body; and there is a widely disseminated belief that we do our best thinking if our bodies are subdued in that way. The fact is that physical work and mental work are antipodal. The reason is that bodily fatigue generates in the system an alkaloidal substance that rouses certain areas of the brain and acts as a sedative to others.

We are hearing more than ever about golf as a life saver for overworked men. But the man who thinks he can balance his account with nature after six days' overwork by golfing himself to a standstill Saturday afternoon and Sunday is making a big mistake.

But when the mind is oppressed with worry, fear of impending trouble, more rest does not afford relief, and here is where physical labor may come in as a helpful measure. Exercise then diverts from the dismal state of mind, and a degree of balance between mind and body, the two sources of activity, is reached.

It is said of some persons that they were "born tired." The rest of the world makes fun of them and calls them lazy. Far from deserving it, they are to be pitied. Their behavior is the result of a pathological condition that can often be remedied, for man is not fatigued naturally. He may be lazy, but laziness is a different matter. Fatigue is caused by exertion which the lazy man carefully avoids.

Unfortunately, the evils of fatigue are not confined to the persons who are tired. They are shared by those who have to live or work with them. The depression their fatigue produces depresses their associates; there is a sense in which fatigue is "ketchin'," as laziness is; look at a man who is overtired and you are likely to discover that you, too, need a rest. Any industrial employer knows that a lazy man, soldiering at his job, has a pernicious effect on his fellow workers.

To selfish persons at least, the most satisfactory accomplishment of the past century was the adding of fifteen years to the span of life. The coming century will likely add another fifteen and more. To do it quickly and surely, the public must coöperate with the hygienist and the legislator. Fatigue, by its direct relation to efficiency and health, concerns both employer and employee, and where they are at odds they will not get together and bring their mutual problem to solution until they see recreation eye to eye.

Adults will have no shame in admitting illness or indisposition, but will not own up to being tired when their work shows clearly that they are. Tired employees should always do so. I suggest that they go to their employers as they do when they are ill, and solicit the same consideration and indulgence they get during illness. Whatever the employer's feelings may be, if he understands that genuine fatigue is not only a promoter of industrial accidents but is a foe to production and service, the consideration will be granted promptly.

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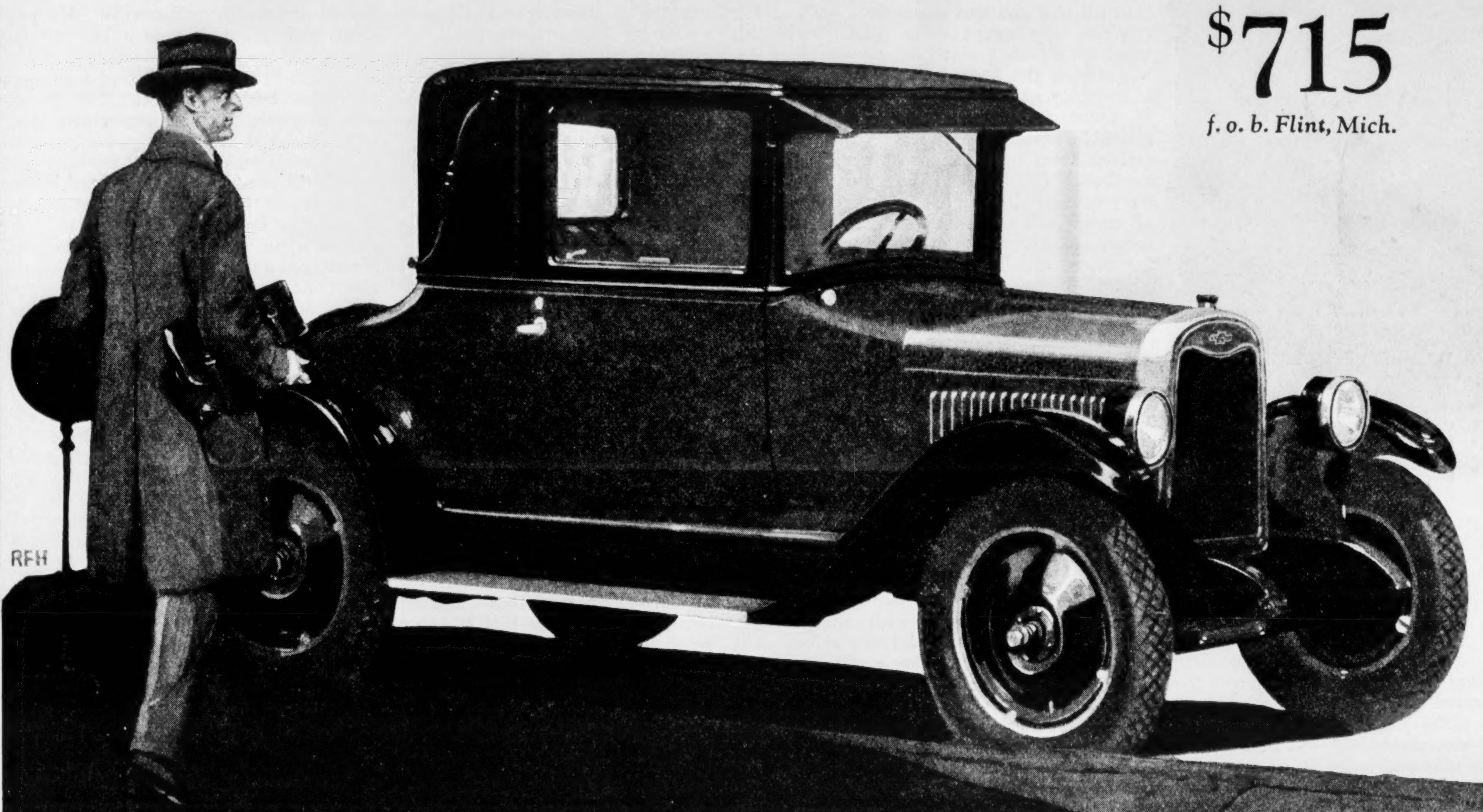

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By McALISTER COLEMAN

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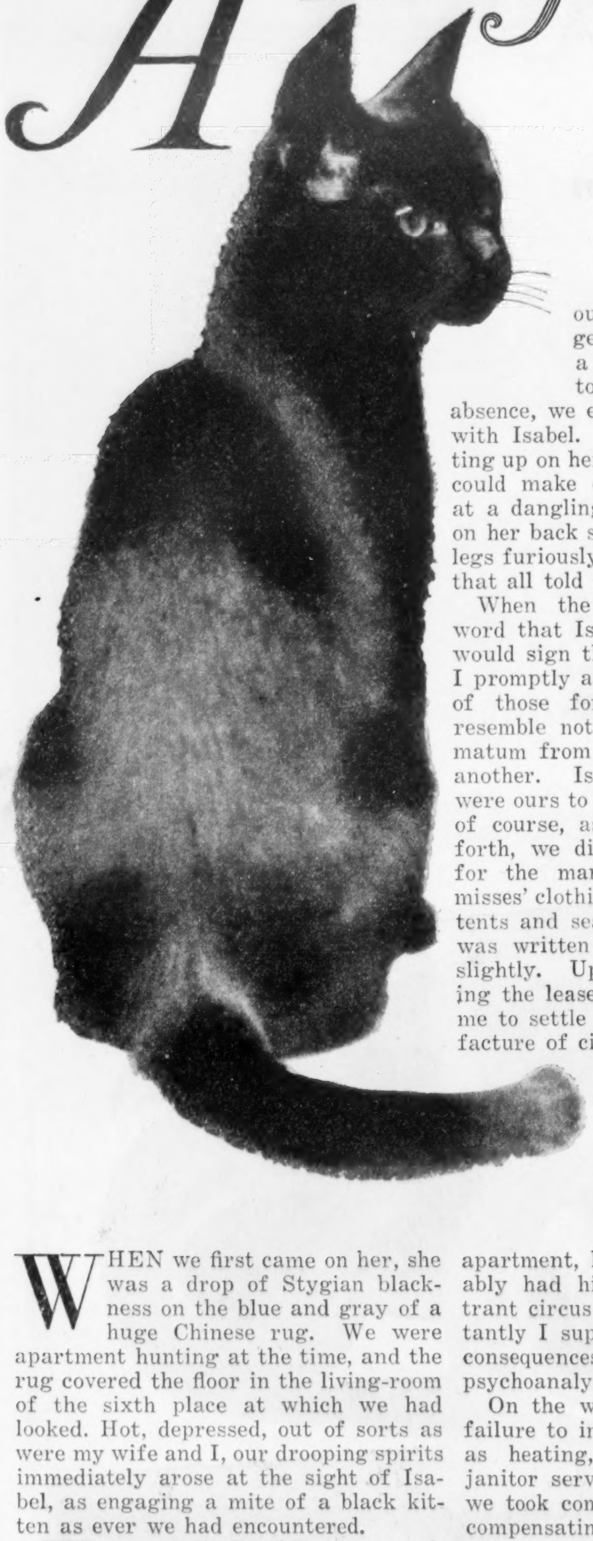

WHEN we first came on her, she was a drop of Stygian blackness on the blue and gray of a huge Chinese rug. We were apartment hunting at the time, and the rug covered the floor in the living-room of the sixth place at which we had looked. Hot, depressed, out of sorts as were my wife and I, our drooping spirits immediately arose at the sight of Isabel, as engaging a mite of a black kitten as ever we had encountered.

While we talked with the suspiciously effervescent agent, Isabel arose and walked straight over to me to rub a fuzzy head against my trouser leg as much as to say:

"Go on and take the place; we'll get along fine together."

I looked at my wife; she looked at me; we both looked down at Isabel, who blinked wide eyes at us in a knowing manner. And then, clearing my throat in the impressive manner I reserve for agents, I asked:

"Does this kitten go with the apartment?"

The agent looked a bit surprised. He didn't know. He thought it might be arranged. But didn't we want to see the view from the back? To be sure, the view gave mostly onto the bulging sides of a mammoth gas tank. But we were to understand that at times the gas in the tank went down so that we could see through it to the river, and besides it was quite the largest gas tank in the city. Then there was the kitchenette to be considered.

We refused to consider either tank or kitchenette. We assured him that our interest in Isabel was genuine and he went away, a sorely puzzled little man, to make inquiry. During his absence, we extended our acquaintance with Isabel. We discovered that, sitting up on her diminutive haunches, she could make delightfully vague passes at a dangling watch chain, that lying on her back she could kick her fat hind legs furiously against a tickling finger, that all told she was adorable.

When the agent came back with word that Isabel would be ours if we would sign the lease he had with him, I promptly affixed my signature to one of those foreboding documents that resemble nothing so much as an ultimatum from one belligerent nation to another. Isabel and the apartment were ours to have and to hold, provided of course, as the lease ominously set forth, we did not use the apartment for the manufacture of ladies' and misses' clothing, paper flowers, or circus tents and seats. The last item, which was written in with ink, puzzled me slightly. Up to the moment of signing the lease, it had never occurred to me to settle down to the steady manufacture of circus tents and seats. But as soon as I came to it in the lease I was at once seized with an overwhelming desire to enter this business which must be a very jolly one. It evidently did not appeal to the owner of the apartment, however, who had presumably had his difficulties with recalcitrant circus appurtenancers; so reluctantly I suppressed another desire the consequences of which I leave to the psychoanalysts.

On the way home, thoughts of our failure to inquire into such incidentals as heating, lighting, telephone, and janitor service arose to haunt us, but we took comfort in the thought of the compensating Isabel and for the six years in which Isabel has owned us we have never regretted our decision.

At this point a controversial question arises. Strapping, six-foot friends of mine who go striding about town behind panting great Danes, yapping wire-haired terriers, and other sport-dogs look at me with frank disgust when I tell them about Isabel.

"You don't mean to tell me that you really like cats," they exclaim. "Why, I didn't think anybody except decayed" (they mean decadent) "poets and old maids liked cats."

This is invariably fighting stuff with me. Whence came the myth that affection for cats somehow implies effeminacy? I venture the assertion right now that if even a second-rate psychologist of the new behavioristic school were to make a careful study of one hundred cats and one hundred dogs taken at random the survey would disclose a preponderance among the cats of those qualities commonly ascribed to the masculine. Are not cats, even of the feminine gender, frankly disdainful of the softer moods, of indiscriminate displays of affection, of sentimentality, of home-keeping and home-making? Sure. Cats are irresponsible, extravagant, pioneering, independent, hard-boiled from tip to tail.

His Protest Came Too Late

TAKE the following instance from my case-study of Isabel, for example:

I was walking home on a cold night last winter with my friend Jervis. Jervis is one of those depressing male things who are forever hollering about their masculinity. He smokes a stenchful pipe, rides horseback when he might be comfortable in a taxi, does setting-up exercises every morning to keep fit (to keep fit for what? is what I want to know), plays golf all winter and (although I hate to admit it, having a private idea that some day I can lick him in love sets) shoots a pretty game of tennis.

Of course, Jervis would have a bull terrier, a white, sullen beast apparently suffering from chronic eye trouble, who makes disagreeable noises through his nose as he lunges furiously along at his expensive leash. And of course Jervis would call this offensive animal "Prince."

As we rounded the corner of our street, Jervis was describing in fulsome manner the glories of Prince and dwelling with unction upon Prince's achievements as a slayer of cats.

As he bleated on, I cast bored eyes ahead, and there under the electric light in front of my home I beheld a familiar form. It was Isabel taking her nightly airing. She had left her last brood, four magnificent kittens (none of them black, by the way), safely asleep, curled into a furry knot in the bandbox by the kitchen stove, and was now enjoying the brief respite from her maternal duties that she fully deserved. She was washing her face with slow dignity, thinking the deep thoughts of full-blown womanhood.

"See that old cat up the street," said Jervis. "Now just watch Prince dog here eat her up."

I murmured some sort of protest, but it was too late. Already Jervis had unleashed the quivering dog, and a long white body, from which issued anticipatory yips, had started toward Isabel.

At the sound of approaching danger, Isabel with one paw suspended midair, turned her head slowly in its direction. My heart was thumping furiously and forebodings racked me. In my excitement I stood on one foot and called aloud, *"Look out, Isabel!"*

It seemed to me that the cat threw one quick and reproachful glance in my direction before she resumed her imperturbable contemplation of the onrushing Prince. It may have been my imagination, but that glance brought me comfort. It was as though she were saying, "Keep your shirt on, Old Top, I've handled tough babies like this before."

Arrived within a foot or two of the ominous dark figure, some sort of premonition of disaster appeared to have halted Prince in mid-course. He put down stiff front feet as a last-minute brake, but too late. The impetus of his first high-hearted rush swept him full-sail into Isabel's range. One lethal paw a-bristle with thorny claws shot out and raked Prince from ear to nose. At the same moment Isabel from her inner depth produced a noise that would be a credit to a cheering section in Hades, the battle cry of her tribe. Its effects upon Prince were devastating. He uttered an astonished grunt, whirled about and passed Jervis and me, a white streak of anguish against the gray of the wind-swept street.

Jervis, his mouth open, looked first after his unhappy warrior and then turned on me.

"For the love of heaven," he stuttered, "what sort of animal is that?"

I smiled with ill-suppressed triumph. "Oh, that's just Isabel, our dirty, old black cat. It's lucky that she had a bulldog for breakfast and isn't hungry. Otherwise she might have gone after Prince."

That night I gave the purring creature an extra portion of raw liver. Jervis hasn't spoken to me since.

One would never imagine that behind Isabel's dreaming, golden eyes that look so long and so deeply into space there lurks a combination of George Sand and General Pershing, the great lover and the mighty warrior.

There was the affair of the Family Bore. He was indulging in an orgy of self-glorification when Isabel quietly entered the room. Perceiving that we had a visitor she walked across the room and sat staring up at his vacant face. He snapped ingratiating fingers at her, babbled the silly "good pussy" talk that unsuspecting strangers are wont to try out on Isabel and then, receiving no response, continued with his Song of Myself.

For several minutes Isabel observed our orator with the most evident cynicism. Then of a sudden she advanced upon him and sank her claws deep into his fat leg. Like Jervis, the Family Bore now avoids our presence.

So I say that if it is just a pet you want, get yourself a dog. He will do what he is told, return your affection, prove on the whole an amiable companion.

But if you would go beneath the surface of things, explore unimagined lands of the spirit, find out how to face life stripped to the core, take into your home a female black cat. You will never find another Isabel—the god of cats broke the mold when she was littered—but you will have contacts with reality unknown to the world of dog lovers.

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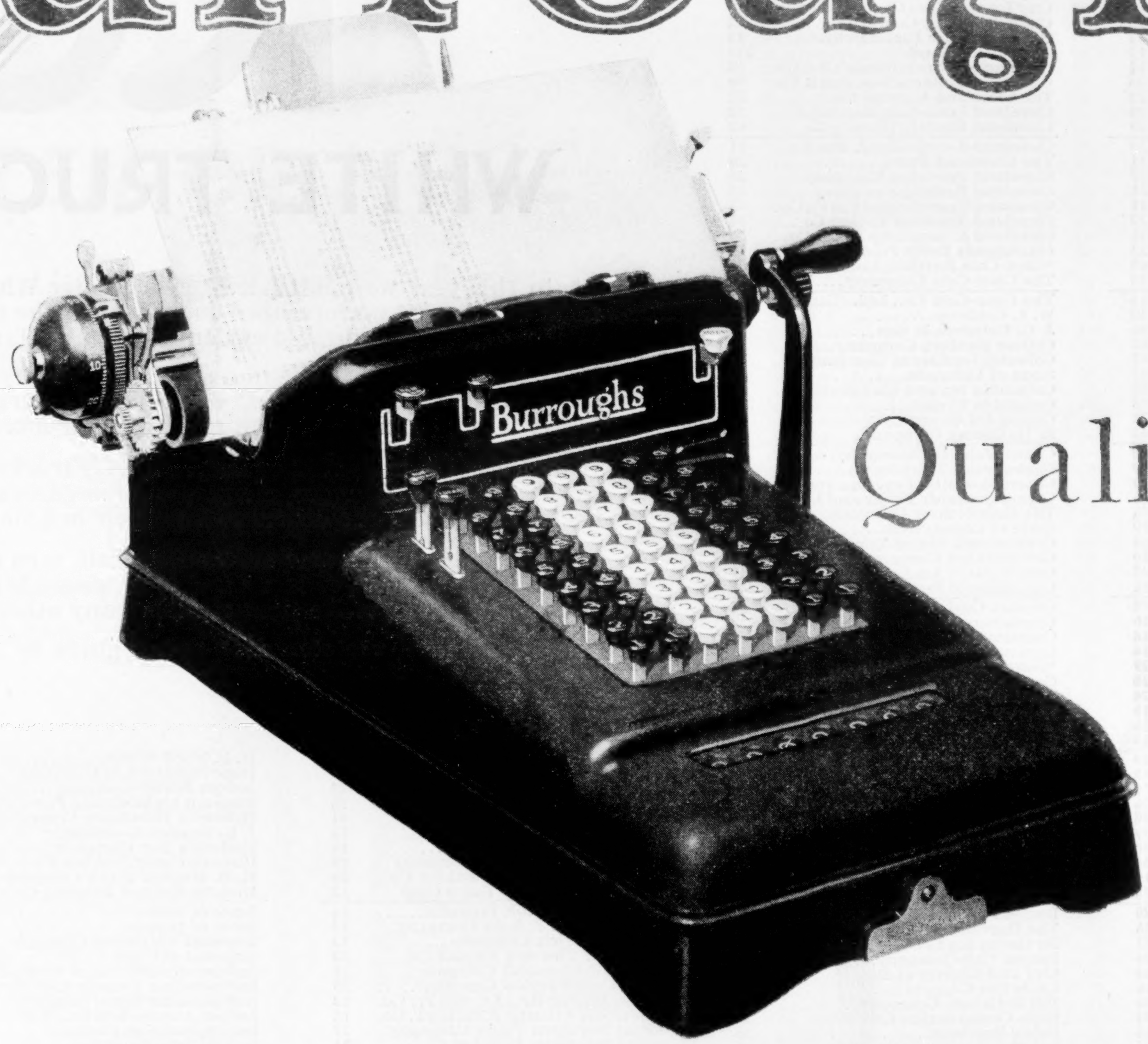

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Central Torpedo Company	12
Chandler & Rudd Company	11
*Chapin-Sacks Corporation	62
Chase Bag Company	35
Cheek-Neal Coffee Company	19
*Chero-Cola Bottling Companies	108
The Chero-Cola Company	67
Chicago Am. and Herald-Exam	43
Chicago Fire Brick Company	20
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	13
Chicago No. Shore & Mil. R. R. Co.	28
Chicago Towel Company	19

	Whites Owned
Chile Exploration Company	10
H. B. Church Truck Service Co	10
Cia. Abastecedora de Leche	10
Cia. Nacional Construction	10
Cia. Tranvais de Mexico	10
Cincinnati Motor Terminals Co	16
*Cities Service Company	113
City Baking Company	20
City of Chicago	135
City Ice Company (Kansas City)	19
City Ice and Fuel Co. (Cincinnati)	19
City Ice and Fuel Co. (Cleveland)	19
Clark Trucking Company	12
Clearing House Parcel Deliv. Co	13
City of Cleveland	213
Cleveland-Ashtab.-Conn't Bus Co.	18
Cleveland Builders Sup. and B. Co	90
The Cleveland Cartage Co	22
Cleveland Coca-Cola Bottling Co	32
Cleveland Electric Illum'g Co	62
Cleveland-Lorain-Sand. Bus Co.	11
The Cleveland Press	20
Cleveland Provision Company	35
Cleveland Railway Company	33
Cleveland Transfer and Cart'g Co	33
Cleveland Trinidad Paving Co	14
Cleveland & Sandusky Brew. Co	30
Cloverlands Dairy Products Co	10
*Coca-Cola Bottling Companies	353
The Coca-Cola Company	111
The Coca-Cola Co., Ltd. (Canada)	73
W. I. Coldiron	13
J. C. Coleman & Son	15
Collins Hauling Company	20
Colonial Ice Cream Company	28
State of Colorado	15
Columbia Ice and Ice Cream Co	11
Columbia Stages	52
Comar Oil Company	23
R. H. Comey Company	11
Commercial Oil Company	10
Commercial Transfer Co	13
Commonwealth Fuel Co., Inc	55
Commonwealth Power and L. Co.	12
The Connecticut Company	23
State of Connecticut	67
Connecticut Motor Transp'n Co	15
Consolidated Companies	38
Consolidated Ice Company	11
Consolidated Rendering Company	34
Consort Coal Company	11
Consumers Baking Company	20
Consumers Dairy Company	24
Consumers Pie Company	17
*Continental Baking Company	21
Continental Oil Company	123
Coral Gables Utilities Company	34
Cottage Creamery Company	14
Walter J. Cox Company	10
Crane Company	19
Crescent Forward'g & Trans. Co.	12
Cuban Government	19
Cudahy Packing Company	57
John T. Cunningham	35
Cushman Sons, Inc	10
County of Cuyahoga	17
Dahl-Campbell Grocery Co	15
Dannemiller Grocery Company	12
Darling & Company	26
Thomas D'Attillo	20
Davison Cartage Company	14
The Dayton Company	13
De Haven Ice Cream Company	10
Denver Cab Company	40
City and County of Denver	11
Louis Des Cognets	13
Dill & Collins Company	11
Dixie Construction Company	19
Drake Brothers	30
Driscoll Trucking Company	11
East Fayette Street Bus Line	13
East Ohio Gas Company	22
East Side Mill and Lumber Co	15
Eastern Torpedo Company	26
Eastman Kodak Company	13
Thomas W. Easton's Sons	20
T. Eaton Company, Ltd	26
Eckenroth Sales Company	14
Abraham Eisenberg Co., Inc	11
*Electric Bond and Share Co	45
Electric Package Agency	14
Emerick Motor Bus Company	16
Empire Baking Company	22
Empire Gas and Fuel Company	13
Ernst Fuel and Supply Co	11
A. J. Evans	21
The Fair	12
Fair Haven Coal Company	11
Fairmont Creamery Company	55
Fayette Baking Company	20
Fenway Garage Company	15
Wm. Filene's Sons Company	17
Firestone Tire and Rubber Co	12
Fischer Baking Company	16
Fischer Lime and Cement Co	10
Fleischmann Company	21
Florida Coca-Cola Bottling Co	12
Florida Motor Transport Co	57
State of Florida	38
Fly & Hobson Company	13
C. H. Foley	15
Foster & Kleiser, Inc	15
Frank & Seder	35
Franklin Ice Cream Company	33
Harry V. Franks	23
Frederick & Nelson, Inc	25
William Freihofer Baking Co	24
Fujiya Hotel Garage	11
Fuller Cleaning Company	12
W. P. Fuller & Company	24
Fullington Auto Bus Company	13
County of Fulton, Ga	11
Frank Gaffney	15
Galena Signal Oil Company	17
A. W. Gamage, Ltd	14
Garfield-Passaic Transit Co	15
Gate City Dairy and Ice Cr'm Co.	10
General Baking Company	229
*General Electric Company	22
General Fire Extinguisher Co	11
General Gas and Electric Corp	28
General Petroleum Corporation	94
Georgia Railway and Power Co	62
State of Georgia	75
Gerkins Oil Company	13
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Milwaukee)	15
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (New York)	94
Gimbel Brothers, Inc. (Phila.)	97

ANNUAL Rol

WHITE TRUCK FLE S

Again this year we publish a bigger, greater White Roll Call. It is t
most convincing performance document in the field of motor transp
tation. It is indisputable evidence of White Truck leadership.

Here, in open book, is the transportation history of 837 of the countr
foremost truck owners—in all lines of business, all locations—operati
31,093 Whites of all models in fleets of *10* or *more*.

It shows an increase of 80 owners and 2,927 trucks over last year's recor
Normal business changes, mergers and reorganizations have caused a fe
fleets to decrease and others to lose their original ownership identity,

In addition to the owners on the Roll Call, tens of thousands of owne
operate White fleets of less than 10 or single Whites. There are mo
White Trucks in service than trucks of any other high-grade make.

These are facts—the soundest, safest guide to your own motor tru

	Whites Owned
Glacier Park Transportation Co	52
Globe Grain and Milling Co	23
Gloucester Auto Bus Company	24
City of Gloucester	16
Adolf Gobel, Inc	41
Goeringer Construction Co	12
Goff-Kirby Company	18
Goldenrod Ice Cream Company	19
Golden Sheaf-Remar Baking Co.	20
Golden State Auto Tours Corp	12
Golden State Milk Products	14
J. Goldsmith & Sons Company	12
B. F. Goodrich Company	12
Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co	22
Grasselli Chemical Company	21
Gray Construction Company	25
Grays Harbor Ry., Lt. and Pr. Co.	12
The Great Atlantic & Pacific T. Co.	14
Great Northern Paper Company	27
Great Southern Refining Co	11
Greenfield Elec. Light and Pr. Co.	19
Greensboro Gas Company	10
Greif Brothers Cooperage Co	42
Gridley Dairy Company	16
S. J. Groves & Sons Company	13
Gulf Production Company	45
*Gulf Refining Company	1738
Gypsy Oil Company	30
*Hadley Furniture and Carpet Co.	16
Hale Brothers	10
Halle Brothers Company	21
Hammond Lumber Company	12
W. T. Hardison & Company	11
Hardware and Supply Co.	10
Joseph Hart	19
A. D. Hartsell	19
Fred Harvey	34
C. F. Hathaway & Son	10
Hauser Packing Company	17
Haverty Furniture Company	24
Hawaii County, T. H.	19
Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd	21
Hecht Bros. & Co.	32
H. J. Heinz Company	83
Heissler & Junge Company	20
Hercules Powder Company	17
Peter Herkner Trucking Co	12
Hershey Creamery Company	10
Hess Brothers	11
Heywood-Wakefield Company	11
Hialeah-Allattah Bus Line	11
The Higbee Company	21
Hildebrandt Provision Company	14
H. G. Hill Grocery Company	19
Hitchner Biscuit Company	10
Hochschild, Kohn & Company	26
H. B. Hole	17
Holland Bread Company	58
Hollywood Land & Water Co. of Fla.	24
Hong Kong Hotel Company, Ltd	11
Honolulu Const. and Dray'g Co	14

	Whites Owned
H. P. Hood & Son	19
Hope Natural Gas Company	14
Joseph Horne Company	49
Houston Lighting and Power Co	11
Huasteca Petroleum Company	27
J. L. Hudson Company	58
Hudson's Bay Company	22
Hughes-Curry Packing Co	11
H. B. Hughes Truck Company	12
Humble Oil and Refining Co	53
State of Idaho	20
State of Illinois	56
Imperial Ice Cream Company	25
Imperial Oil, Ltd	93
Independent Br. Co. of Pittsburgh	32
Independent Torpedo Company	18
Independent Towel Supply Co.	28
Indian Automobile Co., Ltd	12
Indian Refining Company	11
Indian Territory Illum. Oil Co	12
State of Indiana	28
City of Indianapolis	11
International Petroleum Co	10
International Petrol'm Co., Ltd	27
Interstate Public Service Co	12
Interstate Wholesale Grocers	27
Interurban Transportation Co	10
Iowa State Highway Commission	32
Iron City Sand Company	22
Iron Range Transportation Co	13
County of Jackson, Mo	14
Jahncke Service Company	18
Jefferson County (Alabama)	42
Jefferson Highway Transp'n Co	22
Jessup & Antrim Ice Cream Co	11
Jones Store Company	25
Julian Petroleum Corporation	22
Jump Housewrecking Company	14
S. Kann Son's Company	15
Kansas City Power and Light Co	11
Kansas Gas and Electric Co	26
State of Kansas	101
Kaufmann & Baer Company	47
Herman Keiser	11
Kennicott-Patterson Trans. Co	11
C. D. Kenny Company	67
J. Kenny Transfer Company	15
State of Kentucky	39
George Kern	12
King County (Washington)	14
Kingan & Company	53
The Knickerbocker Storage Co	11
B. B. & R. Knight, Inc	11
E. H. Koester Bakery Company	21
Laclede Gas Light Company	11
County of Lake (Indiana)	11
Lansburg & Brother	15
LaSalle & Koch Company	12
J. Laub Baking Company	33
Laundry Trucking Company	10
C. Lewis Lavine	19

WHITE

Call

S OF *TEN* OR *MORE*

selection. Two pages of facts—in such astounding numbers as to defy imitation.

Year after year these great, growing institutions invest millions of dollars in additional White Trucks. Their experience has taught them that they get the *most money-earning miles* from Whites. And this valuable experience is available free to anyone who will study the White Roll Call.

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	Whites Owned
....	11
....	13
y............	10
ny.........	20
tation Co...	30
any.........	28
Company ...	20
rage Co......	11
....	56
mpany......	13
ompany......	35
....	17
mpany......	13
mpany......	28
pany.........	13
d Sup. Co...	19
Company ...	81
Company...	34
y Company..	27
Elec. Corp...	87
Cold Stor. Co.	30
Corp.........	17
....	22
es............	21
....	24
.)............	14
ompany......	16
....	56
ny...........	10
any..........	21
Company...	97
....	45
pany.........	13
....	15
mpany.......	40
pany.........	12
ds Com......	10
tts...........	60
ng Co........	85
mpany......	18
any..........	12
Cleveland)...	57
Los Angeles).	30
ny............	21
McGarr......	13
Company....	14
mpany.......	22
mpany......	10
tation Co....	20
....	11
....	11
rother.......	13
Light Co....	10
ny............	11
Company.....	49
r Company...	20
....	31
tion Company	19
Company.....	20
butors, Inc...	28
nd Elec. Co...	12

	Whites Owned
Metropolitan News Company	11
Metropolitan Tobacco Company	10
Mexican Gulf Oil Company	26
Louis Meyer Company	22
Mexican Petrol. Co., Ltd., of Del.	24
State of Michigan	35
Middlesex & Boston Street R. R	13
*Middle West Utilities Corp	22
Mid-Kansas Oil and Gas Co	10
Midwest Refining Company	26
Milk Dealers Bottle Exchange	11
J. E. Miller	23
Olga Miller Trucking Company	20
Miller-Becker Company	12
Miller & Coatesworth	10
P. Milliron	12
Milwaukee Elec. Ry. and Lt. Co	69
State of Minnesota	48
State of Missouri	31
Missouri Portland Cement Co	10
State of Montana	26
Montgomery County (Ala.)	16
Henry Morgan & Company, Ltd	14
K. E. & A. K. Morgan	38
Motor Transit Company	128
The Moxie Company	10
C. F. Mueller Company	10
Murphy Transfer Company, Inc	25
A. I. Namm & Son	68
City of Nashville	16
National Bedding Company	10
National Biscuit Company	143
National Breweries, Ltd	11
National Casket Company	29
National Ice and Cold Stor. Co	19
National Ice Cream Company	10
National Lamp Works (G. E.)	10
National Refining Company	84
Neal Fireproof Storage Co	12
N. O. Nelson Mfg. Co	11
State of Nevada	19
City of Newark	13
Province of New Brunswick	19
State of New Hampshire	18
W. J. Newman Company	15
Newman Brothers	10
M. A. Newmark Company	15
New National Oil Company	18
New Orleans Pub. Service, Inc	53
City of New Orleans	67
City of New York	711
State of New York	11
New York American and Journal	41
N. Y. Board of Fire Underwriters	21
*New York Central R. R. Co	20
New York Linen Sup. & Laun. Co	28
New York State Railways	23
City of Niagara Falls	10
Noonan Bldg. Material Co., Inc	12
Norfolk Ice Delivery Corp	10
Norfolk Motor Bus Corp	12

	Whites Owned
Norsk Trafik A/S	10
*North American Company	16
State of North Carolina	77
No. Shore Food Products Co	10
*Northern Ohio Trac. and Lt. Co	84
Northern States Power Company	23
Northern Transit Company	28
Northland Trans. Company	12
Province of Nova Scotia	26
Rogelio C. Novo	10
Nu-Grape Bottling Company	23
State of Ohio	57
Ohio Oil Company	31
Oil Fields Transport Company	10
State of Oklahoma	10
Oklahoma Gas and Electric Co	13
Oklahoma Pipe Line Company	14
Oliver Iron Mining Company	12
M. O'Neil Company	13
Hugh M. O'Neill	19
Onondaga County (New York)	18
Oppenheim, Collins & Co	45
State of Oregon	40
Original Stage Line	12
The Outlet Company	15
Ovington Brothers Company	13
Ozark Pipe Line Company	20
Pacific Baking Company	34
Pacific Electric Railway Co	80
Pacific Fruit and Produce Co	22
Pacific Gas and Electric Co	36
Pacific Mills	25
Pacific Oil Company	16
Palais Royal	17
Pan American Petroleum Co	20
*Pan American Petr. and Tr. Co	58
Park Auto Transportation Co	12
Park & Tilford	13
Parker Brothers, Ltd	22
Frank Parmalee Company	20
Paterson Brew. and Malting Co	10
Pechter Baking Company	11
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co	28
State of Pennsylvania	21
Pennsylvania Edison Company	12
Pennsylvania Electric Corp	13
*Pennsylvania-Ohio Elec. Co	38
Peoples Gas Light and Coke Co	14
Perrett & Glenney	13
D. Peters	14
Petroleum Heat and Power Co	13
Philadelphia Electric Company	16
City of Philadelphia	11
Philippine Government	53
Phenix Cheese Company	14
Phoenix Utility Company	25
Pickwick Stages	12
M. H. Pickering Company	10
Pierce Petroleum Corporation	225
Piggly Wiggly Stores	45
Pike's Peak Auto Highway Co	17

TRUCKS

	Whites Owned
Pilsener Brewing Company	15
Pioneer Truck Company	15
Pittsburgh Gage and Supply Co	14
Pittsburgh Mercantile Company	13
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company	27
H. & S. Pogue Company	19
Portland Sebago Ice Company	14
Postal Telegraph Cable Co	10
Powers Mercantile Company	12
Prairie Oil and Gas Company	33
Prairie Pipe Line Company	71
City of Providence	10
Providence Journal Company	10
Public Service Co. of Colorado	23
Public Service Corp. of N. J	13
Public Service Electric Company	86
Public Service Gas Company	26
Public Service Production Co	15
Public Service Transport'n Co	81
Puget Sound Intern'l Ry. & P. Co	11
Puget Sound Power and Light Co.	27
*Pure Oil Company	28
*Purity Baking Company	35
Purtell Brothers	14
Puyalup-Tacoma Transit Co	23
Quaker City Cab Company	151
Queens Bus Line Company	33
City of Quincy	10
Rainier National Park Company	29
Range Bus Line	11
Red Rock Company	12
T. S. Reed Grocery Company	10
Reed Oil Corporation	10
Reinhold Ice and Ice Cream Co	15
Republic Structural Iron Wks. Co.	13
Rhodes Wood Furniture Co	11
Frank G. Richards	23
Richfield Oil Company	41
RichmondRapidTransitCompany	20
Ridgewood Pie Baking Company	10
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Company	79
City of Rio de Janeiro	10
Rio Grande Oil Company	20
River Auto Stage Line	18
Rochester Gas and Electric Co	49
Rocky Mountain Parks Trans. Co.	95
L. W. Rogers Company	18
Rome Coca-Cola Bottling Co	11
The Rosenbaum Company	48
B. Rosenberg Company	13
*Roxana Petroleum Corporation	289
*Royal Dutch Company	20
Fred Rusch	25
George Rushton Baking Co	11
J. P. Ryan	12
Saginaw Transit Company	10
City of St. Louis	15
St. Louis Bus Company	13
City of St. Paul	17
Saks & Company	40
Salt Lake Transportation Co	25
San Diego Consol. Gas & El. Corp.	20
Santo Domingo Pub. Wks. Dept	31
City and County of San Francisco	42
San Francisco Motor Drayage Co	11
San Francisco Municipal Railway	12
Sanger Brothers	10
Sanitary Grocery Company	10
San Joaquin Baking Company	17
San Joaquin Lt. and Power Corp	22
Santa Ana Commercial Co	15
City and County of Santa Barbara	10
S. R.-P. & S. Auto Stage Co	13
Morris Schapiro Interests	11
Schmidt & Ziegler, Ltd	10
Schulze Baking Company	56
Henry Schultz	11
Nathan Schweitzer Co., Inc	11
George Scofield Company	15
Scott Transportation Company	18
S. & E. Motor Hire	17
City of Seattle	17
Seattle Transportation Co	14
Semon Ice Cream Corporation	10
Seven Baker Brothers	41
Shaeffer-Black Company	19
Shaffer Oil and Refining Co	63
Sharpless-Hendler Ice Cream Co	20
Dennis Sheen Transfer Company	22
Shell Oil Co. of California	176
Shepard Norwell Company	11
Sherman, Clay & Company	14
John Shillito Company	19
Shults Bread Company	18
Sieloff Packing Company	15
Franklin Simon & Company	27
Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp	23
Skelley Oil Company	16
Lonie Slacum	10
W. & J. Sloane	37
Sonoma County, California	13
State of South Carolina	25
State of South Dakota	18
Southeastern Express Co	169
Southern Dray Company	10
Southern Oil Corporation	12
Southern Pacific Company	11
Southern Sierra Power Co	11
Southern Utilities Company	12
W. P. Southworth Company	15
Spear & Company	23
Sperry Flour Company	17
City of Springfield, Mass	11
Stadler Products Company	13
Otto Stahl, Inc	22
Standard Brewing Company	12
Standard Oil Co. of Brazil	13
Standard Oil Co. of California	256
Standard Oil Co. of Indiana	234
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	465
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana	207
Standard Oil Co. of Nebraska	28
*Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey	193
Standard Oil Co. of New York	842
Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	162
Standard Pipe Line Company	18
Standard Sanitary Mnfg. Co	46
State Construction Company	14
C. P. Steinheiser Company	10

	Whites Owned
Sterchi Brothers	20
Sterling & Welch Company	20
Stern Brothers	48
John Sternecker	72
Steubenville Coal and Min'g Co	11
Steub., E. L. & B. V. Traction Co	21
Stewart & Company	22
Stoll Oil Refining Company	15
*Stone & Webster Interests	72
Strawbridge & Clothier	34
Stringfellow-Harman Co	12
Stoehmann Baking Company	25
Stryker Transport'n and Cont. Co.	12
Summerfield Company	14
Sun Oil Company	65
Superior White Company	10
Tacoma Bottling Works	17
Taft-Kern Co. (Cal.) School Dist	15
Taylor Bros. & Paquet Co	15
Wm. Taylor, Son & Company	36
Teche Transfer Company	34
Telling-Belle Vernon Company	97
State of Tennessee	11
Tennessee Electric Power Co	10
Terre Haute Brewing Company	13
State of Texas	65
Texas Company	188
Texas Power and Light Co	13
Textile Machine Works	10
Theurer Norton Provision Co.	16
Thomas Bennett & Hunter	19
Tidal Oil Company	19
*Tide Water Oil Company	63
Tide Water Oil Sales Corp	11
City of Tokyo, Japan	19
Tokyo Shigai Jidosha Company	65
City of Toronto, Ont., Canada	11
Transcontinental Oil Company	41
Tribune Pub. Co. (Oakland)	10
Trigg-Dobbs & Company	11
Twin City Motor Bus Company	33
Union Auto Transportation Co	12
Union Electric Lt. and Power Co	11
Union Gas and Electric Co	40
Union Ice Company	26
Union Oil Co. of California	759
Union Transfer Co. (Fremont)	12
Union Transfer Co. (Phila.)	13
Union Wholesale Lumber Co	12
Uniontown Baking Company	10
United Drug Company	10
United Electric Light Company	12
United Electric Railways Co	34
*United Gas Improve. Co. Interests	62
United Natural Gas Company	12
United Railways and Elec. Co	35
United Service Company	12
United Shoe Machinery Corp	14
United Stage Lines	12
United States Bakery	25
United States P. O. Dept	659
United States Rubber Company	17
*United States Steel Corp. Ints	27
United States Stores Corp	14
Updike Lumber and Coal Co	13
Utica Gas and Electric Company	28
Vacuum Oil Company	27
A. Valdes & Company	13
State of Virginia	74
Viscose Company	11
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc	11
Waite Phillips Company	14
John Wanamaker	99
Ward Baking Corporation	24
Warner Sugar Refining Co	12
Washington Bakeries Corp	43
Washington Railway and El. Co	27
County of Wayne, Michigan	10
Webb, Hendricks & Hamilton	12
Weicker Trans. and Storage Co	11
Raphael Weill & Company	20
Percy Wenham	14
West Penn System	41
West India Oil Company	27
State of West Virginia	22
Western Electric Company	10
Western Newspaper Union	27
Western Meat Company	39
Western Motor Transfer Co	17
Western Union Telegraph Co	11
Westinghouse Elec. and Mfg. Co	15
Wheeling Steel Corporation	23
R. H. White Company	13
White Stage Line	24
White Transfer & Storage Co	13
White Transit Company, Inc	52
Whiting-Mead Commercial Co	16
W. A. Wieboldt Company	25
Willard's Chocolates, Ltd	14
Wilshire Oil Company	16
Wilson & Company	30
Winchester Laundry Corp	29
Wm. Winkler (Steele-Wedeles)	20
Winona Oil Company	14
State of Wisconsin	27
Wisconsin Power and Light Co	10
Wise Brothers	21
Wofford Oil Company	30
Wood River & Alton Bus Lines	10
Woodward & Lothrop	22
Woolner Brewing Company	11
City of Worcester (Mass.)	13
Worden & Son	14
Geo. Worthington Company	19
Wouter's Laundry	12
Wright Cake Company	17
State of Wyoming	30
C. H. Yeager Company	10
Yellowstone Park Transp'n Co	304
Yosemite National Park Co	52
Youngstown Municipal Ry. Co	36
Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co	12
Ypsilanti Reed Furniture Co	11
Zamboanga Transportation Co	19
Zellerbach Paper Company	13
Zettelmeyer Coal Company	22
Zions Co-op. Mercantile Inst.	11
	3109

* Exclusive of subsidiary or affiliated companies individually listed.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

SARGON, King of Kings

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By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALLACE MORGAN

Conclusion

BOBBY sat in the gloaming with his friends and thought of the things that had happened to him that day, thought of Christina Alberta's salt tears and the incessant intriguing strangeness of her ways. He was still immensely puzzled, but now in a large, restful, contented fashion. Christina Alberta and he were not to marry, it seemed; nevertheless he had kissed her and embraced her and he was free to sit at her feet. For a time he was not even to humiliate himself by telling these others he was not to marry her. He said nothing. His thoughts and feelings were beyond words. Christina Alberta too was darkly silent. Everyone, indeed, seemed preoccupied. Talk about the view and the stars and the coming of the nightingales and about migratory birds and lighthouses rambled on for a time and died away.

They were all too full for talking. The silence lengthened. He wondered what would happen if nobody spoke any more. He thought of Christina Alberta close behind him, and he began to quiver in all his being. The silence was becoming oppressive. He felt as though he could no longer change his attitude. Nobody stirred. But Lambone saved the situation.

"It is exactly six months ago to-night that Sargon died upstairs," said Lambone. He paused and seemed to answer an unspoken question. "We don't know when he died exactly. He just faded out in the night."

"I wish I could have known him," said Margaret Means after quite a long interval.

Bobby's thoughts came round to Sargon. That still young woman sitting in the darkness behind him ceased to dominate his thoughts. He was moved to speak and had to cough to clear his throat. "I hate to think of his being burnt and scattered," he said.

"It's not so disagreeable," said Miss Lambone, "as to think of the body all shut up in the coffin and decaying."

"Oh, don't!" cried Bobby. "It's death—any death, that I hate to think of. Now when it is springtime, when the whole world is so full of life, I remember all he was, the hopes he had, and they are scattered and dispersed—Anyhow, they are scattered and dispersed; they are not boxed up and locked up and buried. . . . When I was here last he was like a little boy who has just heard of the world. He was going to fly, going to India and China, going to learn all about everything and then do all sorts of splendid things. And there were the beastly bacteria at work in his lungs and beating his strength down and none of it was ever to happen. . . . When first I heard he was dead I could not believe it."

"*Is* he dead?" said Paul Lambone.

There was no reply to be made to that.

Paul adjusted his shoulder blades a little more comfortably against the back of the small deep sofa on which he sat. "The more I think over Sargon the less dead he seems to me and the more important he becomes. I don't agree with you, Roothing. I don't find anything futile in his life. I think he was—symbolically—perfect. I have thought about him endlessly."

"And talked," said Devizes, "endlessly."

"And given you some very helpful ideas for your treatment. Don't be ungrateful. You think that Sargon is over. He has only just begun. You are becoming too professional with success, Devizes. You begin to take up cases and work them off and drop them out of your mind. You don't go on with them and learn. You don't sit about and think about them as I do. I continue to think about Sargon. I go on with him because he is still a living being for me. I have got a new religion from him, the religion of Sargonism. I declare him prophet of a new dispensation. It is my latest new religion. There will always be new religions, and the new religions will always be the only ones that matter. Religion is a living thing, and what is alive must be continually dying and be continually born again—differently, but the same."

"You believe in immortality, Mr. Lambone," said Miss Means. "I wish that I could. But when I try to imagine it my wits fail me. Sometimes one seems to *feel* what it might be. On a night like this perhaps—"

Her pretty, clear voice died away in the stillness as the trail of a falling star dies away.

PAUL, a large dark lump on the dim, pale sofa, went on speaking. "Immortality," he said, "is a mystery. One can only speak of it in dark metaphors. How can we believe that each of our individual commonplace lives is to have an endless commonplace sequel? That is incredible nonsense. Yet we go on living after death nevertheless. When we die we are changed. All wise teachers have insisted upon that. As Roothing said, we are not boxed up and buried and forgotten. Our real death is an escape, and we escape and become—what did you say?—dispersed. Immortal life is endless consequence. Our lives are like lines in a great poem. It is an unfinished and yet it is a perfect poem. The line begins and ends, but it has to be there, and once it is there it is there eternally. Nothing could follow if it was not there. But every star has not the same glory. Some lives, some lines stand out as more significant than the others. They open a new branch of the subject, they start a new point of view, they express something fresh. They are geniuses, they are prophets, they are major stars. Sargon was the last, the latest of these prophets, and I am his Paul. Not for nothing was I christened Paul."

"Paul of Tarsus," said Devizes, "was a man of energy."

"There will always be minor differences in such parallels," said Lambone. "I will tell you my doctrine."

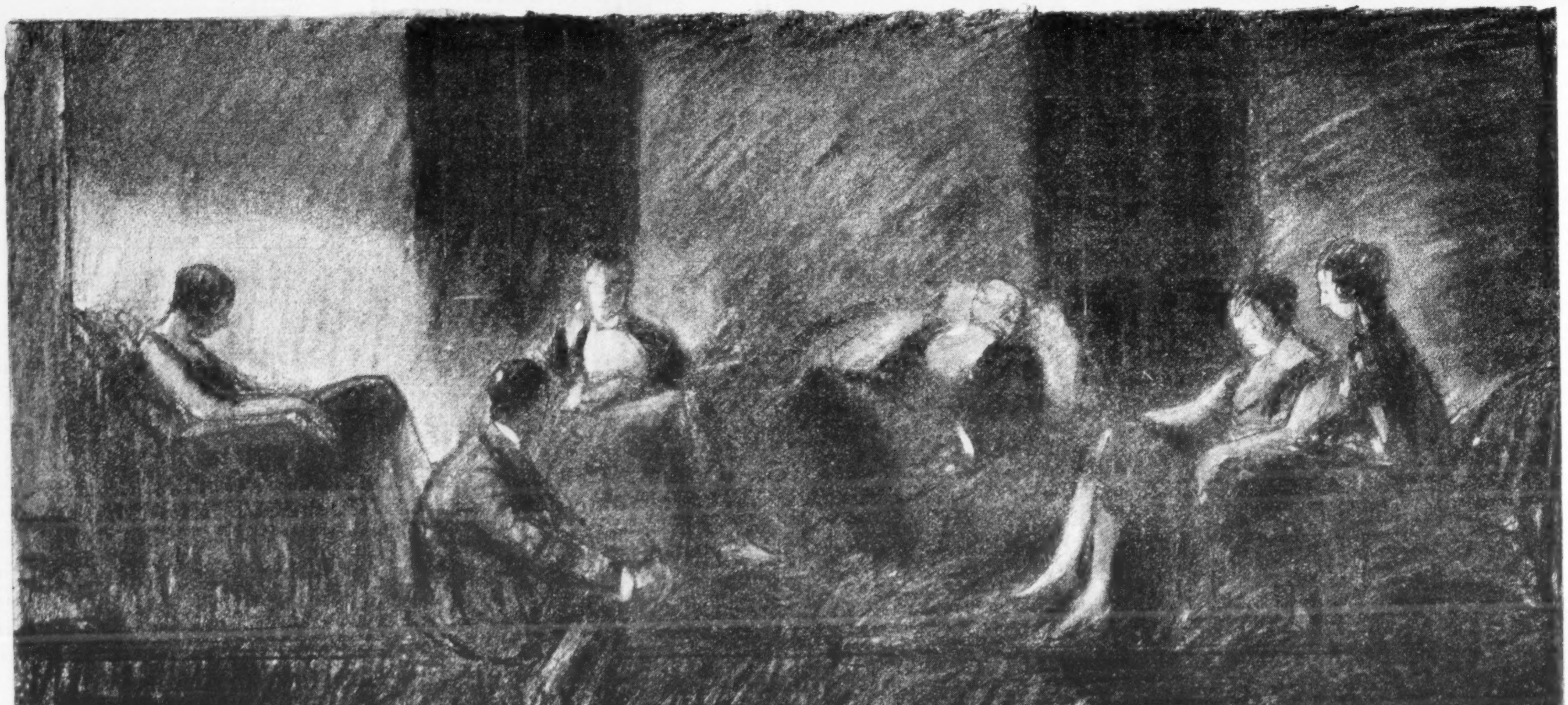
He began to talk in that clear, miniature voice of his, which was so like a little mouse running out of the mountain of his person, of Sargon and his struggles with his individuality and of the struggle in every man between his individual life and something greater that is also in him. There was a streak of fantasy in what he was saying, a touch of burlesque in his constant use of theological and religious phrasing and withal a profound sincerity.

In every human being, he declared, the little laundryman battled with the King of Kings. He expanded and amplified this theme. Ever and again Devizes would cut into the monologue and talk for time not so much to make objections as to restate and amend and amplify. The others said little.

Margaret Means twice made soft, sweet sounds suggestive of intellectual sensuousness, and once Christina Alberta said "But—!" very loudly and then,

(*Continued on page 32*)

Bobby sat in the gloaming with his friends and thought of Christina Alberta's salt tears and the strangeness of her ways



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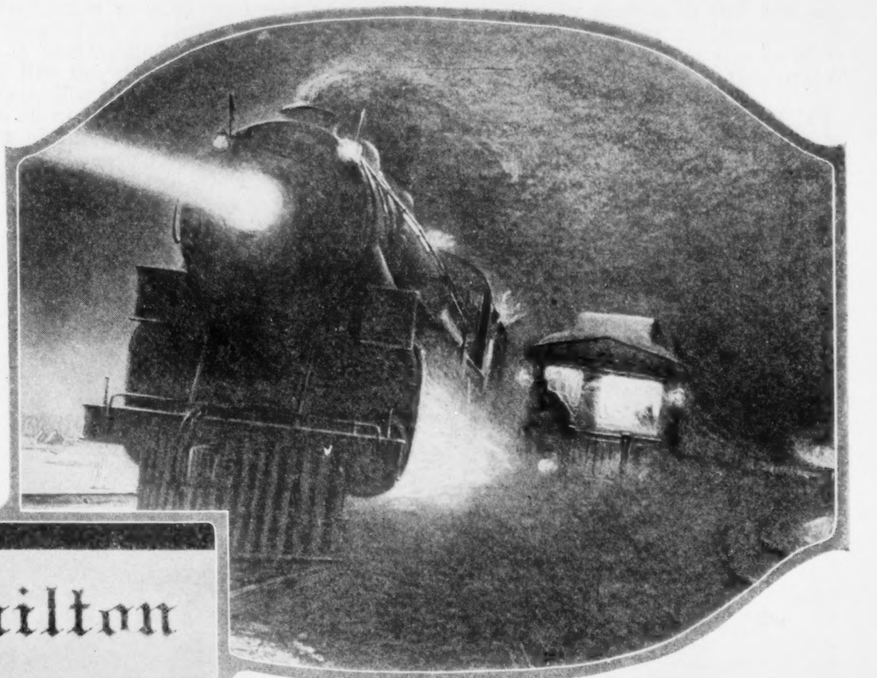

The majestic Twentieth Century Limited knifing the darkness between Chicago and New York. This is one of the famous fliers timed by the Hamilton. (Picture reproduced from an oil painting, copyright, 1923, by the New York Central Railroad Co.)

Hamilton
HAMILTON

Above—the new Masterpiece design. Hamilton pocket watches may be had in yellow, white or green gold, 14k or filled, plain or engraved. Prices $48 to $250. You can choose from a wide variety of cases and dials.

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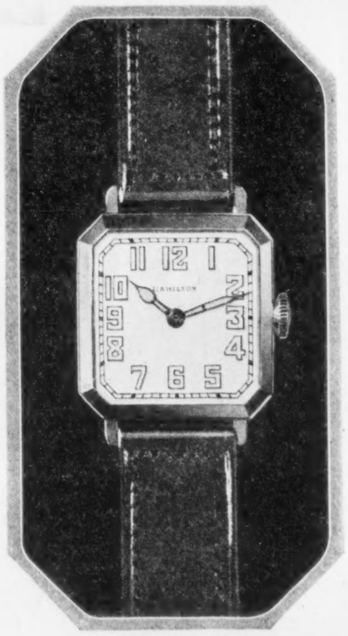
On the left—Conductor William R. Hobson of the New York Central lines. He has been a conductor of the "Century" for the past eight years and has been in railroad service since 1881. He carries a Hamilton today and has carried it for the past nineteen years.

Below—the new Tonneau model wrist watch for women. Hamilton Wrist Watches come in silk ribbon models, detachable bracelet models and strap models. Cases are plain or engraved in yellow, white or green gold, 14k and filled. Prices $46, $48 and $60.

When you buy a Hamilton you can do so with the profound assurance that, with proper care, it will give you accurate time for years to come.



At the left—The Hamilton Strap Watch for men. Square Model. A timepiece of remarkable convenience plus Hamilton accuracy. Green or white gold, 14k or gold filled. Leather strap and luminous dial. Prices $55 and $85.

A Hamilton Watch to suit your individual preference may be selected from a number of beautiful cases and dials. Some are simple, graceful, and chaste. Some are beautifully engraved and ornamented. All have an intrinsic beauty that will keep them fashionable after years of service.

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Sargon, King of Kings

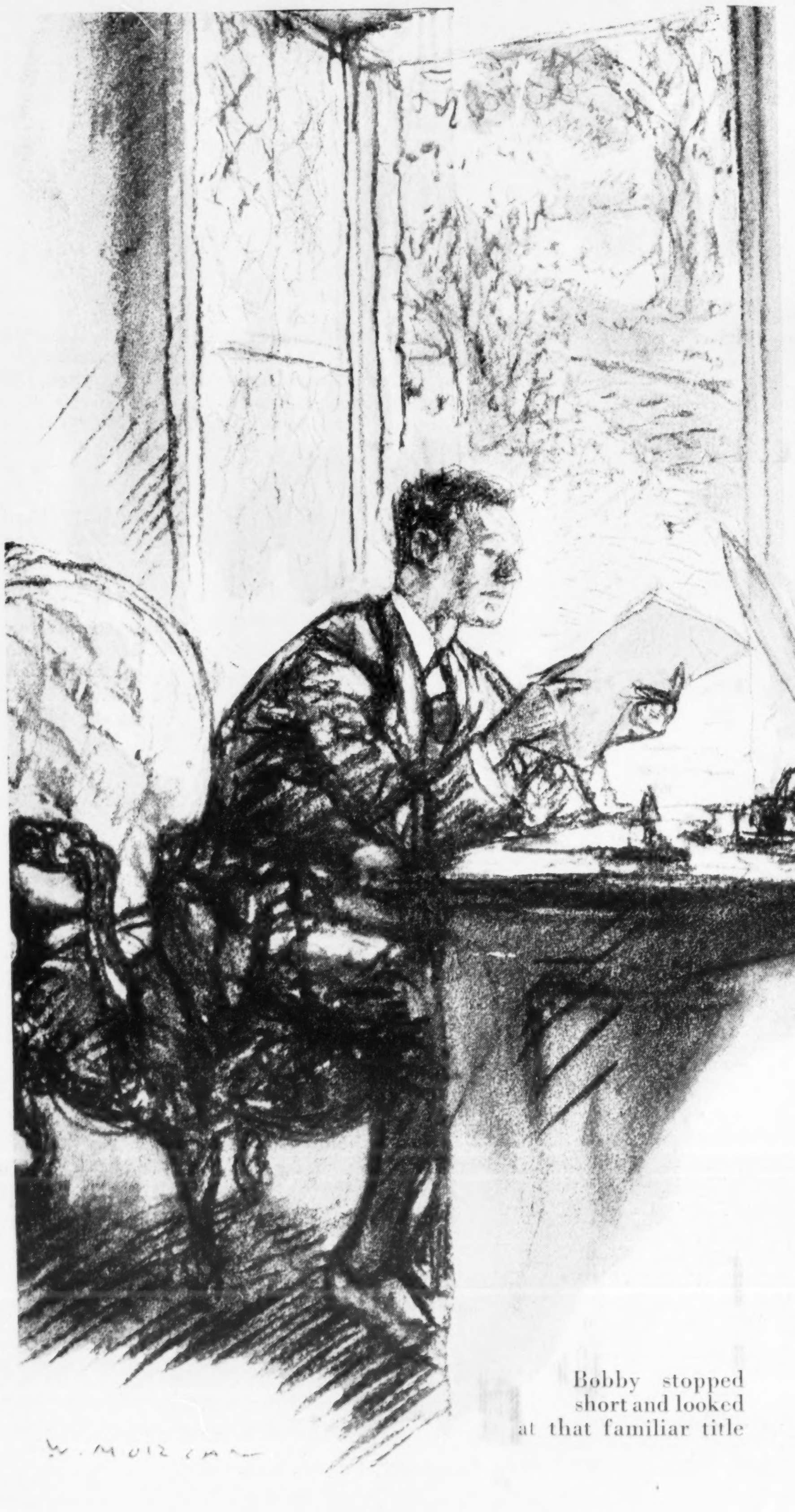
Continued from page 30

"Never mind. Go on," and relapsed for a long time into a silence that could be felt. Bobby sat still, sometimes listening intently and sometimes with his mind spreading out like an uncared-for stream into a number of parallel channels. The argument itself was interesting to follow, but moving at the side of that was the question of the talker's sincerity. How much of all this stuff did Lambone mean? How much of what he said was of a piece with the rest of his observant, self-indulgent life, his life as a humorous comment on a universe that was profoundly absurd?

PRESENTLY Devizes was talking. Devizes was a great contrast to Lambone. He talked a different language. He did not seem nearly so clear and clever to Bobby as Lambone did, but he had an effect of sincerity and solidity of conviction that Lambone lacked altogether. His interventions made all that Lambone said seem like a wild and picturesque parody of something that was otherwise inexpressible. Both he and Lambone had an air of casting verbal nets for some truth that still eluded them. And yet this truth so remotely and imperfectly apprehended was for each of them the most important thing in life.

"Stripped of its theological trapping," Devizes said to Lambone, "your new religion is simply a statement of this: That our race has reached and is now receding from a maximum of *individuation.* That it turns now toward synthesis and coöperation. It will move back toward what you call Sargon, the great ruler, and it will swallow up individual egotistical men in its common aims. As already scientific work swallows them up. Or good administrative work. Or art. That is what you are saying."

"Exactly," said Paul Lambone. "If we *must* talk your language, Devizes, and not mine. Art, science, public service, creative work of every sort—these are parts of what you, I suppose, would call the race mind, parts of the race life. Every man who matters is a fresh thought, a fresh idea. He is himself still, it is true, but his significance is that he comes out of his past and out of his conditions and he flows on to further men. This is the new realization that is changing all the values in human life. It is happening everywhere. Even in the books and reading of to-day you can see the thing happening. History now becomes more important than biography. What made up the whole of life in the romantic past—the love story, the treasure story, the career, getting on, making a fortune, the personal deed and victory, the sacrifices for an individual friend or love or leader—remains no longer the whole of life and sometimes not even the leading interest in life. We are passing into a new way of living, into a new sort of lives, into new relationships. The world which seemed for a time not to be changing any more is changing very swiftly . . . in its mental substance."



Bobby stopped short and looked at that familiar title

"New sorts of people," said Bobby softly and went off from listening to Lambone's lucid little voice into a final recapitulation of the puzzling things Christina Alberta had said and done that day.

BOBBY was recalled to the matter of the talk by a movement in the chair behind him.

Lambone's smooth voice was explaining: "So that it does not matter so much what we achieve as what we contribute. That cherished personal life, which men and women struggled to round off and make noble and perfect, disappears from the scheme of things. What matters more and more is the work one does. What matters less and less is our personal romance and our personal honor. Or, rather, our honor will go out of us into our work. Our love affairs, our devotions and private passions, for example, will fall more and more definitely into a subordination to our science, or whatever our function is. Our romances and our fame and honor will join our vices among the things we suppress. There was a time when men lived for a noble tomb and in order to leave sweet and great memories behind them; soon it will matter nothing to a man and his work to know that he will probably die in a ditch—misunderstood. So long as he gets the work done."

"With no Last Judgment ever to vindicate him," said Devizes.

"That will not matter in the least to him."

"I agree. Some of us begin to feel like that even now."

"Even if one has done nothing worth doing," said Paul Lambone, and in his voice was that faint quality of the sigh of one who has crowned a rather difficult and uncertain card castle. "Even if Sargon had died unrescued in his asylum and all the world had thought him mad, all the same he would have escaped; his imagination would have touched the imagination of the greater life."

Came a pause of edification and then a sigh of satisfaction from Miss Lambone. She never understood in the least what her brother was talking about, but she adored him when he talked. Nobody, she thought, had ever talked like him or could possibly talk like him. His voice was so clear and bright, like the best sort of print. Only sometimes you wished you had spectacles.

But now Miss Lambone was to receive a shock.

"I don't believe in this," said Christina Alberta out of the depths of her chair.

Bobby was beginning to know the voice of Christina Alberta very well, and he knew now that she was terrified at having to talk and at the same time desperately resolved to get something said. He knew too that she was gripping hard at the arms of her chair. He glanced at Devizes, and in that instant the lighthouse beam touched his face and Bobby saw it very intent, watching Christina Alberta steadily and as if forgetful of all other things. It was intent and tender and tenderly apprehensive, grave and very pale in that white illumination. When the light had passed away Bobby still seemed to see that face, but now conversely it was a face of ebony.

"I don't belive in *any* of this," said Christina Alberta.

She paused with the effect of marshaling her argument. "It is theology, I suppose," she said. "Or mysticism. It is all an intellectual game that men have played to comfort themselves. Men rather than women. It makes no real difference. Tragedy *is* tragedy, failure *is* failure, death *is* death."

"But is there ever complete failure?" asked Lambone.

"Suppose," said Christina Alberta. "Suppose a man is thrown into prison and misrepresented to all the world; suppose he is taken away presently and made to dig his own grave and shot at the edge of it and buried and then lied about for a time and forgotten; it isn't a part of the race that is murdered; it isn't a wonderful thing that passes on: it is a man who has been killed and made away with. Your mysticism is just an attempt to dodge the desolation of that. It doesn't. Such things have happened. They happen to-day. In Russia. In America. Everywhere. Men are just wiped out, body and soul, hope and will. That man and his black personal universe are done with and over, and there is an end to his business; he is beaten and wiped out, and all the clever talk upon easy sofas in the warm twilight will not alter that one jot. It is frustration. If I am frustrated, I am frustrated; if I have desires and dreams and they are defeated and die, I die. It is playing with words to say I do not die or that they are changed and sublimated and carried on into something better."

"My dear," said Miss Lambone to Miss Means, "you are sure you are not feeling cold?" Her voice conveyed a faint intimation that she would cease to be acutely interested in the talk if this chit of a girl intervened any further in the discussion, and that she would begin to do things with wraps and shawls and break up the meeting.

"I'm perfectly happy, dear," Miss Means answered. "All this—! I wish it could go on forever."

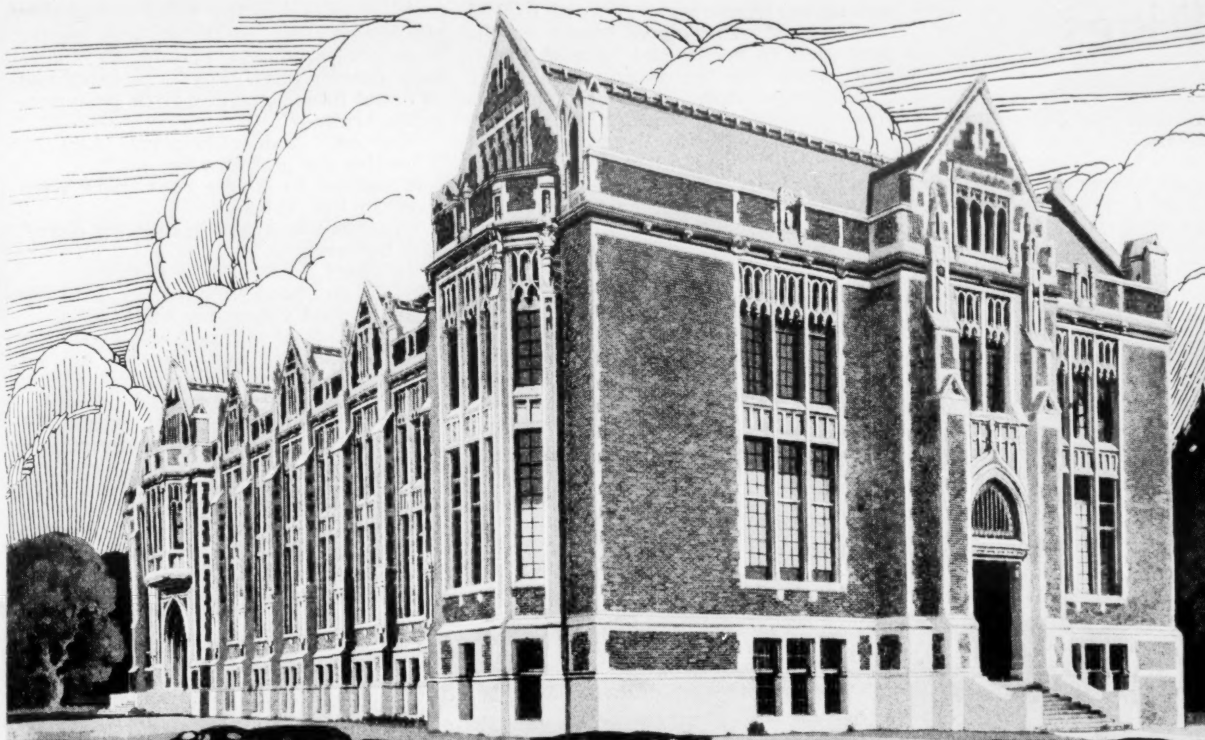
BUT Christina Alberta disregarded Miss Lambone's warning. She had something to say, and there was someone she wanted to say it to, not too pointedly, not too plainly.

"All this theology, this religion, the new religions that are only the old ones painted over—"

"Reborn," said Paul.

"Painted over. I don't want them. But that is not what I want to say. What I want to say is that you are wrong about my Daddy; you are quite wrong about him. That I do know. Mr. Lambone has dressed him up to suit his own philosophy. He had that philosophy long before he knew him. And you talked my Daddy over and put Mr. Lambone's ideas into him when he was beaten and broken because they suited his case. They weren't there before. I know him and exactly how he thought. I was brought up on him. He talked to me more than to anyone. And it is all nonsense to talk of him—his exaltation—as being like the great soul coming like the tidal sea into the pool of the little soul. It didn't. When he said he was Lord of the World he wanted to be Lord of the World. He didn't want to incorporate any other people at all—or be incorporated. He was just as exclusively himself when he was Sargon as when he was Albert Edward Preemby. More so. . . . And I believe that is how it is with all of us."

(*Continued on page 34*)



EDUCATIONAL HALL
UNIVERSITY *of* WASHINGTON
Seattle

Architect—BEBB & GOULD
Contractor—DOUGAN & CHRISMAN
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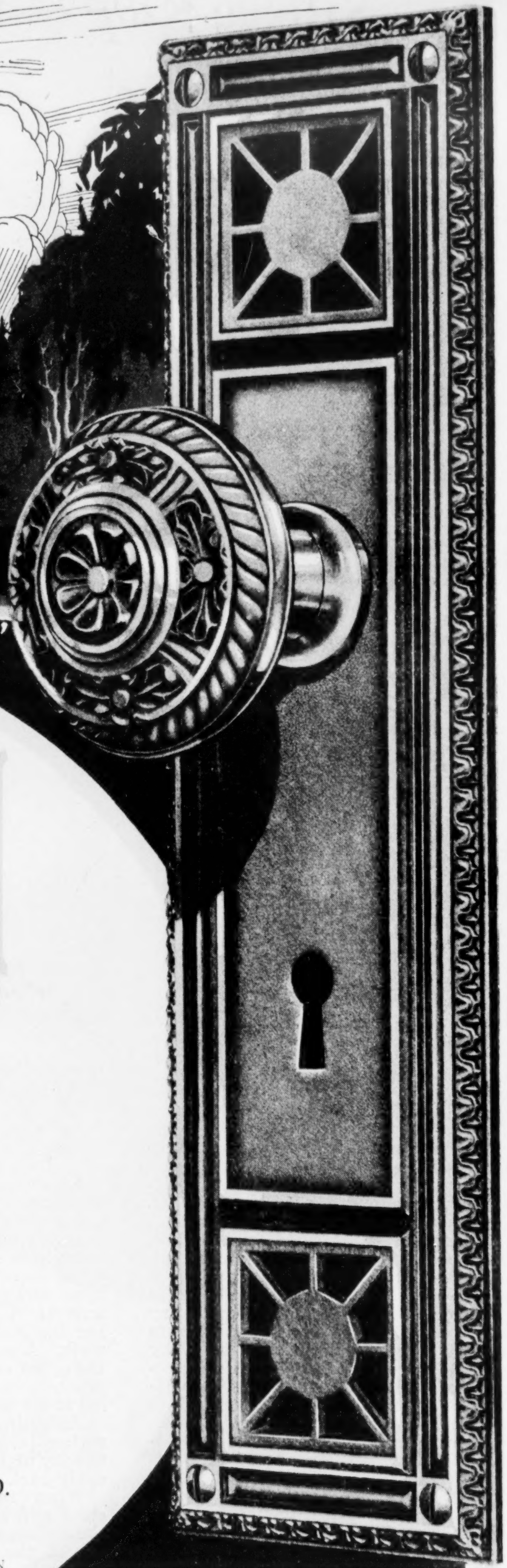

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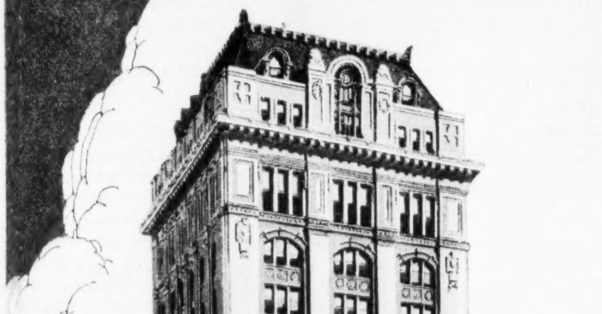
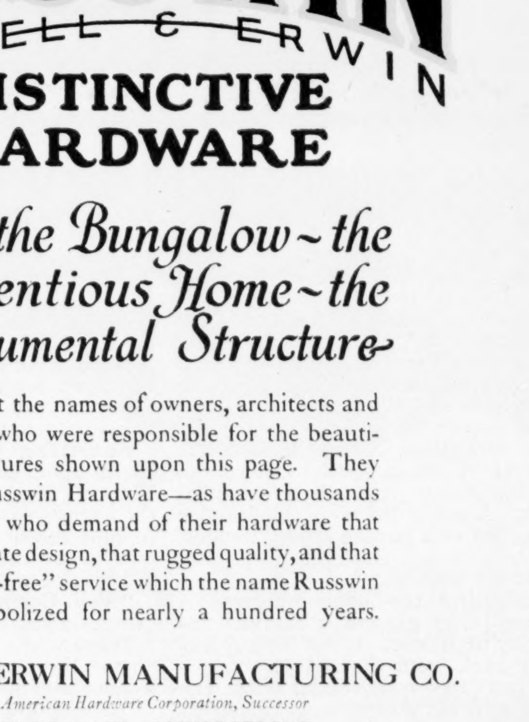


PROVIDENT BUILDING
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Architect—R. H. HUNT COMPANY
Contractor—PARKS COMPANY
Russwin Dealer—THE BUILDERS HARDWARE & SUPPLY CO.



Residence of
NICHOLAS MITCHELL
Raleigh, N. C.

Architect—G. LLOYD PREACHER & CO. RALEIGH, N. C.
Russwin Dealer—BROCKWELL'S SHOP

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 32

She went on rather hurriedly, for she knew there were forces there very ready to silence her.

"I want to be myself and nothing else. I want the world—for myself. I want to be a goddess in the world. It does not matter that I am an ugly girl with natural bad manners. It does not matter that it is impossible. That is what I want. That is what I am made to want. One may get moments, anyhow. A moment of glory is better than none. . . . I believe that sort of thing is what you all want really. You just persuade yourself you don't. And you call that religion. I don't believe anyone has ever believed religion from the beginning. Buddhism, Christianity, this fantastic Sargonism, this burlesque religion you invent to make an evening's talk: they are all consolations and patchings-up—bandages and wooden legs. People have tried to believe in such religions, no doubt. Broken people. But because we cannot satisfy the desires of our hearts—why should we cry 'Sour grapes' at them?

"I don't want to serve—anything or anybody. I may be heading for frustration, the universe may be a system of frustration, but that doesn't alter the fact that this is how I feel about it. I may be defeated—it may be certain that I shall be defeated—but as for bringing a contrite heart out of the mess and starting again as a good little part of something—I *don't* fink. Oh, I know I beat my hands against a wall. It's not my fault. Why don't we take? Oh, why don't we dare?"

Miss Lambone stirred and rustled.

THE darkness that was Devizes spoke to Christina Alberta, and Miss Lambone became still.

"We don't take and we don't dare," he said. "We don't defy laws and customs because there are other things in our lives, *in* us and not outside us, that are more important to us. That is why. It pleases Paul to dress up his view of these things in old mystical phrasing, but what he says is really an unscientific way of putting psychological fact. You think you are simple but you are really complex. You are the individual, but you are the race also. That is your nature and mine and everyone's. The more our intelligence awakens the more we know that."

"But it is the difference that is distinctively me, and not the general part. The race in me is no more to me than the ground I walk on. I am Christina Alberta; I am not Woman or Mankind. As Christina Alberta, I want and I want and I want. And when the door is slammed upon my imaginations I cry out against it. Why pretend I give up a thing because I can't have it? Why make a glory of renunciation and letting-go? I hate the idea of self-sacrifice. What is the good of coming into the world as Christina Alberta just in order to sacrifice being Christina Alberta? What is the good of being different if one is not to live a different life?"

Unexpectedly Miss Lambone intervened. "The life of a woman is one long sacrifice," she said.

There was a pause.

"But we have the vote now?" said Christina Alberta almost flippantly. "Why is a woman's life sacrifice?"

"Think of the children we bear," said Miss Lambone in a constrained voice.

"*Well!*" said Christina Alberta and suppressed some scandalous remark.

"The most astonishing thing about us," she broke out again, after a pause—"the most astonishing thing in the feminine make-up is that hardly any of us *do* seem to want children. A lot of us, anyhow, don't. Now that I am beginning to learn something about biology, I realize how marvelous that is. As a race of creatures specialized for children, we ought to be eaten up by the desire for children. As a matter of fact, most modern women will do anything to avoid having children. We dread them. To me they seem like a swarm of hidden dwarfs, prepared to come upon me and eat up my whole existence. It's not simply I don't want them; I live in fear of them. Love we *may* want. Many of us do. Intensely. We want to love and be loved—to get close and near to someone. It's a delusion, I suppose. One of nature's clumsy tricks. It is all a delusion. He vanishes—he was never there. Under the old conditions it availed; it got the children nature wanted. But we don't think of children. We don't want to think about them. There it is! And, anyway, children do not take a woman out of her egotism; they only extend and intensify it. I have known intelligent girls to marry and have children, and when the baby appeared their minds evaporated. They became creatures of instinct, messing about with napkins. I could scream at the thought of it. No! I am an egoist pure and simple. I am Christina Alberta and her only. I am not Sargon. I refuse altogether to mix with that promiscuous personage."

"After all, that may only be a phase in your development," said Devizes.

"It is the only one I know."

"That is evident. But I assure you, Christina Alberta, that this revolt and distress of yours is a phase. You are talking rebellion and egoism and anarchism as a healthy baby screams to get breath into its lungs and escape from the stuffiness of old air. The baby doesn't know why it screams and no doubt finds some dim little grievance in its brain—"

"Go on," said Christina Alberta. "Chastise me and chastise me."

It seemed to Bobby that there were tears in her voice.

"No, but you are so young, my dear," said Devizes.

My dear!

"Not so young. Not so actually young," cried Christina Alberta.

"If I live to be eighty," said Christina Alberta, "shall I ever be able to feel more than I am feeling now? Why will you always treat me like a child?"

"Feeling isn't the only measure," said Devizes. "Even now, to-night, you are talking below your beliefs. You are not an egoistic adventurer. You take sides on a score of matters. You insist you are a Communist, for example."

"Oh! just to smash up things," said Christina Alberta. "Just to smash up everything."

"NO. You say that to-night, but you have told me differently before. You have a care for the world. You want to help forward the common interest. You develop a passion for scientific truth. Well—there's no way of fencing in your individuality from other minds in science or in public affairs. You're a part by necessity; you can't be a complete whole. You find already you can't keep away from these things. They will take you more and more, whether you like it or not, because it is the spirit of the time. That is what is happening to us all. You can't escape. Our work, our part, is the first thing in our lives. To that pride must bow down and passion and romance. We have to slam and lock and bar the door against all personal passion that might wreck our work. Bar it and put it out of your mind. As a secondary thing. Work. Give the greater things a chance to keep you."

"That's all very well."

"It's everything."

"Why *should* they keep me?" came from Christina Alberta sullenly and resolutely.

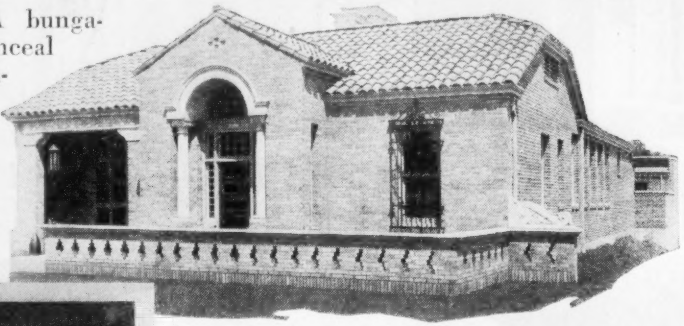
"I know that this is your faith," she said. "You told me all about it—you've always told me about it." Bobby's quick ear detected a change in her voice. "Do you remember our first talk together? Do you remember our talk in Lonsdale Mews? When we dined together at that Italian place? That night. Just after we had found each other?"

Found each other?

"But I did not know then that your faith meant all the suppression and sacrifices and discretions it seems to do. I thought it was something robust and bold. I did not understand its—qualifications. But since then we have argued about these things and argued. That day at Kew Gardens. That day when you took me for that walk over the downs to Shere. We have threshed things out. Why should we argue again? I am giving in—what can I do but give in?—and soon I will be a Sargonite with you and Paul. But not this summer. Not now. This night—this wonderful first night of summer. To-night I rebel against any renunciation, any fobbing off of individuals with second-best things. I am going to be impossible and absurd. For the last time. I want the world from the stars to the bottom of the sea for myself, for my own hungry self. And all between. The precious things between. The love. . . . *There!*"

Vague questions appeared and vanished again on the screen of Bobby's mind. What had Christina Alberta renounced? What was she renouncing? What was anyone renouncing? And had his ears cheated him or had Devizes called her "my dear"? In front of Margaret Means and in face of all the circumstances of the case it seemed to Bobby that Devizes was the last person who ought to call Christina Alberta "my dear." And what was this about "fobbing off"? Was this really a shameless plainness of speech, an

(*Continued on page 36*)



Camouflage. A bungalow built to conceal firemen and engine

Ralph James Scott, Chief Fire Dept.

A NEW USE for the BUNGALOW

By DON RYAN

WHEN Los Angeles newspapers announced last November that twenty-two new fire houses were to go up immediately—most of them in the residence districts—a storm of protest broke about the head of Ralph James Scott, fire department chief. Finishing the first one, he just beat an injunction.

In his own automobile he drove a committee of indignant West Hollywood women up in front of a large, trim bungalow, which looked like any of a dozen others surrounding it. Palms grew along the sidewalk. A green lawn sparkled under the spray of a garden hose. Hedges, neatly trimmed, lined the walk that led to the front porch.

Adjoining the bungalow was a rather large garage with an unusually high door. It sat inconspicuously back from the street.

When the automobile with the chief and his committee stopped at the curb a woman was just walking out of the bungalow. Behind her loomed the figure of a tall man in a blue uniform. The man was grinning. At the sight of the chief he clicked his heels and saluted.

"What did that woman want, Lieutenant?" asked the chief.

"Why, she wanted to rent the house, Chief," replied the subordinate, his grin returning. "I told her it wasn't for rent, but she insisted. 'Lady,' I said, 'this is a fire house.' She wouldn't believe me, Chief."

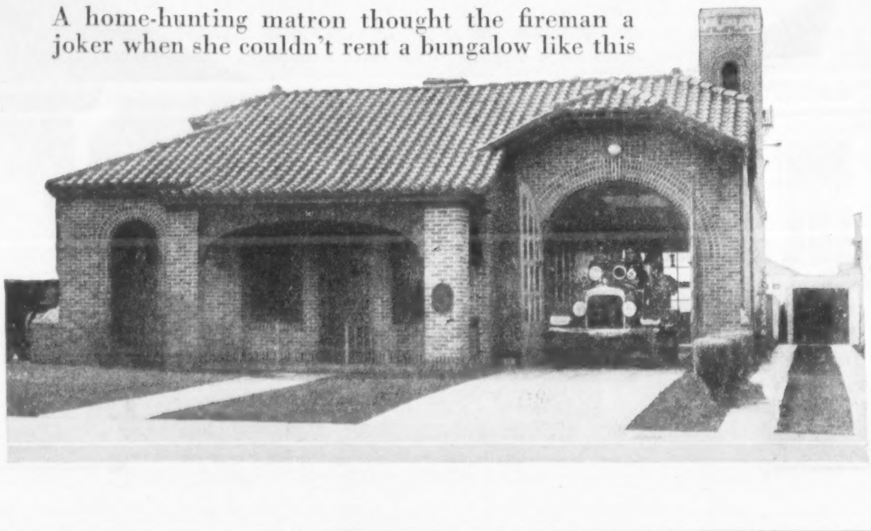
Something of a light began to dawn upon the puzzled committee. Then a gong sounded. The doors of the garage flew open. A line of men in blue stood at attention beside a new motor fire engine shining with red paint and polished brass.

"Well, Committee," said the chief, "what do you think?"

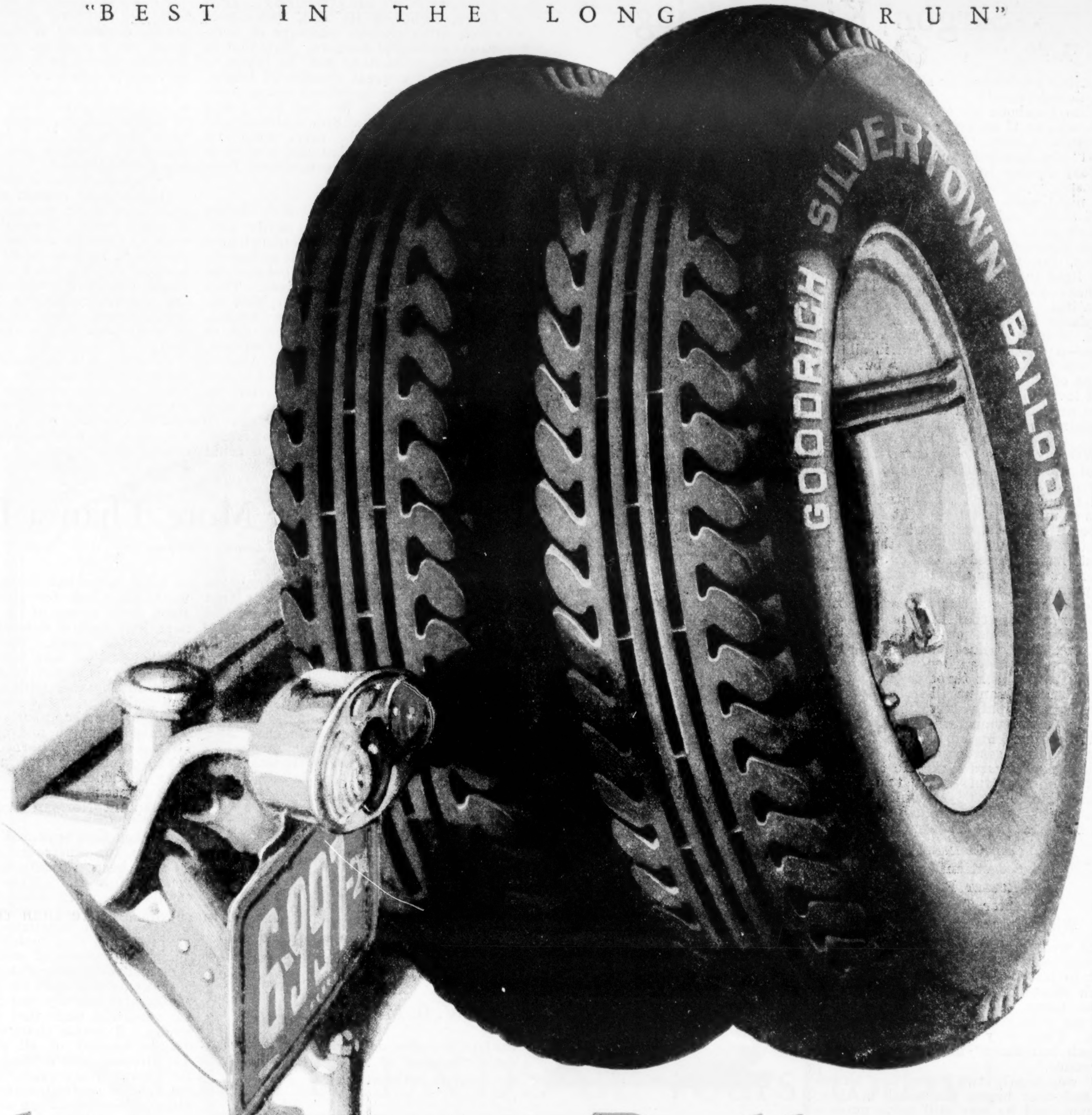
There was a very brief whispering among the women. Then the chairwoman stepped forward.

"You go ahead and build them all that way. We all withdraw our objections," said the chairwoman.

A home-hunting matron thought the fireman a joker when she couldn't rent a bungalow like this



"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 34

atrocious confession, or something that he misunderstood?

Miss Lambone stirred uneasily.

It was as if an evil spirit possessed Christina Alberta. "Oh, *damn* renunciation!" she said with bitter gusto.

They seemed to be sitting for some moments in a profound silence and then the nightingale became very audible.

"I think," said Miss Lambone, "that I shall go in and light the candles. It is too wonderful a night for the electric lights, far too wonderful. We will just light the candles and the fire. And perhaps you will play us something beautiful. These are such marvelous fireplaces here that they blaze up at once. I don't know if you have noticed them—a new sort. The fire is all on the hearth—no draft below, but the shape of the back draws it up.

"I love a wood fire," said Miss Lambone and sighed and rose slowly and voluminously.

TWO days later Bobby came into one of the little studies on the garden side of Paul Lambone's house. Paul had found out that he wanted a few days of uninterrupted thought in which to begin his novel, and had asked him to stay on with him after the other guests had returned to London. It was a perfect room for a writer of Bobby's temperament; it had a low writing table close to the sill of the casemented window and on the sill was a silver bowl of forget-me-nots and white tulips. A little glass-paned door released one into the garden without one's having to go back through the house. A garden path ran uphill from the window, a garden path skirted by wonderful clusters of pansies.

He stood looking up the path for a time and then sat down and drew the writing pad toward him. He took one of those delightful quills, tested the delicious flexibility of its points, dipped it in the ink, and wrote in his very neat and beautiful handwriting:

NEW COUNTRY
A Pedestrian Novel
BY ROBERT ROOTHING
Chapter The First
Which Introduces Our Hero

He wrote this very readily because it was very familiar to him. From first to last he had written it on fair fresh sheets of paper perhaps half a dozen times. Then he stopped short and sat quite still with his head on one side. Then very neatly he corrected "which introduces" into "in which we introduce."

It was nearly two years now since he had first begun his novel in this fashion, and he was still quite uncertain about the details of his hero's introduction. His original intention about the story still floated pleasantly in the sky of his mind; a promise of a happy succession of fine, various and delightful adventures, told easily and good-humoredly; the fortunes of a kindly, unpretending, not too brave but brave enough young man, on his way through the world, to live happily afterwards with a delicious young woman. "Picaresque" was the magic word. None of these adventures had as yet assumed a concrete form in his mind. He felt they would come to him definitely enough one day. If one sat and mused one half saw them, and that was assurance enough for him. And so, having rewritten his title page neatly and prettily, he fell into a day dream and was presently thinking round and about his Christina Alberta as a good hero should.

Bobby was always being puzzled by Christina Alberta, always coming upon something that seemed to clear up everything, and then being puzzled again. But now it seemed to him that he really did know the last fact of importance that was to be known about her. Overnight Paul Lambone had described how he had taken her to Devizes to get advice, and how they had blundered upon the reality of her parentage. He told his story well as a story writer should; he gave it dramatic point. Evidently he told the tale of set intention, because it was time Bobby knew. He knew that Christina Alberta and Bobby were engaged. He did not know, and nobody knew, that she never intended to be married.

But this, it seemed to Bobby, made the final understanding of her situation possible: it explained that watchful tenderness of Devizes' face suddenly betrayed by the light and his inadvertent "My dear;" it explained her position as though she belonged to him and Paul Lambone instead of being a rather unaccountable visitor; it excused her vehement jealousy of Margaret Means, because evidently she had become violently possessive of her father and had counted perhaps upon recognition and being very much with him. No doubt Margaret Means stood in the way of that. It was natural for Christina Alberta to want to be with Devizes and work with him, and natural for her to suspect and anticipate and resent an intervening personality. Apart from the magic of kinship, it was natural that two such subtle and abundant personalities should attract each other greatly.

That Devizes should have decided quite abruptly to marry Margaret Means did not present any difficulties to Bobby; he was not thinking very closely about Devizes. Margaret Means was pretty enough for anyone to want to marry her. There are times, as Bobby knew, when that sweet prettiness can stab one like an arrow. It had evidently stabbed and won Devizes. And almost the only thing that gave Bobby a second thought, but no more than a second thought, was Christina Alberta's fluctuation of purpose—why she should have consented to marry him and then have changed her mind so quickly and definitely and yet have retained him as a lover.

That resolution not to marry seemed, after all, just a part of her immense modernity. Because of all this group of "new people" in which he found her, she seemed to Bobby to be in every way the newest. She was the boldest enterprise in living he had ever met. Her flare of eager, hungry, ruthless, rebel individuality fascinated him. Where was she going? Would she win out to this free personal life she desired or would she fail to find an objective of work and come upon disappointment and solitude like some creature that has strayed? The world had terrified Bobby greatly; it terrified him still more when he thought of this valiant little figure going out to challenge it.

BOBBY was naturally, inherently, afraid; his instinct was for security, protection, kindliness and help. He clung to his "Aunt Suzannah" job for safety. He didn't believe Christina Alberta knew one tenth of the dangers she ran of insult, defeat, humiliation, neglect, repulse, fatigue, and lonely distress. His imagination presented a tormenting picture of her away there in dark, confused, immense and blundering London, as an excessively fragile figure, light on its feet, shock-head erect, arms akimbo, unaware of monstrous ambushed dangers. Now that he began to understand her, he began to understand a great number of bright-eyed, adventurous, difficult young women he had met in the last few years, and he had his first dim realization of the meaning of the deep, wide stir among womankind that had won them votes and a score of unprecedented freedoms.

SEXLESS, these new ones? Bobby weighed the word. The earlier generation who wanted to be emancipated suppressed sex, suppressed it so fiercely that its negative presence became the dominant factor in their lives. They ceased to be positively woman; they became fantastically negative woman. But this newer multitude were not so much repressing as forgetting their sex, making little of it. Christina Alberta had in a way made nothing of her sex, not by struggling against it, but by making it cheap for herself as a man makes it cheap for himself—so that it was a thing of mere intermittent moods and impulses for her—and she could go on to other things.

He became aware of an intermittent dull tapping and, following the sound, discovered a thrush trying to break up a snail on the gravel path. But the gravel path was too fine and soft to give a firm anvil for the beating. "The silly bird ought to find a brick or a potsherd," said Bobby and reflected. "I suppose all the bower pots are shut up in the shed. . . . I don't like to see that bird wasting the morning and being disappointed. . . .

"It wouldn't take a minute. . . ."

He got up, let himself out by the little glass door beside the window and went to find a brick. Presently he returned with it. But he did not go back into the study because while he had been looking for the brick he had seen a young blackbird which had got under the strawberry netting and was evidently scared out of its silly wits. So he went back to see about the blackbird.

Presently a little breeze blew into the study through the open glass door and lifted the sheet of paper which was to introduce our hero and wafted it softly and suggestively on to the unlit wood fire upon the hearth. There it lay for a long time.

THE END

Heroes for More Than a Day

Continued from page 12

stars come and go, but it was only recently, after nearly two decades, that Kramer finally decided to leave part of the laurel to Moeskops and others.

For continuous service in baseball, Anson, Wagner, Lajoie, Young and Cobb stand on top of the mass. But at the end of twenty years none had quite the same speed and dash left which Cobb still carries into action. Cobb in his twentieth campaign reached .334, which is not exactly light hitting.

Around 1906 a young Indian football player appeared at Carlisle. His name was Jim Thorpe. By 1908 he was a star, one of the best backs—even then—that Pop Warner had ever known. Now it so happens that football is a trifle different from court tennis, baseball, cycling and billiards, the wear and tear being almost triple that of any other game. It is a game for youth and the quick comeback which youth knows. Three years is the limit now, unless one plays professional football later on. Few could stand the smash and smear of battle for more than five or six seasons. Minor accidents and injuries also play their part in retiring many stars after a year or two. Jim Thorpe was a good football player back in 1907. Year after year he was a blazing red terror to Pennsylvania, the Army, Harvard, Brown and many other rivals that happened to drift in his way. Yet in 1923, sixteen years after his first appearance, Jim Thorpe, the Indian, was still a professional football player of note. In the meanwhile he had varied his activities by helping to win a set of Olympic games and proving himself to be the all-around star of the 1912 carnival. He had also played professional baseball with the Giants and other clubs where inability to hit a curve ball remained his main weakness. But for sixteen years he stood forth as one of the greatest runners, kickers and defensive players in all football pages. Weighing around 185 pounds, he was a piece of living steel that could not be hurt and that could do *anything* with a football—except make it play the saxophone.

There must be great respect for the combined stamina and skill of W. A. Larned at tennis. Larned won his first championship in 1901 and ten years later he added his seventh title. But for surpassing durability who is there to supplant Norman Brookes of Australia?

Brookes first appeared in Davis Cup matches for Australia in 1905. But he had been a tennis player several years before that. The first reports of his impending stardom go back as far as 1902. Yet Brookes was still in the Davis Cup limelight in 1923; and he is still a star to-day after nearly twenty-five years of competitive play back and forth around the world. There is no game that calls for more speed or for greater activity and general physical condition than turf or clay court tennis. A tennis championship is one of the hardest of all physical tests. Yet Brookes was able to hold his own for twenty years against the best, due not only to perfection of form and fir physical condition, but also to an abiding love and enthusiasm for the game, a stout heart and a cool head in every action.

There was Bob Fitzsimmons, still a great fighter and a star boxer at forty-two or three, checked only by hands that finally refused to support the power of his punch. And there was Stanislaus Zbyszko, who at fifty won the wrestling championship of the world and who at fifty-three was still a formidable figure, one of the champion's leading challengers. And boxing and wrestling are two sports that have always been supposed to be in complete control of youth. There is Devereux Milburn to be reckoned with in the list. Milburn was a polo internationalist as far back as 1909. He was still one of the most brilliant members of a brilliant international team in 1924. For sixteen years he has been one of the stars of the green-turfed plain—a great rider and hitter, ranked by many as the finest back that ever played. Only a year ago we had John Henry Taylor at fifty-six leading the British open championship for a great part of the way until the years finally beckoned.

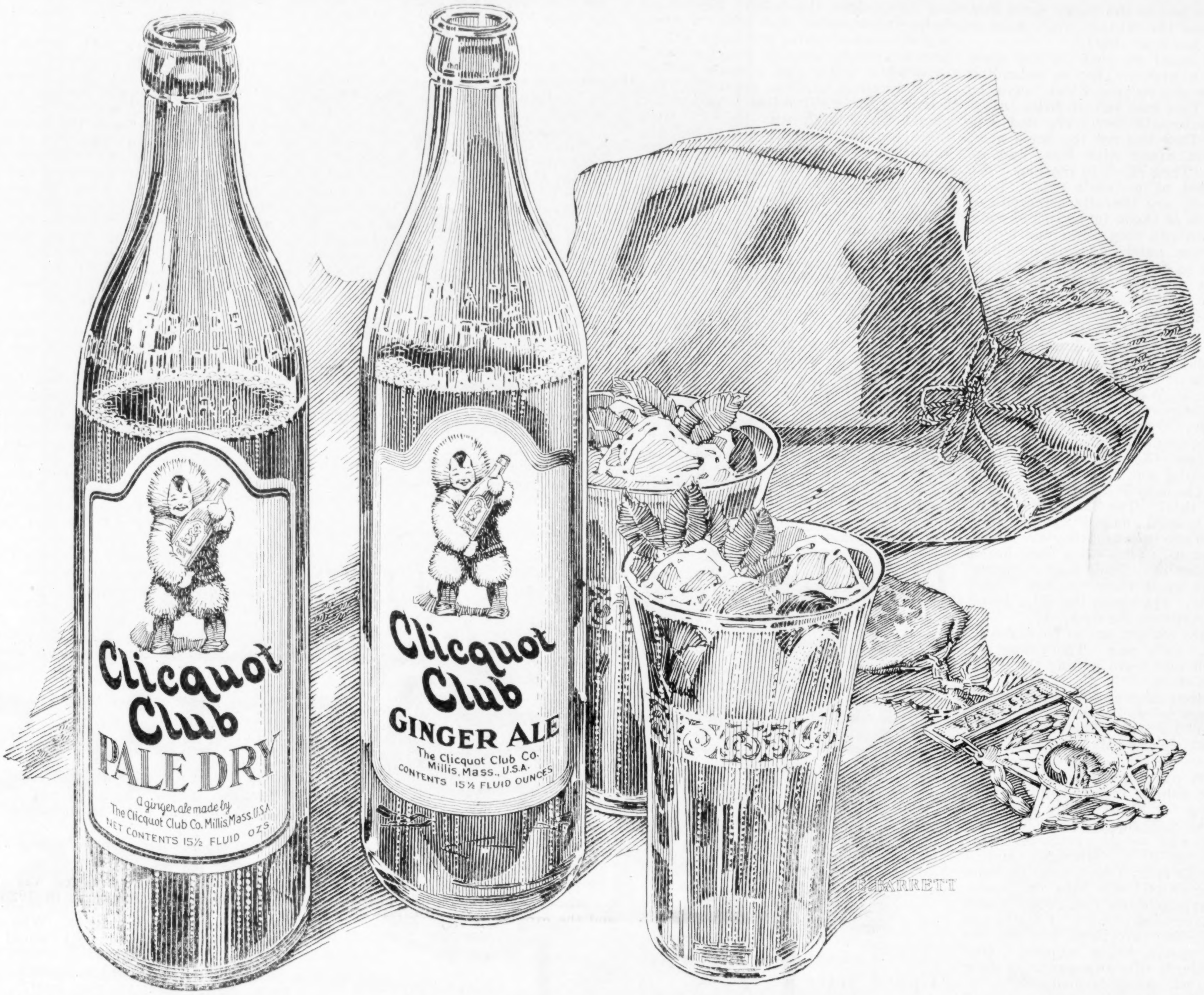
These are the great figures—those who not only can win the heights but who can hold them against all comers year after year.

In Next Week's COLLIER'S

There is a short story called "The Long-Distance Train"—with four characters: the station master, his wife, a passenger and the express itself. What they did to each other has been made into a story of limitless power by

W. B. MAXWELL

the famous author of "The Devil's Garden," "Spinster of This Parish" and other novels and short stories.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The Rum-Runner's New Enemy

Continued from page 6

see it; it is lost in the foggy shore line. By this time the captain can't shoot to kill. He's too near shore.

At full speed we rush in and draw alongside a pier. "They're unloading somewhere and we've got 'em," says the captain. Two men put on belts carrying big automatic revolvers and ammunition; they are not the same quiet fellows you dined with less than an hour ago. They climb to the pier. We have landed at a "rat's nest;" here, along shore, are literally hundreds of boats; acres of them, lying side by side, so that you can step from one to the other. From hatchways, as we chase from deck to deck, human heads arise. Thousands of cases of whisky might be hidden in here. The seamen are looking for signs of new arrivals; for some new boat with hot engines. For half an hour the men dash about.

"They didn't land along here," says the captain. "They're unloading somewhere else." We start to untie when we hear the roar of an engine, a monstrous roar. Out of the gateway of a basin flashes as pretty a motor boat as you ever saw, the dream of a millionaire's sporting son.

"That's the baby!" shouts the captain.

What's this? The boat is heading straight toward us. Four laughing young men are in it and they *are* laughing; and at us. They wave their hands as they shoot by. Their boat is empty.

"They've made their 'unload,'" says the captain. He opens the pilot house door and steps on the deck.

"We'll get you yet, one of these days," he shouts. He's mad. The young fellows laugh and wave again; the goods are not on them.

"A hundred cases at $50 a case; that's what they were probably carrying. That's $5,000 worth. They've probably made $150 apiece this afternoon and evening."

We start out again toward the open sea. Two fishing vessels come toward us, heading for home. They stop at a signal; the fishermen patiently lower their sails and we go alongside them: Big slim "Bill" of Michigan and a stubby youth from Texas, wearing belts and guns, climb over into the boats. They disappear down hatchways where the fish have been thrown. I watch the fishermen; they are tired, but not one seems to resent being stopped. One man laughingly lifts a tarpaulin to show there's no whisky underneath it.

"We had to come in from the storm," they explain.

They say good-by, cheerily; they have nothing against the Coast Guard; the Coast Guard saves their lives and boats in storms; there is more than a century of good feeling between fishermen and Coast Guard that this new whisky war cannot wipe out. These fishermen do not appear to be the "poor, abused fishermen" which prohibition critics paint as being hounded by the Coast Guard. Their tired, friendly good-bys have hardly died down before we hear in the darkness the putt-putt of a one-lunged engine, coming across the water. There's a light over there, a mile or more away, a sputtering lantern light. We head for it. It is raining a mist. Hare wants a flashlight picture out here in the wind and the wet darkness. I ask him how he will keep his flashlight powder dry and prevent it from blowing away.

"You'll do that," he says, as he hands me the flashlight tray.

"Keep your hand over the powder," he orders, "and when I say 'shoot' you raise the tray over your head and snap that little trigger."

Soon we're alongside a sailboat that carries the putt-putting engine. The experts in sea lights on this rum chaser never light a cigarette on deck during the night; they say you can see the flash of a match four miles at sea. I wonder how many miles away that explosion of Hare's white powder could be seen. Everyone jumped with the shock. The chaser men with their revolvers, the seven men in the boat, and myself—everyone but Jimmy. He got the picture while the captain was looking down into the hold. They were ugly customers on that boat; foreigners who spoke nothing but Greek. They were all roughly dressed, except a youth in a white collar and pressed clothes.

"Narcotics," said the captain. "The fellow in the white collar is the money man." But search was hopeless. On that boat there might have been one small box that contained thousands of dollars' worth of drugs; but no one could find it. The captain was keeping our ship dark; there wasn't a light on it because other "runners" might be near by. But in the darkness each of the seven ugly men on the little boat was forced to climb to our deck and pass through the pilot house. In there Big Bill searched them; slapped their clothes for guns or packages. Everything was silence and action. I was suddenly given a push from behind, straight into the pilot house. Big Bill's arms folded around my waist; his huge hands went down over my hip pockets. He pulled open my overcoat and slapped my sides. They were punches that made me wince. It was so dark I couldn't see his face; he couldn't see mine.

"I'm all right, Bill," I finally said.

"Hell!" said Bill sheepishly. That was the joke of the rest of the trip. But I can say that Bill was doing his job; he was searching hard.

They had to let the ugly crew go; there were no goods there.

"We started fishing," said the young man with the white collar, "but we came in on account of the storm. It's hell out there by the Hook."

Four boats had come in from the storm; and we had to go out to it. We were getting farther out. We passed a giant lighted Ambrose channel buoy —a street light of that famous thoroughfare—that was tossing and ringing its bell in seeming delirium in the waves, wind and rain. The water was white around it. Miles out ahead of us were waning dots of lights atop of other dancing giants. There wasn't a light visible in our boat—neither white nor red or green. Every porthole in the box rooms down below was covered, as portholes were covered against submarines during the war.

Above the noise of the wind and of our own slowed-down motors we heard a roar of engines.

"There's a real rum runner around here somewhere," said the captain. We were standing on deck. "Look for white on the water," was the order. Half a dozen of us bent our heads in different directions.

"There she is," said the captain. When God made the ocean He did at least one strange thing. He fixed it so that white ocean spray shows pure white through the darkest night. No night is too black to hide white caps or the spray thrown up by a boat speeding at thirty land miles an hour.

The captain dashed into the pilot house, turned on his great searchlight and threw its white finger on that white spray. There was a boat, shaped like a rowboat, but it was a giant of its kind.

I was to see my first "dude rum runner." The boat turned toward us as it came near. We could not hear ourselves speak. There was the power of at least 900 horses in the engine of that boat; it was at least one-fifth the size of our crack rum chasers, but it had all our horse power and more. It danced high and low; one minute its deck would be above ours, the next minute far below. It slowed down as it ran parallel with us, but its engines did not slow down. It went ahead too fast. Suddenly it spurted backward, almost as rapidly as it had gone forward.

"He's got a special reverse engine," grunted the captain. "That's a regular dude runner! But he wouldn't stop for us if he was loaded."

That boat pranced back and forth. Its roaring engines were as impatient as a thousand race horses. It was sinister in its power; it seemed incredible that such a thing could be controlled by human beings out on this sea in the blackness, fog and rain. But it was controlled by human beings; by four snappy, lively, well-spoken young men. They wore slickers that covered them entirely, except for their faces; not sailor slickers but oiled garments from high-priced sporting goods stores. I'll bet their oil silk trousers were pressed. I jumped over on to the boat with three of the crew. The engines were still running at full blast. While the searchers searched I talked with a clean-toothed, square-jawed youth who might have been a college man.

"How many engines have you got?" I asked.

"Three," he said. "Two Libertys, 450 each, and one Renault, 100 for reverse."

"How fast can you go backward?"

"Fifteen knots," he answered.

"Why did you come in unloaded?" I asked.

"Too stormy out there," he said simply.

"How fast can you go?" I asked.

"Forty-five miles an hour, unloaded."

He made no secret of his calling. There was no use trying to. Who else with a $25,000 speed boat would be out in that sea at night?

"All right!" ordered the captain. Our crew came back to our boat. The young fellow in the other boat pulled a lever and clutched his propeller to the power of 900 horses in the engine. The giant rowboat jumped; was out of our sight within a minute.

We headed out toward Sandy Hook and the sea. We drew up alongside of another boat that was wallowing and struggling, with one engine broken down.

"Need any help?" said the captain. It is the Coast Guard's duty to save lives and boats.

"No. Broke down going out," said the man in the boat. "It's too rough out there."

"Now for the end of the Hook," said the captain. Thin, long Sandy Hook, with a fort at its tip, runs seven miles into the sea. Beyond it is the ocean and the waters of the world, where no nation rules. Out there thirty miles is Rum Row.

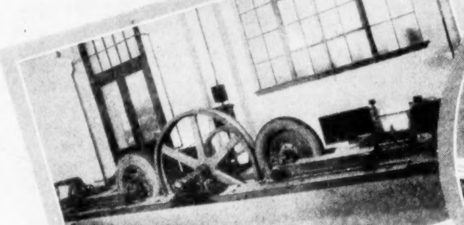
We run for two hours, unlighted, in pitch darkness and fog. Why not put on the two small lights—red and green—at our mast? This is a hard storm; we're rolling and pitching; hanging to handles all the time and standing loose-kneed to endure the tossing. The half rain, half fog is coming in blasts with a seventy-mile wind. Something might hit us; and we've seen the rum runners running into port from the storm. But the captain will have no lights, not even the flame of a match on deck.

"Mustn't let those birds know we're around," he explains. "We might catch someone making his way toward shore."

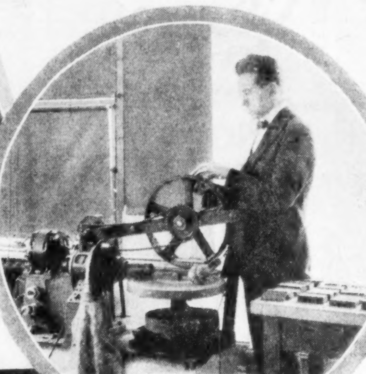
(*Continued on page 40*)

*W*HERE *All Bluffs Are* CALLED

By E. C. DAVIS



Upper left: A "speedway" where tires race without drivers or automobiles



Above: Preparing for an endurance test of shoe leather

Left: Proof that American-made china is tougher than any other kind

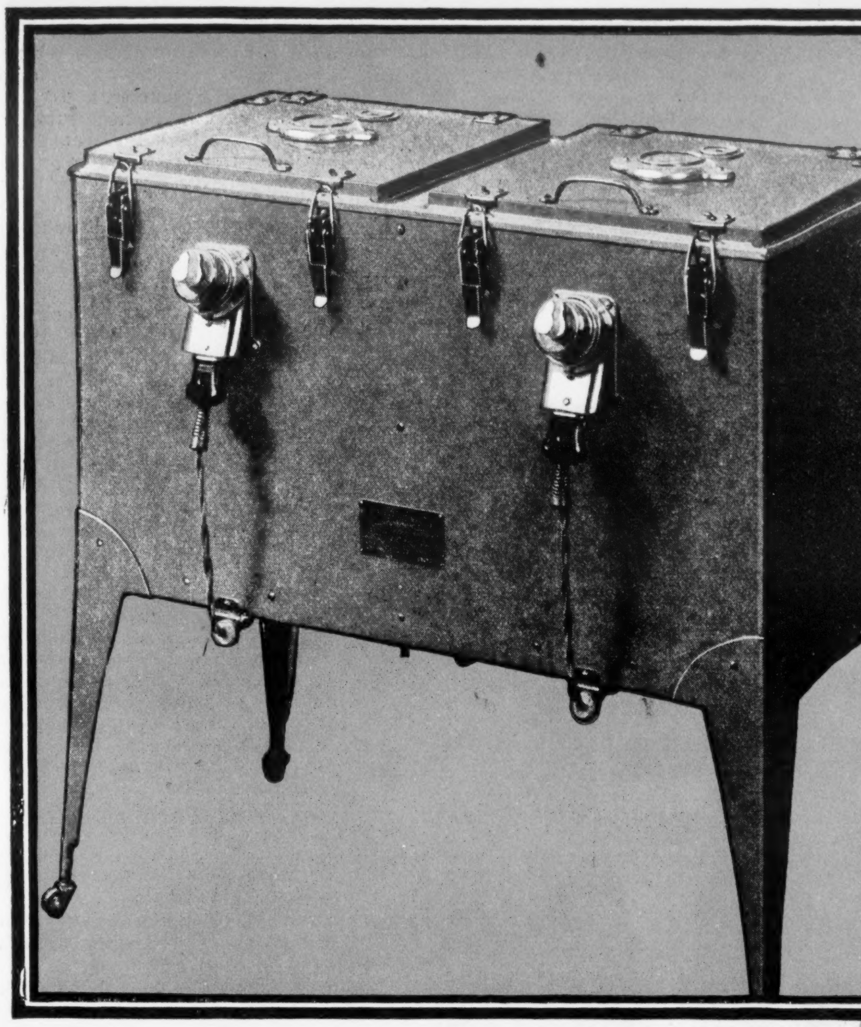
AT THE U. S. Bureau of Standards, textiles, shoe leather, and other commonplace materials are regularly tested. But instead of having an army of government employees to try out the usefulness of articles in ordinary service, the scientists rig up machines, which are more efficient and don't have to be paid for working.

A marathon walking contest can be conducted with six entries by means of a simple wheel. Pieces of leather are fastened on the rim of the wheel, and each time it revolves the leather rubs against a surface which takes the place of a pavement or floor. In a few hours the leather has "walked" several hundred miles, and the best piece wins.

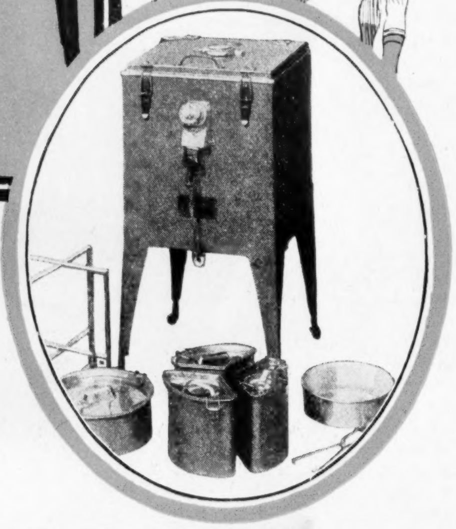
Uncle Sam's postal service alone wears out 20,000 tires a year. So the government has begun the practice of testing samples before ordering any large lot of tires. Two tires and a big wheel between them are the outstanding features of the laboratory "speedway." As the wheel is driven around at thirty miles an hour, the tire on each side revolves. The smooth surface of the wheel is broken by ridges which correspond to rocks and bumps in the road.

In the dental laboratory a sample of gold wire is fastened into place in a machine and then bent rapidly back and forth—from 2,000 to 100,000 times. This bending process is what takes place in an individual's mouth when a bit of gold spring wire fastens an artificial tooth to the nearest natural tooth. The record a wire makes for endurance and resiliency determines its value.

When the government buys dishes for the army or other federal institutions it puts samples of the ware through a few endurance matches; and in its laboratory one more international championship has been settled. Machines have to work harder to break American-made china than any other kind on the market.



The Everhot Electric Cooker bakes light, fine-grained bread and cake. It browns roasts perfectly. It is ideal for vegetables and soups.



Cook From a Lamp Socket

The Everhot Electric Cooker introduces an entirely new and more economical, convenient and cleaner type of cooking service into the home.

There is *no* installation cost—the Everhot Electric Cooker operates from a lamp socket, just as your electric iron does.

It uses no more current than an electric iron—yet it bakes bread and cake; browns roasts perfectly, and cooks delicious vegetables and soups.

It doesn't only make cooking easier and free from greasy, sooty pots and pans, it also cooks better—because it prevents shrinkage and conserves the food juices and mineral salts, and therefore gives you better tasting and more nourishing meals.

It combines, in an entirely new way, the economy and efficiency of fireless cooking with the ease, convenience and cleanliness of electric heat.

Food placed in it in the morning is deliciously cooked while you are out calling, shopping, motoring, at the matinee or club—and when you return there is a good dinner, steaming hot and ready to be served. Should you or other members of the family be late—the dinner is neither burned nor chilled—but simply kept hot and ready for you. Due to Everhot regulation and conservation of heat, only a minimum amount of current is needed.

Your Lowest Priced Servant Is Electricity.

THE SWARTZBAUGH MANUFACTURING CO.
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Manufacturers of Appliances for the Home since 1884

Everhot
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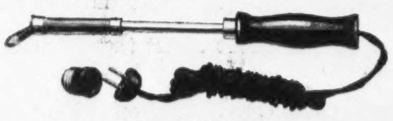
EVERHOT ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

For sale at the better stores. Winning the preference of women everywhere, because of their workmanship and extra durability. Ask to see these Everhot appliances.

Everhot Electric Table Stove, $5.50 to $16.50.



Everhot Electric Soldering Irons, $2.75 and $3.25.

Everhot Reflector Heaters, $7.50 to $10.
Everhot Electric Irons, $6.50.
Everhot Electric Curling Irons, $1.75 to $3.00.
Everhot Electric Drying Combs, $2.75 to $3.00.
Everhot Hair Beauty Sets, $5.00.
Everhot Electric Percolator Combination, $8.85.
Prices slightly higher in the extreme West.

Dealers write for new and interesting Everhot sales proposition

The Rum-Runner's New Enemy

Continued from page 38

There's a light at the end of the Hook, high in the sky like a red star, one solitary red light.

"There you are," says the captain. "That's a southeast storm warning."

What's a storm warning in this whisky battle? Storm warnings are for careful, honest commercial ships and for luxurious liners. As for the Coast Guard, storm warnings are like a workman's whistle, calling him to toil.

The engines are at half speed; sometimes it seems that the wind is driving us backward in spite of our propellers. No one goes down into the boxes to go to bed, though the crew is divided into watches. In the pitch-black pilot house the young captain is at the wheel. He has a hood over the lighted compass, so that he must peep down at the needle through a one-inch hole; the light shines up feebly on his face. That's the only light on this ship, though "Kewpie," down in the kitchen box, has a small red-shaded electric light. We discover it after the captain says, "Let's go down and have a cup of coffee. We always have coffee cooking."

When we pass, hanging to handles and rails, over the tossing deck to "Kewpie's" manhole, with waves sousing our oilskins, the captain knocks three times on the manhole cover.

"That'll make him put out the light before we open the hatch," he explains.

But when the door has slipped back, a dull red light shines up into the black wetness. "Kewpie" is rising from a wooden bench where he has been sleeping; he scrambles to the light and puts it out. We climb down in darkness and the captain, coming last, closes the hatch behind him. Then "Kewpie" turns on the light again.

"Any coffee, Leon?" asks the captain.

"Yes, sir," says Leon. He has tied the big coffee pot to the stove; it couldn't upset unless the boat did.

Leon did not serve us; Leon was ill; he made no secret of it; seasickness had him. The captain winked at me as "Kewpie" fell back on his hard bench with a sickly smile. But there were "Kewpie's" clean cups, as clean and white as his cook's cap, and spoons as clean as the white oilcloth on his table. They hung clattering from hooks over the sink. We picked our cups; with our knees bent, sometimes we were in half-squatting positions to keep our balance. We held them while the captain untied the coffee pot string and poured the coffee, some into our cups, some on the floor and some on the oilskins. I held his filled cup while he tied the coffee pot to the stove again. He dug out crackers and cheese from a tiny cupboard and there, swaying from the knees, Hare, the captain and I had a midnight supper. The captain didn't seem especially interested in the storm; he talked of rum runners and the whisky battle.

"Do you shoot to hit them?" I asked him.

"Why, no; not the first shot," he said. "That's a signal to stop. Ever read about 'a shot across the bow'? Well, that's the well-known signal of the sea to stop. If that signal isn't obeyed, after the boat has had plenty of time to slow down, the next shots must be fired to hit. That first shot is an order from the United States Government. The second shot is the United States Government taking action."

"Have you ever hit any boat?"

"We sent a one-pounder into a boat the other night. It blew up the engine and we had to save the lives of the men in the boat. They're tough customers. Here's what happened not long ago: One of our boats chased a rum runner that wouldn't stop even for shells. So the crew turned the Lewis machine gun on her. Then the boat stopped. One of her crew had a bullet through his lungs. He was bleeding terribly. The next job was to try to save his life. They took him on the government boat and went full speed to the army port at the tip of Sandy Hook. They carried him ashore to the army doctor and the doctor stopped the bleeding.

"'Better send him to the hospital at Long Branch,' said the army doctor. The captain of the government boat had left one of his crew, fully armed, to guard the prisoner. The wounded man asked to be allowed to telephone to friends who would come for him in a car and take him to the hospital. Like a fool, the guard, instead of doing his own telephoning to a garage, let his prisoner phone. Half an hour later a car with four men in it rolled up. They carried the wounded man to the car, and the guard, with his big revolver hanging from his belt, got in. When they came to a dark spot along Sandy Hook, a man seized the guard from behind and got his gun. All four men jumped on him and almost pounded him to death. They thought he was dead; they threw him into some bushes beside the road and went on. He lay there all night, bleeding like a dog, but he was found the next morning and the army doctors saved his life.

"Why," continued the captain, "I was in the big war. You wouldn't treat an enemy like that. That's too dirty for war.

"It's a dirty game all around," he went on.

"Have you ever been offered any bribes?" I asked.

He laughed a loud, hearty laugh.

"We all have," he said. "You know most of the fellows who own these ships out here on the Row are not strangers. There's a big whisky ring in New York. It owns sailing ships that stay out here on the Row. The big steamers come from Europe with whisky, unload on to the schooners and then go back again. A year ago the big steamer used to stay here until her cargo was sold to men in little boats. Now they sell it to the men in the big schooners and the schooners stay here all the time, six months at a stretch.

"The New York whisky syndicate men have tried to bribe some of us. They not only ask us not to shoot at their rum-runner customers, but I have been offered $5,000 to tow a boat loaded with liquor into New York harbor, making believe she was my prisoner. I could turn her loose in the Hudson or the East River and she could unload at night right on Manhattan Island. Oh, yes, there are plenty of bribes lying around loose."

There was a tap at the door above our heads.

"Somebody wants coffee," said the captain. We doused the light, the trap door went open and the man from Texas appeared in our midst when we turned on the light again.

It was two in the morning by now. The man from Texas had been at the wheel.

"How's the weather?" asked the captain.

"Glass is falling rapidly, sir," said Texas, as he took down a coffee cup.

"Well," said the captain after a moment's silence, "I think we'd better get in behind the Hook again for the rest of the night. The runners can't go out in a sea like this. And if one of them did get to the side of a ship, he couldn't take a load. He'd be smashed by the waves."

We climbed out into the darkness again. It was almost impossible to stand up against the howling wind. We crouched, and I literally crawled along the narrow, wet, careening pathway of the deck to the pilot house door. How the captain or Hare went I don't know. It was too dark to see them.

In the pilot house the captain looked at the compass, then at his charts. The man at the wheel had seen no lights ahead; only the whiteness of the spume and spray. For hours we had seen no lights. If Rum Row had stood in *these* waters it had moved away in the storm. It's better to go out into a storm and face and fight it, in one of those Rum Row schooners, than to try to stand at anchor. Already the Rum Row schooners have set a new record at deep-water anchoring. They have done things that sailors have always said couldn't be done. They anchor out there in water 200 or 300 feet deep. But that much cable is too "springy" in a storm; it's likely to jerk something loose on the schooner. So, in a storm like this, it's better for schooners to pull up anchor and get under way.

"We'll find no Rum Row this night," says the captain. He gives orders to the man at the wheel; the bells ring again.

"Look out," he warns us, "we're going to lurch over when we turn." I thought we'd done all the lurching possible, without lying over on our side and foundering, but when we turn sidewise to the waves and find ourselves in the trough, part of our deck seems to sink into the ocean. Things fall over in the pilot house; Hare's camera slides across the room. Things falling and sliding make noises all over the boat. But in a minute the storm is at our back. An hour's run brings us into the lee of Sandy Hook, where the waves are not so high.

"We'll anchor over by the black buoy

(*Continued on page 42*)

Wm. G. Shepherd The Captain James H. Hare

Back to the Wars Together

By Wm. G. Shepherd

I GOT permission from Washington to go in a Coast Guard rum chaser into the whisky battle along New York's Rum Row. James H. Hare went with me. Jimmy Hare took his first photographs of shell fire in Cuba in 1908. Since then he has taken photographs in every other war that has turned up anywhere in the world, and I've had the luck to be with him occasionally.

Many a year has passed since last, in Jimmy's company, I saw men fire guns at each other in anger. But guns *are* fired in anger in the twenty-four-hour-a-day whisky battle along the New Jersey coast, wherefore Jimmy and I started out to see just one more battle together.

He is seventy now. The chances are that we'll never listen to guns together again. We have heard the same guns in many different parts of the world, from Mexico to Soissons and Monastir. We have been military prisoners together. He thinks I'm a kid, and I like that because to me he is still the hero that all American boys made of him back in those days of another century when his photographs from the battlefields of the world, in Collier's, showed America something of what war was like.

And once more I have that personal pleasure and pride which has come to some of our greatest correspondents—of having my story "illustrated with photographs by James H. Hare."

By James H. Hare

FRENCH sentries, British sentries, Belgian sentries, Russian sentries, Mexican sentries have stopped Bill Shepherd and me many's the time. But I thought, with no war in the world, that we had had our last experience together with sentries. There I was wrong.

Early one rousing, raining morning recently we were stopped by an American sentry on the top of Sandy Hook. We had gotten off a Coast Guard rum chaser, on which we were spending some days and nights, to telephone. He let us go to a telephone in a deserted old war-time Y. M. C. A. building, and then we got back on the boat again.

Shep had coaxed me out to the Rum Row war. It was a pleasure to be with my old comrade. We talked over the old Madero days; the days at Vera Cruz when Jack London was doing his last war corresponding; over war-time censors; over our six-day arrest by the British at Soissons; over those days at Saloniki, where we entertained the "Deserter" and gave Richard Harding Davis a chance to meet him in our rooms and to write his last famous story entitled "The Deserter;" of dear old John McCutcheon, who always carried a box of dominoes with him wherever he went, in war or peace, and always beat everybody he could coax into a game with him; we talked over many things.

And Bill got his story and I got my pictures in spite of the storm.

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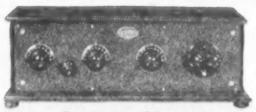

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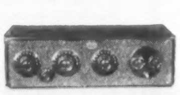

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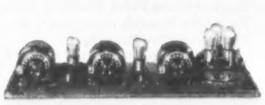

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The Rum-Runner's New Enemy

Continued from page 40

near Roamer Shoals," says the captain. We see bobbing buoy lights again. It's at least a six-mile run to the black buoy; it lies somewhere in the darkness near a tiny, twitching light. The captain knows his lights, but it is incredible that he'll find a black unlighted buoy in this pitch darkness.

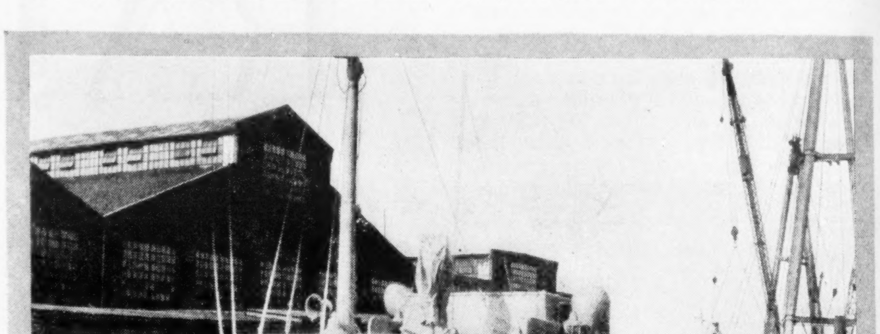
"I'll see it by the white spray," he says. Out at the prow the lookout, the man from Saloniki, gives a yell:

"Buoy ahead!"

For the first time in hours the searchlight is switched on. There is a buoy, but not the one we want. It is a huge, towering, red, rolling mass of steel, higher than our pilot house, twenty feet away. We're heading straight into it. Well, it was on the cards that we wouldn't hit it. It might have caved in our front box. It scraped our sides as we flashed past in the wind. The searchlight went out again.

After an hour we saw white spray churning around a giant, black, tin can of a buoy. A flash from the searchlight showed us that in all this darkness and storm we had picked out, through the miles of surging water, the right path to that black can. . . . And then, where the water was shallow, though all shore was out of sight, they dropped anchor in the storm.

We went to our beds at 3:30 in the morning, all but two men, who stayed on a one-hour watch. At 4:30 they were to awaken two other men and go to bed themselves. At 5:30 still another watch would go on.



About noon we came, coated with ice, into the harbor

Long after daybreak we saw two other boats like ours heading out past us to sea; they were the relief. We had done our patrol. New York and the solid pier were twenty miles away. The wetness of the night before had turned to ice on the decks. The storm, dying down, had been followed by a cold wave.

As we came, about noon, into the harbor our ship was coated with ice, in some places an inch thick. The glass in the pilot house was covered with it, so that the helmsman had to open a window and take the bitter cold wind on his face.

In the harbor we saw the spars of a schooner that had sunk at anchor during the night; further along we saw the tip of the stack of a tugboat that had foundered almost at a pier.

"It must have been rough in here last night," said the captain simply as his harbor-wise sailors pointed out the two wrecks.

It was good to get ashore. How had Rum Row stood the storm? The Weather Bureau reported that the gale had reached seventy-eight miles an hour—almost a tornado.

But within a few days I was again on the sea in a chaser. I heard the rattling of machine guns and I saw things at Rum Row more amazing, I think, than I ever saw before, even in war.

"At the Rum Row War" will be the title of William G. Shepherd's article in next week's Collier's.

The Education of Sallie May

Continued from page 9

experiment fascinated him. If Sallie May would really work, wonders could be accomplished in six weeks. *If* Sallie May would! He knew, of course, that there was the real question. Sallie May, he suddenly realized, doubtless thought of education as something he had bought and paid for and which she in turn could buy from him, much as she had bought the skill and taste which had gone into making the slim, sophisticated little dress she wore.

Van Sant smiled grimly between lazy puffs. He would start her right out on one of the toughest sciences. The hospital training schools had the right idea when they put probationers to scrubbing floors. The chances were pretty strong that any girl to whom life had been as easy as it must have been for Sallie May would become discouraged at the first hint of real work. And if she was going to become discouraged, the sooner the better. If she was going to drop the experiment, he wanted her to drop it quickly while there was still time for him to get some tutoring for the bar exams.

She would need a little general preparation before tackling any one science, of course. Well, the first hundred pages of "The Outline of History" would take care of that. He'd lend her his copy.

It was past midnight and still hot before he got around to write his daily letter to Marjorie. His daily letters were only occasionally long. They would have been usually so if he had carried out his original idea of pounding them out on the typewriter in dull times at the office. But Marjorie hadn't cared very much for typewritten letters.

"I'd rather have just a scrawl in your own writing," she had written, "and know it's the real thing, than whole pages dashed off on a machine."

So Van put on his desk light and puzzled over just what to write to Marjorie to-night; just how much to tell her about Sallie May. If he told her exactly what had happened he had an uncomfortable premonition that she would not care for the arrangement. He had been engaged to Marjorie for nearly a year now, and he had gained a fairly accurate sense of prophecy as to what she would and would not like.

Well, he thought with a sudden sense of relief, there was no need to tell Marjorie anything at all about Sallie May at present. Quite as likely as not, the thing would fliv out, anyway. Three or four days of ologies and she would probably give up in despair and disgust. Of course he would do his best to keep her from it, would do all he could to make the ologies palatable. But even so it would probably not work out and Marjorie would have been stirred up for nothing. If, after a week or so, he found that it did seem really to be going through, there would be plenty of time to tell Marjorie all about it.

VAN SANT, riding on top of the bus up to Sallie May's apartment two days later, amused himself speculating on what it would be like. He had never been in a movie actress' apartment. Sallie May's was on Riverside Drive in the eighties, not so fashionable an address as Park Avenue, or Gramercy Park, of course, but expensive enough, he knew. A friend of Marjorie's lived in the same apartment house, and he had gone there once to call. The rooms, as he remembered them, were large and dignified, the entrance scarcely less imposing than the Grand Central Terminal. If Sallie May had furnished her apartment with a fraction of the taste with which she dressed herself, it should be a more than pleasant place.

One brass-buttoned attendant stood at the outer door of the apartment house; a brass-buttoned hall boy told Van Sant that Miss Thatcher was expecting him and he could go up; a brass-buttoned elevator man took him to Sallie May's floor; a white-coated Japanese servant opened the door of Sallie May's apartment. He asked Van Sant to wait in the living-room; Miss Thatcher would be in in a moment, he said.

The room into which he showed Van Sant was expensively terrible.

It was large and high-ceilinged, with wide, awninged windows looking out over the Hudson. It was a naturally lovely room made hideous with furniture. Clumsy overstuffed divans with gilded wicker inserts, overstuffed chairs like fat women with big feet, at least a half-dozen standing lamps with polychrome or carved mahogany bases and big shades, many-layered with shirred silk. The telephone in one corner hid behind ruffled petticoats of gold lace. The thick Chinese rugs on the floor were beautiful; the pictures on the wall hopelessly bad.

Then Sallie May came into the stuffy, overcrowded room like a bit of a breeze on a hot afternoon—Sallie May in cool green linen and cool white shoes. Van Sant rose, actually startled by her beauty. In the Collins office the other day she had been a lovely vision come from some outside world, and one takes a good deal for granted in a vision. To-day, in her little plain green dress, she might have been anybody's girl, back home, and, looking at her just as a girl, Van Sant realized that he had never seen such a pretty girl before. Hazel eyes and wavy real-gold hair; skin as white and smooth as milkman's cream.

"Hello!" She smiled. That smile, of course, was good for a hundred dollars' worth of film and easily worth it. "Haven't I got a nice apartment here?"

"You've got a gorgeous location," Van Sant said hastily.

Sallie May glanced out appreciatively at the gray-blue Hudson three stories below.

"And such nice furniture!" she added, looking back with childish delight to the atrocities. "You can't imagine how pretty this room is in the evening with all the lamps lighted." Van Sant could and did. "And every chair is so comfortable. I was terribly lucky to be able to rent a place like this all furnished."

"You surely were," Van Sant agreed. What he meant, of course, was that she was terribly lucky to be merely renting it. "Well, how did the zoölogy go?"

Sallie May made a wry face. "It isn't what you'd call light summer reading, is it? I suppose, though, it's just like medicine. If medicine didn't taste awful, you'd think it couldn't be doing you much good."

"I've been thinking a lot about this education idea of yours," Van Sant said suddenly, "and much as I want the job of teaching you, my conscience forces me to tell you that as likely as not you don't really need it. I can tell you a short cut that would save you a lot of time and perhaps give you enough of what you want."

"What's that?" Sallie May was all interest.

"Get a good teacher and take a course of lessons in spoken English."

Sallie May was startled. "Do I use bad grammar?"

"Oh, no. But you know you were saying there was something that clever people spotted as proving you hadn't had advantages. It's just your speech. Not so bad as ungrammatical, but bad enough. You slur the last letters of your words; you say 'lotta' for 'lot of;' you pronounce the a in 'cat' and in 'laugh' just the same. And you talk through your nose."

"Help!"

Van Sant grinned complaisantly.

"Brutality," he reminded her, "is what you asked for."

"Brutality," said Sallie May, "is what I want. I'm only glad it isn't bad grammar."

"All right," Van Sant agreed. "Then here goes. There isn't any such thing as bad grammar. Grammar is the science of correct speech. If it's bad, it isn't grammar."

SALLIE MAY considered this crumb of knowledge thoughtfully, her head on one side.

"That's an idea too," she accepted it cheerfully. "Well, how would it be if I went up to one of the dramatic schools and took a voice lesson every morning?"

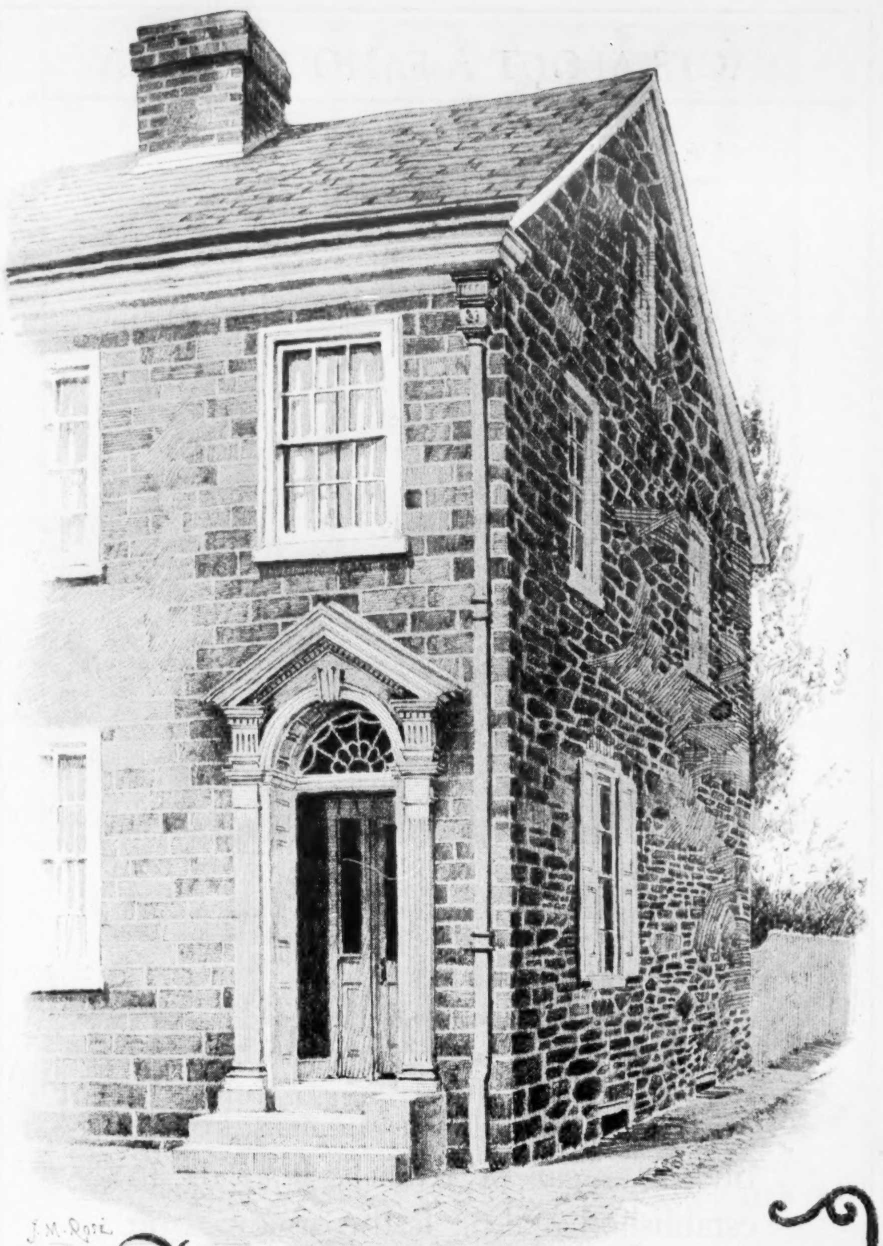
"Very best thing you could do. The average small-time stage actress has a well-placed voice and an accent that would put plenty of finishing-school graduates to shame. And"—honestly but regretfully—"you'd be well able to get away with it without any more education than that."

(*Continued on page 44*)

Stephen Leacock

With his tongue in its accustomed place, Mr. Leacock has interviewed Colonel the Honorable Fizzle Bangspark, Admiral Breezy and other great figures. He reveals their astounding military secrets in

next week's Collier's



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The Education of Sallie May

Continued from page 43

Sallie May considered this too.

"No," she said, "as long as I've got the chance, I guess I'll learn something too. If I'm going to be found murdered under an apple tree, I don't want the newspapers to say, 'She had on a kolinsky coat, but very shabby underwear.' "

Van Sant laughed. "I won't pretend I'm not tickled to death," he said.

Sallie May brought out a paper covered with writing.

"Here," she said, "are a few of the questions I want to ask you about zoölogy. I knew I'd never remember half of them, so I wrote 'em—wrote them—down."

They were still talking zoölogy when the Jap began to lay the dining-room table for dinner.

"Use the little gate-leg," said Sallie May, "and put it over by the window."

The apartment's dining-room had been restrained by the mere fact that it was a dining-room from being half so overstuffed as the living-room. Tonight the massive dining table was untouched and a gate-legged side table had been drawn into the bay window. To Van Sant, fresh from a hot July of Johnson's restaurant cooking, restaurant linen and thick plates, Sallie May's dinner table was an oasis in the desert.

Outside the bay window a tiny, iron-grilled balcony and pink geraniums, cool green-lined awnings, and below the green grass and blue water of Riverside Park. Inside, a basket of white sweet peas, tall Venetian green glasses with quarters of lemon like rakish derbies, scarlet iced-tea sippers, thick monogrammed napkins and thin, fragile china, chilled bouillon served in nests of crushed ice.

THE little table was laid for three, and at six o'clock the third came in —Cousin Lottie, a prim, sad, washed-out little body in black. Sallie May introduced Van Sant, and Cousin Lottie went out to "rid up for dinner."

"She's really my second cousin," Sallie May told Van Sant. "Not one of these hired 'mothers' that's 'mother' to one chorus girl this season and another one next."

"Oh, is that the way they work it?" There were, it appeared, crumbs of knowledge that Sallie May could pass on to Van Sant.

Even the fact, though, that Cousin Lottie was of true if distant kin seemed scarcely reason enough to inflict oneself with her. She was such a sad, sighing little person. Dinner was announced and Cousin Lottie regarded her cold bouillon with a sadder eye and left it untouched. There was steak, thick, tender, and broiled to a turn with mushroom sauce; Cousin Lottie sent hers back to be cooked more.

"Aren't you going to eat your salad?" Sallie May asked anxiously.

Cousin Lottie, looking at the round tomato, skinless and dressed with piquant sauce, shook her sad head. "Acid," she said simply.

"Oh!" Sallie May was crushed. "Well, what have you been doing this afternoon?" she asked conversationally.

Cousin Lottie sighed. "Taking back things you bought."

"Oh, dear! You promised me you wouldn't go traipsing downtown again while it was so hot."

"You can't expect stores to take back things if you keep them a week or two," Cousin Lottie reminded her.

"I know, but just let them go, dear," Sallie May urged. "It's my fault," she explained to Van Sant. "I'm always buying silly things. You see"—frankly —"I'm new rich, and when I go shopping it's—well, the way it used to be when I went into the ten-cent store. I always used to come out with an awl or a gas-burner mantle or something I didn't need at all. It kind of unbalanced me to be in a store where I knew I could afford anything I saw. And now—the kick there is in going into a shop and buying a dozen pairs of silk stockings all at once! Why, till I got this contract I never knew they sold anything by the dozen except eggs."

"It's all right for you to buy anything you really want," said Cousin Lottie. "What makes me tired is the trash you buy just to keep from hurting some grafter's feelings."

"Oh, no; I don't do that."

"How about that shawl embroidered with pink peacocks?" Cousin Lottie was sadly triumphant. "You can't pretend you wanted to buy that."

"Well, just that one thing," Sallie May admitted. And to Van Sant, apologetically, "All the girls in Madame Irene's get such dinky little salaries—if they don't make commissions on sales, they starve. And I'd taken up such a lot of this girl's time when she might have been selling something to somebody else."

"And that wrought-iron stand you paid that old woman a hundred dollars for when you could have bought it in a department store for ten, just because she told you a hard-luck story about having to sell her 'priceless treasures' to pay her husband's doctor bills. 'Priceless treasures' indeed! And her acting hurt and insulted when I wanted to check up on her fairy tale of having bought it in Venice. And you perfectly furious because I'd hurt her feelings!"

Sallie May had no answer for this.

"And that 'lucky stone' that old moonshiner sold you when you were making 'Blue Ridge Anne.' The old cheat didn't believe in lucky stones any more than you do." She turned to Van Sant plaintively: "Everybody in the world is trying to get a moving-picture actress' money away from her. They all think, 'She's making more money than she knows what to do with. Let's get all we can of it.' "

"I don't doubt it," Van Sant agreed. "Miss Thatcher is lucky to have a watchdog for her treasury."

"I'm surprised to hear you say so," said Cousin Lottie.

"You want a cigarette, I know," said Sallie May hastily, "with your coffee. Have you some or—"

"Thanks," said Van Sant—"if you won't mind my smoking." He passed his box to Sallie May questioningly. Sallie May shook her head.

"I don't smoke. I don't dare set Cousin Lottie the example. I can tell she'd be a regular hound for tobacco if she ever got started."

"You don't need to worry about me," said Cousin Lottie, sighing.

Van Sant felt that he saw why Sallie May's smile had its occasional faintly wistful quality. It would make the gayest wistful to see every hint of playfulness bound dully back from Cousin Lottie's sadness.

Cousin Lottie declined demi-tasse with a brief "Caffeine," and excused herself. The servant cleared the gate-legged table deftly, closed and whisked it out of sight, brought two low, lazy reed chairs. Sallie May sank comfortably into one, set her tiny coffee cup and saucer on its wide arm.

"This bay window is the loveliest place in the apartment at this time of day. Let's sit here to talk."

VAN SANT agreed enthusiastically. The sun was setting over the Jersey hills across the river and the grilled iron balcony was etched black against a salmon sky. A faint river breeze puffed softly in at the wide windows. The busses and motor cars were three stories below and seemed small and still. It was the sweet, peaceful time of day.

Sallie May, however, was not peaceful. She picked up her little gold-leaf cup and set it down again without tasting the coffee; she pried the tiny silver spoon between the weaves of the reed chair arm. Once she looked at Van Sant as though she were going to speak, then apparently thought better of it. Something was obviously on Sallie May's mind. Van Sant recognized the signs and smoked on, delaying the scholastic business of the evening.

"Are you unusually sensitive?" she asked suddenly.

"I fancy everybody thinks he is," said Van Sant, "unusually sensitive."

"Oh, dear. I did hope you weren't. Because I'm afraid I'll have to tell you about Cousin Lottie."

Van Sant glanced at her in quizzical surprise. "I'll sacrifice my feelings," he said, "to satisfy my curiosity. What on earth have I to do with Cousin Lottie?"

"I thought maybe I could get along without letting you see, but there simply isn't a chance. She'll keep right on making nasty cracks like that one about the 'watchdog of the treasury.'"

Van Sant looked puzzled, trying to recall Cousin Lottie's exact remark. When he did recall it—recalled too her faint accent, "I'm surprised to hear *you* say so"—he leaned back in the reed chair and laughed out loud.

"So that's it! I had a funny feeling all through dinner that she hadn't exactly taken a fancy to me."

"Oh, it isn't you personally," Sallie May assured him hastily.

"I know. I'm just another grafter trying to sell you a wrought-iron stand or a lucky stone."

"Cousin Lottie," Sallie May apologized, "doesn't think much of education."

"There are times when I think it's vastly overrated, myself," Van Sant admitted. "Still, such as it is, I thought you wanted it."

"I do. And I'll have it too! If you can just bring yourself not to mind too much anything Cousin Lottie may say. I'll do all I can to keep her from saying anything, but for anybody as frail as Cousin Lottie is she has a great deal of persistence. You see, she didn't approve of this idea of mine from the first. I knew she wouldn't, so I didn't mention it till I had all the arrangements made, and when I told her it was all fixed she jumped at the conclusion that you must have persuaded me. When Cousin Lottie gets an idea into her head she's death at hanging onto it. She had you all pictured as a regular—who was the fellow with the eyes in that film where the girl sings 'Sweet Alice Ben Bolt'?"

"Svengaii," Van Sant suggested.

"A regular Svengali. She thought you must have slipped me the black spot all right. I didn't tell her how you looked, or anything, and she was all prepared for whiskers. Now that she's seen you're young and handsome, I can tell she thinks you're even more dangerous than she'd feared."

Van Sant grinned. "I suppose it's mean as the devil, but somehow the idea of worrying Cousin Lottie tickles me to death."

SALLIE MAY sighed in relief. "I'm so glad you take it that way," she said. She looked thoughtfully over to the hills of Jersey. "Cousin Lottie does like living in New York so much!"

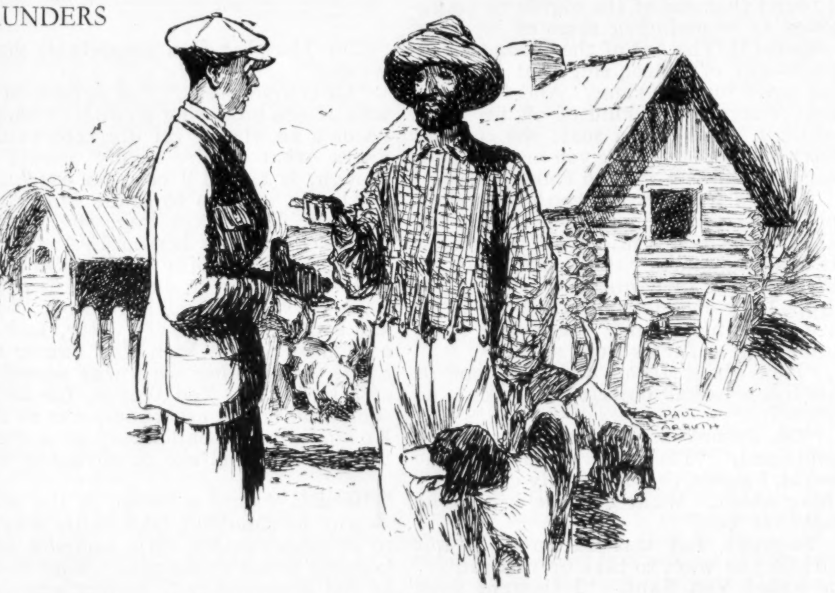
Van Sant crushed his cigarette stub into the cloisonné ash tray on his chair arm and hid a faint smile at the irony of it. Cousin Lottie devoting her life to save Sallie May from being a victim of her own kind-hearted extravagance, and all the while Cousin Lottie, herself—Of course Sallie May hadn't meant to hint at such a thing, but Van Sant felt as sure as though she had explained to him that Cousin Lottie herself was just another kind-hearted extravagance. Surely no one would choose her otherwise for chaperon. Even if Sallie May had no closer relative, she must have a cheerier one.

"It's funny she should be so crazy over New York," Sallie May went on, "because she's simply death on anything the least bit sporty. Why, I wanted to learn to smoke once, and I thought she was going to take to her bed over it. I'm sure she thought it would be worse than for me to take up picking pockets in my spare time."

(*Continued on page 46*)

My Old Kentucky Home, GOOD-BY!

By W. O. SAUNDERS



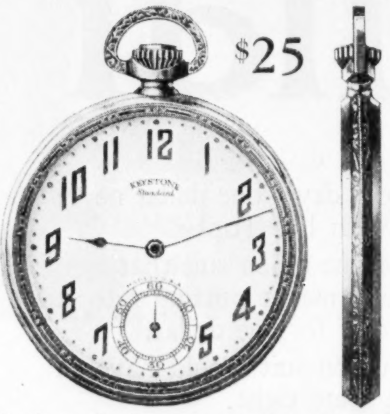
WITNESS the passing of another American institution—the log cabin of pioneer and frontier days. It is not disappearing because of changed economic conditions which enable cabin owners to acquire more substantial homes, but because the people of Appalachian America think it is unbecoming to live in a log house any more.

Throughout the mountain country of West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia the mountain people are actually tearing down their substantial, comfortable and picturesque log houses and building ordinary board cabins instead. These are not only unsightly; they are disagreeable in wet and cold weather. The sensitive nature of the proud mountaineer has rebelled against too many Northern magazine illustrations of his quaint, old-fashioned log house; and he just wants the world to know that he can build a house just as flimsy and unattractive as any ever built by a promoter of a new suburban development next door to a big city.

Recently I traveled for three days through the mountains of eastern Kentucky, and I saw only one typical two-room log house with its dirt chimney in the middle of it. I leveled my camera on it and was about to snap it when a tall, gaunt individual with deadly gray eyes and a ruffled brow stepped from around a corner of the place and said: "Stranger, what do ye think you're goin' to do?"

I told him I was about to take a picture of his house. The mountain man advanced about six paces and said: "You move on thar, stranger; I don't allow nobody to make fun o' me because I'm livin' hard."

Did I move? I'll say I did.



A gift for the groom..a Keystone Standard Watch

THE Keystone Standard Watch rather upsets all your notions of watch values. You no doubt have a fairly definite idea of a 25 dollar watch. That is, you more or less definitely classify a $25 watch, or a $10 watch or a $100 watch.

$25

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One Dollar

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To make Topkis the one union suit that men would insist on getting, meant putting into it quality and fit unheard-of for one dollar.

We figured such a union suit would have an astonishing sale. We were right.

Men jumped at the chance of getting Topkis quality in fabric and workmanship for a dollar. The millions of union suits sold by Topkis dealers soon justified the absurdly low price.

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Men's Union Suits, $1.00; Shirts and Drawers, 75c each. Boys' Union, Girls' Bloomer Union and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

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General Sales Offices: 93 Worth St., at Broadway, New York

Ask for TOPKIS Underwear *Look for the TOPKIS label*

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

The Education of Sallie May

Continued from page 45

"So you gave up the idea?" Van Sant asked curiously.

"Oh, yes. She really felt so bad about it that I just didn't have strength of character enough to go on." And then hastily: "Don't think for a second, though, that I'm going to give up our stunt. That is entirely different."

"How did 'The Outline of History' go?" Van Sant asked, recalling with a start that he had been retained for something besides pleasant conversation.

"Fine," said Sallie May with more enthusiasm than she had shown for zoology. "I've heard people talk about cavemen and the Stone Age, and all that, but I honestly never knew it was really true. I'd heard, of course, that people used to be monkeys, but I'd never heard they used to be fish."

IT WAS three or four days later that Van Sant dropped in at Johnson's restaurant at dinner time. It was the surest place to catch Jason and he wished to arrange for taking Sallie May up to Frances'. Jason suggested the next evening, and the engagement was made before he dashed away to meet a train. Van Sant loitered to have a cup of coffee with Teddy Wayne. Teddy with the profile of a Greek god and the brain of a butterfly. In his own way, though, Ted was not stupid. Van Sant thought privately that he had Frances Parker sized up accurately.

"I don't see what keeps Jason lashed to her mast," he had said more than once. "She's such a cold-blooded little climber. It's the dream of her life to mingle with celebrities. And how she schemes to do it! She never wastes a smile. If she's nice to you, you can figure you're getting on in your line. She's got an uncanny knack for it. She gets on to things before the fellow they're going to happen to does. She asked Jason to bring me up to her place one evening, and three days later the Thayer Syndicate signed me up. She asked me again, and the next morning I found that one of the highbrow magazines as reproducing some of my stuff—called it 'The Art of the Common Peopul'—sort of patronizing, but it raised my price just the same. And that time that Thayers was kind of off me for a while, I never told a soul; she couldn't have known, but I give you my word she was as cool as a frosted chocolate.

"That's Frances for you! She can't possibly know things like that, but she always guesses right. Some barometer. If she ever starts rushing me hard, I'll know there's fame ahead, and when she drops me completely I'll know the skids are under me, even if everything looks promising as far as I can see."

"How about Jason, though?" one of his listeners had objected. "Jason's no celebrity."

"Oh, Jason's her one weakness," Ted explained. "The one person in the world, I guess, that she really cares anything about. What gets me is why he falls for her."

To-night Ted was curious. "What girl do you want to take up to Fran's?" he asked Van Sant. "I thought your heart was in the Highlands."

"It is," said Van. "But this is a girl I think Fran may like." He was at a bit of a loss to explain Sallie May.

"Don't tell anybody you're just taking me there for a kind of a lesson, will you?" she had begged anxiously. "I don't want to be Exhibit A."

"Good-looking?" Ted inquired.

"Very."

"Fran won't like her, then. She runs to men and plain women. I took a little pippin up there one night myself, and how Fran did slip a knife through the joints of her armor. I'll never do it again. It was cruelty to animals."

"This girl is very charming," said Van defensively, "and something of a celebrity, besides."

"Well, of course, if she's enough of a celebrity and not too blamed good-looking," Ted allowed. And then—curiously—"Who is she?"

"Miss Thatcher," said Van Sant. "Sallie May Thatcher."

"Not *the* Sallie May Thatcher?" Ted asked unbelievingly.

"The only one, I guess," said Van. "Why? Do you know her?"

"No," said Ted. "But I'm going to, believe me! How did you ever get to know Sallie May Thatcher? I've had a crush on that baby for four years. Ever since she used to play in serials. Why, Van, you old devil, you! Where did you ever meet her?"

"Miss Thatcher is a client of mine," said Van Sant coldly.

Ted blew a kiss to Johnson's ceiling. "I see now why so many rising young men take up law. What night is it you're taking her up to Fran's?"

"I'm not taking her there at all," said Van Sant, "if it's your idea to make yourself objectionable."

"Objectionable! Why, Van, you poor sucker! I've forgotten more about getting along with actresses than you'll ever learn."

"The only actresses I've ever heard you talk about getting along with are beside the point," said Van Sant icily.

"Miss Thatcher is a respectable young woman."

"Of course she is," Ted agreed, in the tone of one humoring a child. "Oh, you needn't be afraid I'll disgrace you. I guess what you're really afraid of, though, is that I'll cut you out."

All the way up to Sallie May's that evening, Van Sant regretted having promised to take her to Frances Parker's. But Sallie May had been so eager, he would dislike to disappoint her now. Besides, why should he? Fran, while she could be extremely catty, had the canniness of the born lion hunter and Sallie May, in her way, was something of a lion. And Ted Wayne, for all his somewhat ribald assurance, was no fool. He would know Sallie May at a glance for the nice girl she so obviously was.

THERE wasn't a reason in the world why he shouldn't take Sallie May up to Frances' studio. His common sense laughed at his uneasiness. Why should he feel it necessary to protect a motion-picture star from a lion hunter and a dashingly handsome young man? Suppose the lion hunter was also a cat, the young man almost moralless. It was extremely likely that Sallie May Thatcher had had much more experience with cats and moralless young men than he had ever dreamed of. She had engaged him for a tutor, not a guardian. So common sense assured him, adding, for good measure, that he was making an ass of himself.

And yet Van Sant sat all that evening, while Sallie May struggled with the basic principles of geometry, sat looking down at the childish softness of her neck, at her hair where one of the horrible polychrome lights shone on it and turned it to a dazzle of gold. Sat there, trying in vain to choke back a feeling of unreasonable, fierce protectiveness, a sense of worried guilt. Common sense shrieked in vain. He felt that he was tossing a Christian to the lions.

(To be continued next week)

Practically Perfect Copy

Continued from page 17

stuck to the pan and become somewhat mangled in being detached. The potatoes were baked except for a central core in each about the size of a golf ball. The peas had not been warmed quite enough to drive away the consciousness that they were canned.

Helen might have picked a better time to open the subject.

"What are you going to do to-morrow night?" she asked by way of a start.

"Nothing. Come home. Why?"

"Bob Haverford wants me to go to see 'Blanchard's Widow' with him."

"Oh." There was no excuse for Kenneth's saying "Oh" in just that way.

"Do you mind?"

"Of course not, dear. No. Glad you can see a show once in a while."

"It is nice to get to a show once in a while." She drank a little water. "I think it's mighty sweet of Bob to take me. He knows I wouldn't get there any other way."

"Yes. Mighty nice of him. Yep." Kenneth drank a little water.

The CAVE of
the BEAR

is the title of a story by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR., and the name of a hole in a limestone cliff on the side of the Alps. Fifty thousand years ago a race of huge, woolly, chinless men knew that cave and knew the hairy mammoth who inhabited it. They called him "Erg," meaning "big." The fight of the bear and the man from the valley will thrill you

in next week's

Collier's

"Bob thinks you're so sweet. He says you have such a fine face. He wants me to go to dinner with him first. You can get along, can't you, Ken?"

"Yes. Oh, sure. Yeah."

THERE was a wonderful chance for Helen to apologize for the underbaked condition of the potatoes as Kenneth tried to eat one. She did not take advantage of it.

"Wish to God," said her husband, intent on cutting himself a piece of pot roast. That seemed to be all he had to say, but it left something of a gap in the conversation.

"What do you wish?" Helen had to say it.

Kenneth pushed his plate away and tried several pockets for a cigarette.

"Oh, I don't know. Lots of things. Wish I had twice as much salary."

"So do I." Hearing her, anyone could have told you she had listened to this wish a thousand times. Kenneth got up and took two strides, which were enough to bring him to the other side of the room.

"Wish to God," he said, almost inaudibly to the reflection of himself in the window, "I had enough money to take my own wife to the theatre." Helen's eyebrows rose a fraction of an inch. The suggestion of a wrinkle on her forehead was solicitous.

"If you *mind* my going with Bob," she said, "I wouldn't go for the world. . . ."

"I don't mind your going with Bob. What I mind is your having to go with Bob or stay away. I don't mind if you go with anybody that's decent, but if you think it's fun thinking about it while you're at the theatre, you're wrong. I don't believe I know another man that can't take his own wife to a show once in a while. Even the wops go to shows. But not me. I can't afford it. I can't afford to buy my wife a pair of stockings, much less take her to the theatre."

He turned back to his reflection in the window.

"No. If you can get some fun somehow, for Heaven's sake get it. Don't stick around with me all your life. You're young. You're good-looking. You've got some fun coming to you. Go to it. If your husband can't give you a good time, find somebody that can."

He went to the table, took the platter, and carried it into the kitchen. Helen sat in her place and sucked at a cigarette. That was the end of the conversation. It was the last time she asked Kenneth whether he minded having her go out with other men.

SEVERAL weeks later Helen Van Nostrand and Bob Haverford were sitting side by side at a table against the wall in a popular after-theatre restaurant. The waiter was taking away the dishes on which their supper had been served. Bob emptied a tall glass and produced a silver flask. He stretched it toward the half-full glass in front of Helen Van Nostrand. She shook her head.

"Not just now, thanks." He poured the yellowish whisky on the ice in the glass before him, filled it with water from a bottle, tasted the result. He bent his head toward her slightly.

"Helen, I want to give you something for Christmas. I want to give you something beautiful, something beautiful enough for you. I want to give you something you couldn't have unless I gave it to you. . . . And I want you to understand."

Helen looked into his eyes. "I could understand," she said, "but Ken couldn't."

Bob Haverford fiddled with a match among the cigarette butts and ashes in the ash tray. He drew in the corners of his mouth. Presently he broke the match and threw it away. He stared at a piece of tobacco on the tablecloth in front of Helen.

"I know it," he said. "I know you could understand and I know Ken couldn't. . . . Not that I blame Ken particularly. If you were my wife, I'd carry a revolver all the time and shoot any man that looked at you. I wouldn't give any man a chance to talk to you alone. I'd be with you every minute of your life." He took a drink of his highball.

"I'm not sure it's necessary for Ken to understand," Bob said presently. Helen's eyebrows moved protestingly.

"But he *is* my husband. . . ."

"I know he is, but I'm not so sure that has anything to do with it. You ought to have beautiful things around you. You were made for beautiful things and beautiful things were made for you. Why should the fact that your husband can't give them to you prevent you from having them?

"Look at the burn on your finger. Is there any sense in an arrangement that exposes a finger like that to burning? Is there any sense in a scheme of things that deprives the best designers in the world of the chance to design clothes for you? Is there any sense in your being poor and my being rich and your not getting the fun some of my money could give you? And my not getting the fun of making you happy?"

"But, after all—"

"I know. After all, you married him for better or for worse and it wouldn't be fair not to stick it out with him."

"But I love him."

"You don't."

"I do, Bob Haverford, and you're not to say that I don't. I guess I know whom I love. I love Ken and—"

"And you like me immensely, and I don't understand that there's a difference. That's it, isn't it?"

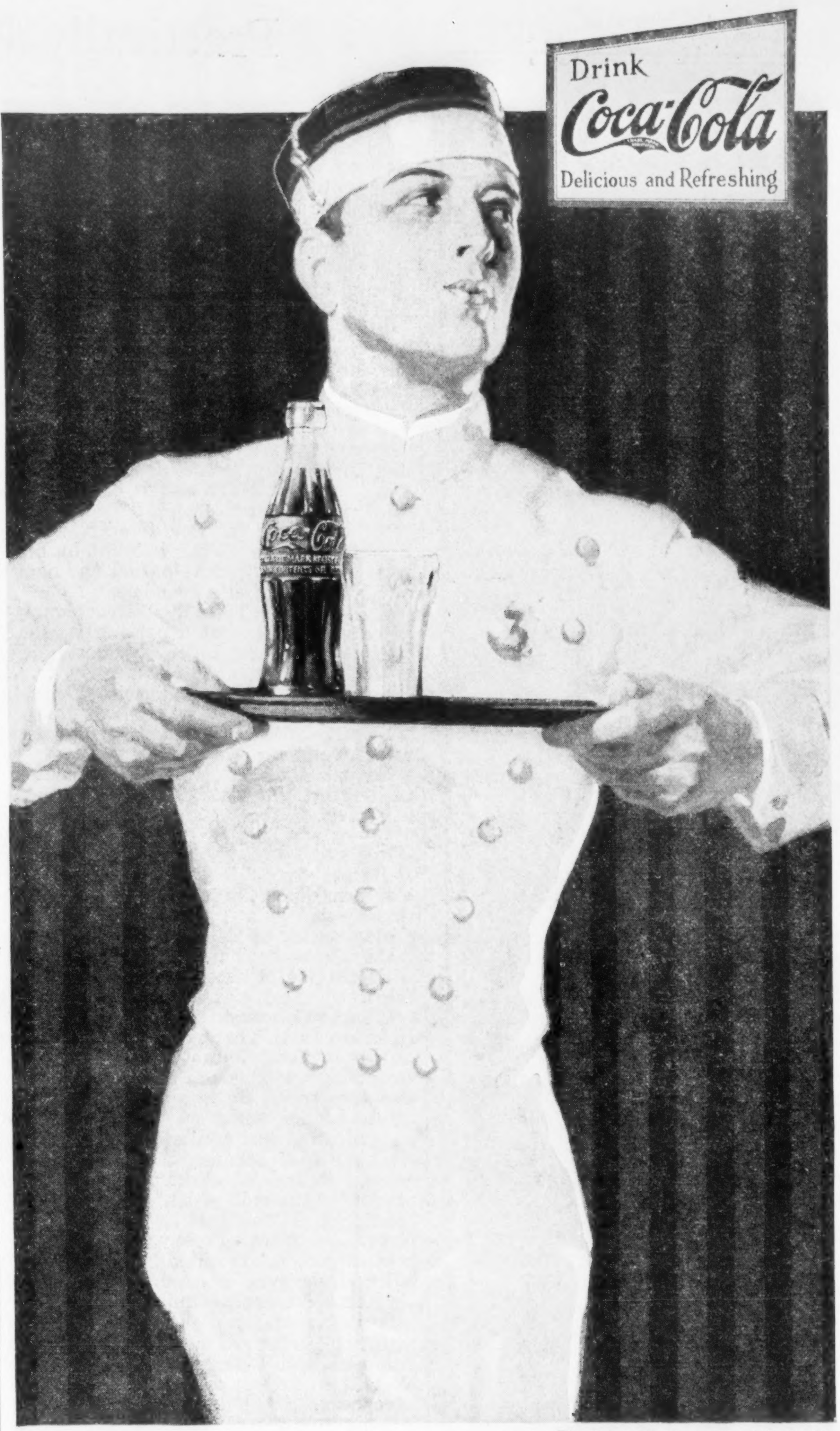
"Am I to take it that I am being made love to?"

"Not unless you want to."

"I don't want to. Ken's a darling. He's a darling to let me go out with you. He's—"

"Does your husband have to *let* you go out?"

(*Continued on page 48*)



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In fact, Coca-Cola has an average sale of more than six million drinks for every day in the year — It has the charm of purity.

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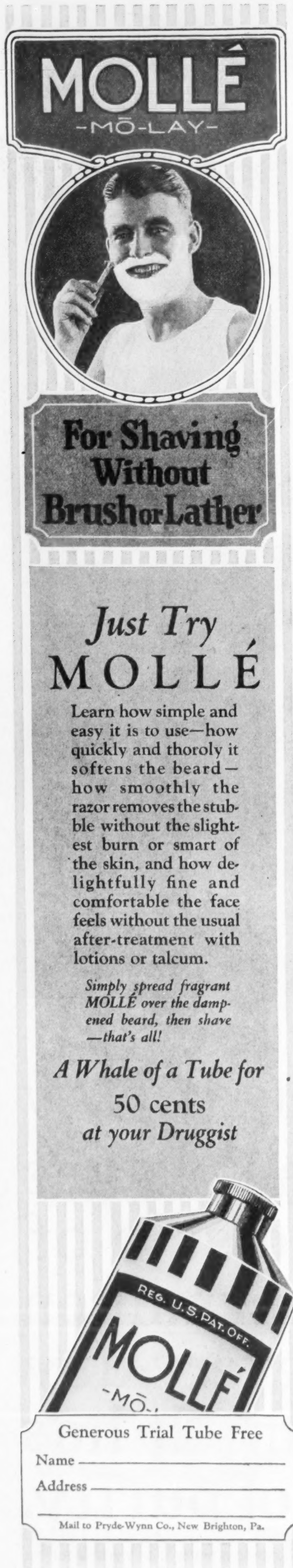

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Learn how simple and easy it is to use—how quickly and thoroly it softens the beard—how smoothly the razor removes the stubble without the slightest burn or smart of the skin, and how delightfully fine and comfortable the face feels without the usual after-treatment with lotions or talcum.

Simply spread fragrant MOLLÉ over the dampened beard, then shave —that's all!

A Whale of a Tube for 50 cents *at your Druggist*

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Generous Trial Tube Free

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Address ____________

Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.

Practically Perfect Copy

Continued from page 47

"He has never made it the least bit unpleasant. He has been perfectly darling about it. So have you until just now. But I don't want you to make love to me."

Bob Haverford took a cigarette from the open case on the table and lighted it. He tapped his fingers on the edge of the table and stared at the dancers on the floor.

"I'm sorry," he said and raised his eyes to hers. "I am sorry and you're just as fine as you are lovely. . . . But it is hard not to make love to you.

"Seriously, Helen, I do want to give you a Christmas present. I want to give you the most beautiful thing I can find in the city; something for you to wear, so that I can see it on you. I think you ought to let me."

"No, Bob. It would only make trouble. You're a dear to want to, but what's the use?" She patted the back of his hand. "Let's go home."

"All right. Tired?" Miraculously he caught the eye of a passing waiter.

"I've got to get up in the morning."

"Another crime against beauty. . . . What about tea at François' to-morrow?"

She hesitated a moment. "To-morrow? . . . All right, Bob."

He paid the check with enough money to hire her husband for half a week. They left.

THE next day was December 23d. Before five o'clock Helen Van Nostrand and Bob Haverford were sitting side by side at a table again. In a secluded corner of François', where every table was somewhat secluded, they sat with tea and toasted crumpets before them.

It had not been an auspicious day for Helen so far. There was a fresh burn on her wrist. She was wearing her second-best afternoon dress, which was also her worst, for a seam of the best one had burst when she was putting it on. She had had to darn a run in her stocking and the darn came below her dress. And she had an unaccountable pimple on the side of her nose where a beauty spot would have been out of place. Aside from these things, she had been urged by a milkman to pay his bill and she had been unable to do so. He had been unpleasant about it.

It was restful in the secluded corner with Bob Haverford and tea and toasted crumpets, but I doubt that Helen Van Nostrand's nerves were all they might have been.

"One lump and lemon," she said, handing him his cup.

"Thank you," he said. He pulled a folded piece of paper from an inside pocket and laid it on the table before him, plucking little bits from the rough edge where the sheet had been torn from a magazine.

"I have picked out your Christmas present," he said.

Helen stopped pouring cream into her tea. Her forehead took on its most pained expression.

"Oh, Bob! Please!"

"But it was made for you and it couldn't have been made for anyone else. I shouldn't have said I picked it out. Heaven sent it. There is no other woman in the world who could possibly, conceivably wear it. It—"

"I can't take it, Bob."

"Yes, you can. And you're going to. It's yours. You've won it by being the only human being in the world who deserves it."

"No, Bob. We went over the whole thing last night. You know it just as well as I do. It wouldn't be loyal to Ken. It wouldn't be honest if he didn't know it and it would drive him crazy if he did. It's just impossible."

She shouldn't have changed the tone of her voice just at this point, but she did. "I lay awake and thought about it until goodness knows what time this morning," she said.

Bob's voice was curiously monotonous when he spoke, yet there was a suggestion of rhythm in it.

"Yes. I know. I know. I sat and thought all night. . . ." The eyes he turned on her were soft in a way she had never seen his eyes before. "I thought and thought. I picked up a magazine trying to forget you. I read this advertisement and something said to me, 'That is for Helen.'

"And I thought, 'Am I a cad? Am I a homewrecker? Am I willfully making love to another man's wife? Is it wrong?' And something said, 'No, no, no, no.'

"Finally I got the whole thing straight in my mind. Listen: Perhaps you do love Kenneth Van Nostrand; perhaps he loves you. But do you love the three dark little cells you live in? Do you love being a cook and a housemaid? Do you love looking forward to babies in a God-forsaken suburb? Is there anything right or fair about it? Is it any more fair to this poor boy who sees what he is inflicting on you than it is for you?

"It's wrong, Helen—dearest—it's as wrong as anything on earth can be. And that's pretty wrong. The whole arrangement is unfair to everybody. It's going to break your spirit and your heart. It's pretty nearly broken Kenneth's spirit already!" His voice was scarcely above a whisper. His hand gripped the edge of the table so that his knuckles were red and white. His eyes looked straight into hers.

He unfolded the sheet of paper and placed it in her hand.

"Read," he said.

With blurred eyes, Helen Van Nostrand read the first advertisement of Maréchal et Cie. It was beautifully printed in clear type set off by white margins. There were only a few words, but they were beautiful. They described a bracelet, a broad band of exquisite diamonds in which the dark green of emeralds cut a strange, simple, geometrical design. . . .

Helen Van Nostrand let the paper fall on the table. Bob Haverford leaned toward her almost imperceptibly.

"Don't you see?" he said softly. "Things like that. They're made for you. I read that advertisement and I saw you wearing that bracelet. I saw you in a lovely gown you ought to have, with that bracelet on your wrist.

"No. I'm not ashamed to make love to you. I am proud to. It is right and just and good that I do. I can make you happy and—I love you."

Helen said nothing.

"You say you thought half the night and decided you couldn't take my Christmas present. Why couldn't you? Tell me how you decided and—I will tell you how you are wrong. . . . Why did you think you couldn't take a Christmas present from me?"

There was a pause in which Helen's teeth caught her under lip for a moment. Then she raised her eyes and looked full at the man beside her.

"Because," she said, "I knew I loved you."

I AM sure it would add no charm to this story to record precisely what happened after Bob and Helen went away together. The note that Kenneth Van Nostrand found pinned under the electric-light button that evening was one of the finest pieces of composition any woman ever achieved. But it would not be a pleasant thing to you, who know a little more of Kenneth Van Nostrand than Bob Haverford knew. Nor would you care particularly to read just what Kenneth Van Nostrand did after he read the note.

Let me add only a memorandum which lay unread on Kenneth Van Nostrand's desk in the office of the Hethrington Advertising Agency, Inc., on the day before Christmas:

Mr. Van N. Subject: **Copy**
from
G. V. H. Client: **Maréchal et Cie.**

Mr. Grunthal of Maréchal et Cie. phoned me this morning to say that they had sold the diamond and emerald bracelet described in our first copy for them. The sale is directly traceable to the advertisement.

That whole Maréchal series is practically perfect copy. I want to see you about your salary before the first.

He's our Greatest GANG LEADER

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

IN THE newspapers he is Magistrate Tensard De Wolf, of the Pittsburgh Morals Court. Practically, he is the greatest gang leader in America, with a personal following of boys and young men under the voting age which runs into the thousands. Four or five hundred of his followers are in the Junior Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. About 1,500 have been graduated from that and other jails, and for six years De Wolf has been putting in up to sixteen hours a day, seven days a week, teaching from ten to twelve thousand others that going to jail is stupid.

When Mr. De Wolf organized the Morals Court he discovered that nine out of ten boys who run afoul of the law get into trouble because of gang activities. Trying to break up the gangs, he learned, only aroused antagonism. So he conceived the idea of taking over these natural social organizations and using them as schools of citizenship—turning the gangs, in effect, into clubs.

The procedure is simplicity itself. Whenever a boy is arrested his case is held over until his entire gang is located. By fair dealing and common sense the magistrate gains their confidence. A corps of more than two hundred Pittsburgh business men recruited through service bodies, churches and similar institutions then steps in, helps the boys to find jobs, sets up club headquarters and directs the surplus energy of the youngsters into clean sports and study and away from automobile stealing and rowdyism.

And the results? In 1919—the first full year of Morals Court operation—6,010 boys and young men were arrested in Pittsburgh. In 1924 the number was only 2,493, in spite of a three per cent annual increase in the population, a widespread expansion of crime in which Pittsburgh's adult criminals shared, and even the advent of the jazz era.

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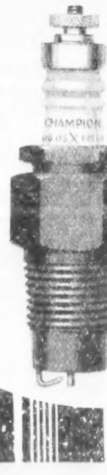

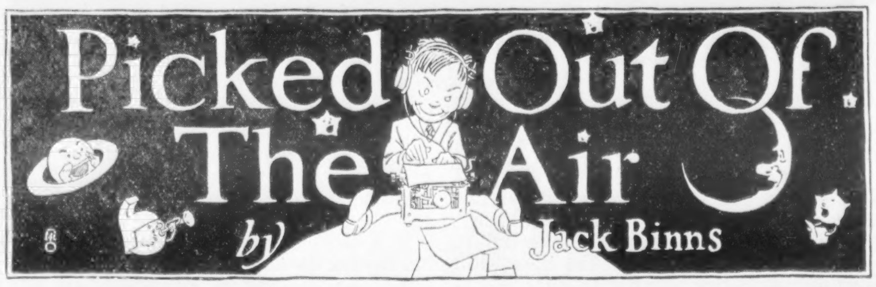

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

The Meanest Guy

"RECENTLY a friend of mine who had moved to a new location," writes J. J. Wittig of Pittsburgh, "strung his aërial on the roof between two chimneys; the landlord objected, suggesting it be attached to a tree. Two weeks later without any notification, the landlord had the tree cut down, pulling down the aërial, the radio set and breaking two tubes. He refused to make good the damage done."

SOuSe!
RUM ROW
HOOCH

Vandals of the Sea

THE captains of ocean liners coming into the port of New York have frequently protested against the menace occasioned by the ships lining "Rum Row" during the hours of darkness. These outlaws of the sea carry no lights. Now there comes a report that the rum runners are in the habit of sending out fake SOS calls at certain times. They have discovered that every available government ship goes in response to distress calls, and they are applying this knowledge to their business. The SOS call is too sacred to be used that way and the severest penalties should be applied to offenders who are caught at it. Life imprisonment is none too heavy for the person who would play ducks and drakes with human lives.

Amateurs Behave

IN THE early days of amateur radio some of the irresponsible youngsters sent out distress calls, more in a spirit of mischief than with malicious intent. As soon as the enormity of the thing was explained to them, they stopped. In this respect the various amateur organizations deserve a lot of praise for the regulatory work they have maintained in their own ranks. The amateurs now coöperate in every respect whenever an SOS call is on the ether.

Did It Squeal?

"I AM a schoolma'am in central Montana," Miss M. C. Bolles of Teigen, Mont., writes me, "and have the only radio in the neighborhood. Last week a homesteader, spending the night with my next-door neighbor, said to his host: "Say, what sort of an instrument does that woman next door play? I stood out by her gate twenty minutes last night, and I'll be hanged if I could make out what it was.'"

Oh, Dear!

IT IS officially announced that the call WDAR is being held in reserve for the Daughters of the American Revolution. Apparently the famous association is going to erect a broadcast station. We wonder whether, in this case, the W stands for women.

U. S. Papers, Please Copy

"WE RADIOPHANS would be extremely grateful," writes William J. Cunningham of New York City, "if you would use the influence your column has in getting the daily papers to print the wattage power of each station after the wave length. It would help us in this way:

"For many months I've been making a futile DX attempt on Denver. A few days ago I noted the Denver station had been recently raised to 1,500 watts. That evening, after a little fishing around, I picked up Denver—to my great joy. I understand Oakland is now on 1,500 watts, so I'm hoping to get them some evening.

"If we knew the watt power of each station, and the approximate distance, it would aid us greatly in our attempts to log more stations."

New Uses for Radio

VIBRATIONS, radiations, oscillations—call them what you will—undoubtedly have a great deal to do with our health. This is emphasized by some of the results which have been obtained by the application of radium, X-rays, ultra violet and infra-red radiations in the treatment of cancer and kindred diseases. Dr. George Lakhovsky, a French scientist, in an article published by Science and Invention, outlines the results he has obtained from experiments with high-frequency oscillations which would correspond to a radio wave of two meters length. These oscillations were concentrated upon a number of plants which had fully developed cancerous growths, with great success. Experiments along similar lines are now being applied to animals. Radio is indeed a life saver.

What the Cat Dragged In

SOME time ago I printed a story regarding a cat which had a predilection for jazz. Since that time I think I have heard from the owner of every eccentric pussy in the country. The cat of J. P. MacNeill of Hollywood, Cal., however, wins a fur-lined aërial as a prize worker. Recently an artist at KHJ gave a bird concert. Pussy MacNeill, hearing it, gave strong evidence of a desire to leave the house. A few minutes later she returned with a sparrow in her mouth. The following evening static was very bad. This also caused the MacNeill feline considerable perturbation, which was evidenced in a desire to escape the confines of the MacNeill home. Soon she meowed outside, asking admission again, and when let in deposited a mouse, recently deceased, upon the MacNeill rug. Well, J. P., I will be interested to learn what pussy drags home after she hears one of the regular radio Yah-Yahs sing.

station K-I-R-K narrowcastin' at them wha' dinna contribbit!
"dinna ye gae agittin' sae pairsnal!"

They Must Gae to Kirk

RELIGIOUS services will not be broadcast from Scottish stations. The Glasgow Presbytery of the Church of Scotland has instructed its ministers to stop the practice, on the ground that it tends to make people absent themselves from church.

Radio Map

SEND 25¢ in stamps for a copy of our radio map. It shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries; and it gives a distance finder. Send your order to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Ave., New York City.

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Through the Rooking Glass

Continued from page 11

in the house of a confederate near Lemberg in Galicia.

A confession revealed the fact that the idea of the imitation gems was not part of the original plan of the robbery, but was conceived because of the public outcry and in hope that the deception would enable the jeweler to change his residence without attracting attention.

When the late William Waldorf Astor—Viscount Astor of Hever Castle, as he came to be in England—gave the Cliveden estates to his son, the present viscount, on the occasion of the latter's wedding to Mrs. Nancy Langhorne Shaw, he presented to his new daughter-in-law a magnificent diamond, a pear-shaped briolette with a white feather flaw, weighing about fifty-three carats and valued at $75,000. This diamond is the famous Sancy.

There is no doubt that the present Sancy of Lady Astor is a genuine stone.

The first record of the Sancy diamond credits it with being the property of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, from whom it passed into the possession of Baron de Sancy, after whom it was named.

On one occasion a messenger of the baron, carrying the diamond, was assassinated, and the jewel disappeared. But so convinced was the baron of his retainer's honesty that the man's body was cut open and the lost diamond found in his stomach.

But others in the centuries that followed were not so loyal. In more recent years it appeared among the French crown jewels, from which it was stolen but recovered, and there is strong suspicion that an imitation was produced at that time and sold as the genuine.

Indeed, this is probably not the only occasion on which such an imitation was made, for the Sancy was owned and pawned by the royalty of no less than three nations through as many centuries. It is, indeed, even highly possible that Lady Astor herself has followed the example of other well-known women of society and has had an imitation of the gorgeous jewel made for her own purposes. Such action is becoming increasingly common among the owners of gems of fabulous value.

Both the Duchess of Sutherland and Mrs. Potter Palmer followed such a plan for years, and it is a well-known fact that the Queen of Spain seldom wears her more precious ornaments on public occasions.

Thus, while glass in its wonderful imitative possibilities of precious stones has opened the way to knavery and fraud, these same possibilities may be used with equal effect in frustrating the criminal.

Scientific Imitations

WHILE science has been giving the expert in precious stones the means of identifying them with certainty, the maker of imitations has also been using science in the production of more successful frauds. In modern times the manufacture of imitation gems on scientific lines was introduced by Strasser in Vienna, hence the name "strass," given to a kind of basic glass that he invented, although most people call it, incorrectly, paste.

This glass is specially prepared so as to combine as far as possible the optical or refractive powers of a gem with a degree of durability which earlier imitations lacked. The trouble with glass is that the more its refractive power is increased the softer it grows, until it offers so little resistance to decay that the exposed surface becomes corroded. This was always the hardest problem for the producer of spurious gems, and the discovery of Strasser marked as great an advance in his questionable profession as the discovery of electricity in transportation.

In making imitation precious stones the basic glass is colored with the same metallic oxides as the genuine stones. For instance, the topaz is imitated by a combination of antimony and gold, and the ruby by a solution of gold in nitro-muriatic acid. The first precious stone to be counterfeited with any success was the famous lapis lazuli of history, the cornflower-blue sapphire of the classical ages.

We often hear of announcements of "artificial diamonds," but we are as far from the making of diamonds on any practical commercial basis as we are from the making of gold.

Most of the spurious art glass is made abroad.

The World War gave the maker of fraudulent glass a golden opportunity, for it provided the convenient explanation that his alleged treasures of antiquity were salvaged from a shot-wrecked church or monastary and were offered at a sacrifice sale.

For example, a certain American collector of large wealth called on a glass dealer in Amsterdam within the past two years. The collector strongly desired a medieval Flemish window. The dealer doubtfully shook his head.

Such windows could not be located on order. The search would be very long and probably fruitless. The discouraged collector took his departure.

In the course of six or seven months a letter reached him announcing a miracle. The hand of Providence apparently had led the dealer in Amsterdam to just such a window as had been described. On the word of Swiss experts the collector paid 25,000 guilders.

A month later a disgruntled artist was voicing a frantic wail. The dealer, who had been paid thousands, had given him only 300 guilders for his handiwork.

Vase Deceived Experts

BUT windows are by no means the only examples of modern art frauds.

A well-known English lady, on a motor tour through Bohemia, chanced on the musty shop of a little antique dealer, tucked away in a straggling frontier village. On a dusty shelf her wandering glance was attracted by a cobwebbed old vase which had apparently been forgotten for years.

She gingerly carried it to the window and was startled to find that in those spots which she had dusted with the tip of her glove she had uncovered a deep red brilliancy like that of a ruby.

At once the explanation occurred to her. She had discovered what appeared to be a remarkable specimen of the famous Flemish ruby glass of the seventeenth century, which legend claims was made by mixing pure gold with the molten glass.

Before she could continue her examination the dealer had caught her arm and snatched the vase away from her, gesturing excitedly. Evidently he knew its history, but she was determined now to buy it, regardless of price. The result was that, after an hour's insistence, she carried it away in triumph for £150.

A succession of experts confirmed her judgment, and finally, after painstaking scrubbing and polishing, the vase was given a place of honor in her drawing-room, where its splendid brilliance made her the envy of her guests.

One day a domestic tragedy occurred. A careless maid knocked the priceless vase to the floor. And then the truth, which might never have been known but for the accident, was revealed. The vase was an imitation worth not more than £2. Had it been genuine, its texture would have been such that a skilled workman could have repaired it.

"To the layman," resumed Mr. Tiffany, "the reproduction of age-old glass treasures with anything like fidelity may appear to be a task of long and difficult detail. As a point of prosaic fact, the heat of the modern furnaces and the blending of proper acids may duplicate in hours the aging processes of centuries.

"The marvelous opalescent color echoes that thrill us in those specimens of the art glass of distant ages, which are resurrected now and then by the antiquarian, are produced by the slow action of the earth moisture and a gradual process of decomposition, by

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Before we start the day's work, let us digest our breakfast, sweeten the mouth, soothe the throat and cleanse the teeth with WRIGLEY'S

After Dinner

In the middle of the day when time is limited and we eat too fast, WRIGLEY'S is of greatest help. It makes your food do you more good.

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THE PERFECT GUM
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F71

which all kinds of tiny scales are formed on the surface.

"Bury an ordinary piece of glass in the ground long enough and you will be surprised at the iridescent colors it reveals. In other words, it may be said to be a beauty born of decay, and very often a quality of beauty which the object never before possessed. These same properties of iridescence, however, may be accomplished by the modern chemist or physicist by placing a sheet of plain glass in a properly heated oven and introducing various acid fumes, which deposit a film on the surface not only similar to the slower processes of the earth but far more permanent, because the acid penetrates the texture of the glass and the earth moisture does not.

"These details belong to the scientific formula for any art glass. The manufacturer of the average fraudulent antique, however, is in too great a hurry. He generally completes his work with paints. The deception is made the easier because the genuine product seems to conspire to assist the fraud.

"The fact that acid and fire alone achieved the result seems incredible. I have known cultured critics who have found it difficult to believe that the harmony of colors and the faithfulness of perspective came from the action of the furnace and not from the manipulation of a brush.

"In no direction has modern art made greater strides. Certainly the best of our art glass of to-day equals even the famed art glass of the medieval ages. We do not have to go back into the distant centuries to find the marvelous examples of what can be done in glass."

It is difficult to estimate the total annual sum which the world spends for spurious art creations. It might not be too much to place the figure for the United States alone at several million dollars each year.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Tiffany, "it is because we place too much emphasis on the *cost* of art and not enough on the *appreciation* of art. Real art cannot be measured in dollars and cents. That is why the trickster and the knave flourish. They capitalize our commercialism."

The MOTHER of the UNKNOWN SOLDIER

By ZONA GALE

in next week's

Collier's

Zona Gale

The Royal Game

Continued from page 14

around, and Lord Henerford declared that Mr. Billingham's cigars were the best he had smoked in Monte Carlo. As the evening wore on, Mr. Billingham more than once showed signs of some perturbation. He looked at his cards on several occasions before he threw them in and he paid marked attention to Madame Groosens' play. She, to her intense satisfaction, became in time almost the only winner.

Mr. Billingham was dealing. A very considerable jackpot had been opened, and it was Madame Groosens' turn to take cards.

"Three," she demanded.

Mr. Billingham threw three cards face downwards upon the table. Madame Groosens apparently discarded three and held out her hand to draw the three which had been given her. Suddenly Madelon, who was standing by the fireplace, dropped a tumbler with a little crash. Everyone started and looked round. There was a moment's pause. Then Mr. Billingham's voice rang out, clear and sharp.

"Madame," he insisted, "don't move! Don't touch your cards!"

His left hand suddenly imprisoned hers.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "I regret to say that Madame Groosens has been cheating. I have been watching her for some time. This time I am convinced."

The woman was absolutely incapable of speech. She glared at her accuser with an expression of blank and utter amazement. The natural venom of her face, however, destroyed its innocence.

"Don't move!" Mr. Billingham repeated. "I gave you three cards. Lord Henerford, be so kind as to see how many lie in front of madame."

"Only two," Lord Henerford declared.

"Now lift her reticule."

Lord Henerford did as he was bidden.

"There is another card there," he said, producing it.

"That," Mr. Billingham pointed out, "is the third card. Now lift that handkerchief which has been lying on the table by her side all the time."

Lord Henerford obeyed. Beneath the handkerchief another card was concealed.

"Now, madame, show your hand," Mr. Billingham ordered.

Madame Groosens, still speechless, did as she was told. She held a pair of aces. In obedience to a gesture, Lord Henerford turned up the card under the handkerchief. It was another ace.

"The trick is a simple one," Mr. Billingham explained. "I've seen it done on the steamer more than once. I never expected to see it in company like this. When I gave her three cards, madame discarded one, but pushed it with her sleeve under the reticule. She was helping herself to the one underneath the handkerchief which had been waiting there for the occasion—the third ace. You see? She would have scooped the pool."

MADAME GROOSENS sprang to her feet and commenced stuffing her winnings into her bag. The marquis, however, held her wrist.

"Madame," he insisted, "this is a serious affair. You must kindly leave that money where it is."

"You, ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Billingham added, moving toward the bell, "are the best judges of what should be done. I suggest that I send for the manager of the hotel and a representative of the Casino."

Madame Groosens sat down heavily. She had a sudden and awful vision of the joy with which this substantiated charge against her would be received. She had a vision of life without Monte Carlo. She shook in every limb.

"It is all a mistake!" she gasped.

"Mistakes of such a nature," the marquis commented, "do not occur."

"You can take your money," Madame Groosens exclaimed passionately—"take it back. I am innocent, but this shall not be spoken of. You can have your money. I will go!"

(*Continued on page 52*)

"It Doesn't Bother Me Any More"

"We have gone a hundred and seven miles since we left home this morning and I've had my toe on this foot accelerator every inch of the way. You know how I used to complain about the way that big toe on my right foot would ache and pain when we took even a little tour? Well, it doesn't bother me a little bit any more. The doctors have a fancy name for that pain I used to have. Doctor Davis called it "accelerator toe." I'll have to tell him about these new shoes of mine. You ought to try them, too, Betsy. They are the most comfortable shoes I ever had on. They look stylish, too. You know who gave me the tip on them? It was that Mrs. Ambrose who took the White Mountain tour with us last Summer, and you say she is one of the best dressed women you ever met."

* * * * *

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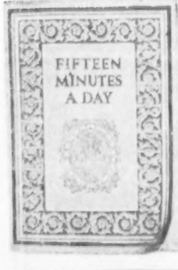

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The Royal Game

Continued from page 51

Mr. Billingham walked to the door, locked it, and returned with the key in his pocket.

"Madame de Bernande," he said, "and you, Lord Henerford, I am an American, and I don't quite know how you treat a case like this. I'd be glad of some advice."

"The woman should be punished. She should be exposed," Madame de Bernande declared.

"Without a doubt something should be done," Lord Henerford assented, helping himself to a whisky and soda.

"But I never touched the cards," Madame Groosens protested hysterically. "I took what were given to me."

"You may as well cut that out," Mr. Billingham said shortly.

MADAME GROOSENS leaned back in the chair, distracted, vicious, impotent. Mr. Billingham took the pile of notes and counters and divided them into heaps. He returned to each an equal portion.

"I guess that leaves us pretty well as we were," he pointed out. "The next thing for us to decide is what ought we to do about this lady."

"Do about me?" she gasped. "You've taken my money. You've lied about me. You've insulted me—"

"She is always like this," the marquis interrupted, with an apologetic little gesture. "We have had warning enough below from the croupiers."

"If you think, madame," Mr. Billingham said sternly, "that you're going to get out of this scot-free, you're making a big mistake. You've run up against the wrong crowd this time. How much you've made by cheating people all your life, as you tried to cheat us to-night, no one can tell, but some of those dollars you're going to refund. That's a sure thing!"

"This is interesting," the marquis remarked. "What do you propose?"

"I propose, ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Billingham continued, "that we adopt one of two courses. We either publish an account of what has transpired this evening socially and to the managers of the Casino and the Sporting Club, who, I am inclined to believe, would welcome such information, or we fine madame a certain sum which shall be intrusted to one of us for distribution among certain approved charities."

"I," Madame de Bernande said, "am in favor of reporting madame to the authorities."

"I, on the other hand," the marquis intervened, "am not absolutely certain that that would entirely exclude her from the use of the Rooms. I am therefore in favor of making her pay."

"And I, if I have a voice in the matter," Madelon echoed.

"I should make her stump up," Lord Henerford agreed. "Touch 'em through their pockets more readily than in any other way."

"That goes, then," Mr. Billingham decided. "Madame, on receipt of a check for two thousand pounds, which I shall devote to certain charities which I have already in my mind, you may leave this room. If you hesitate for more than twenty seconds, I shall ring the bell and ask for the manager."

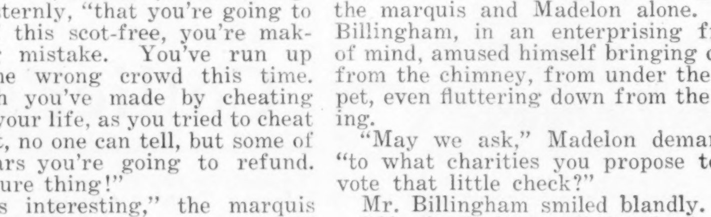
Madame Groosens hesitated for less than twenty. She wrote the check and she left the room, with a venomous backward glance which few of them ever forgot. The little party broke up soon afterward, leaving Mr. Billingham, the marquis and Madelon alone. Mr. Billingham, in an enterprising frame of mind, amused himself bringing cards from the chimney, from under the carpet, even fluttering down from the ceiling.

"May we ask," Madelon demanded, "to what charities you propose to devote that little check?"

Mr. Billingham smiled blandly.

"Charity," he replied, "begins at home!"

"Is poker really a game of skill?"



Some Things
WE CAN'T QUARREL ABOUT

ON a Monday night in April a Roman Catholic, a Presbyterian minister, a Jewish rabbi, a Hindu, a Persian, a Unitarian and a freethinker stood up one by one in the pulpit of a church in New York City and pleaded for understanding among the peoples of all religious faiths and the formulation of a statement of those fundamental religious and ethical truths upon which all racial and religious groups are in accord and upon which all may unite for the greater glory of God and the furtherance of the ideal of human brotherhood. The discussion stressed the fact that there is, after all, no controversy over certain tried and proved moral truths essential to the health, happiness, peace and spiritual progress of humankind. Something like that has been accomplished by the readers of Collier's in their compilation of and agreement upon a Moral Code for Youth. The Code compiled with the direction of Collier's is a simple statement of those great moral truths, evolved out of centuries of experience, upon which all humans, regardless of doctrinal differences, are happily agreed. The fact that more than a quarter million copies of that Code have gone into the schoolrooms of America in a few months is evidence that the readers of Collier's have done a good work. If you haven't seen the Moral Code for Youth, we shall gladly send you a copy. Address Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City, Editorial Extension Dept.

Madelon asked as she and Mr. Billingham paced the terrace after dinner a few nights later.

"I shall probably be able to answer that question to-morrow morning," her companion replied, a little grimly. "I have promised to make up a game to-night with some of the New York crowd. I don't much fancy it."

Madelon laughed softly.

"Why, my dear man," she exclaimed, "you can do what you like with them!"

Mr. Billingham shook his head sadly.

"In a way we are friends," he explained. "They are fellow club men. I cannot treat them as I would Mrs. Groosens. So far as any manipulation of the cards is concerned we meet on equal terms."

"Then don't gamble," she begged. "Madame Groosens' two thousand isn't going to last us forever."

"If I don't gamble," Mr. Billingham objected, "I must lose. Poker's kind of a queer game that way. The man who sits too tight at the stakes this crowd play is bound to get it in the neck."

"Whom are you playing with?" she inquired.

Mr. Billingham inclined his head toward the harbor.

"With Millionaire Frost and his crowd."

"On the yacht?"

Mr. Billingham nodded. "I've got to get down there in a few minutes," he confided. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to the opera after the first act, to Madame de Bernande's box. You can leave me at the door as you pass—and good luck to you! Remember my chinchilla cape, and do not bluff! . . ."

MR. BILLINGHAM looked for a moment or two almost wistfully after Madelon's slim form as she passed into the Casino. Then, with a little sigh, he went on his way down the steps, along the quay, across the drawbridge, to be received with much respect by a smart-looking steward and ushered into the saloon of the famous yacht—the Flying Dutchman. Here five men were still sitting over their wine. The host of the party—a thick-set, prosperous-looking New Yorker—waved his hand cordially.

"Glad to see you, Billingham. Take a seat and try my Madeira before we get to business. Shake hands with Senator Curtis—Mr. Billingham. I guess you know the rest of the crowd."

Mr. Billingham accepted the seat, exchanged greetings all round, and drank a glass of wine. They were a typical little gathering of New Yorkers—opulent, full of good nature and friendliness—and when they moved to the smoke-room and sat down at the poker table everyone as on the best of terms with himself and his neighbor. Only Mr. Billingham was for a moment thoughtful. He had paused to glance through the porthole across the little glittering stretch of water to the flaming lights of the Casino. He pulled himself together, however, with barely an effort, at the rattling of the chips.

"A hundred dollars ante, a thousand dollars raise—how's that?" the host proposed.

"It's steep," Mr. Billingham commented.

"I've seen you play the same game at the Manhattan," one of his acquaintances observed. "And, anyway, it's no use playing for nuts."

"I'm agreeable to whatever stakes you generally play, gentlemen," Mr. Billingham answered. "I guess it will take three of a kind to get me curious."

"You sit tight and you'll win a wad," Millionaire Frost declared. "We're all fool bluffers here. The senator's the only man who understands the game, and he loses."

The chips were apportioned, the deal commenced, and the game proceeded. Mr. Billingham, playing with the utmost care, managed just to hold his own for the first part of the evening. At half past eleven his host glanced at the clock.

"We're an early crowd here, Sam," he said. "Twelve o'clock sees us through. What do you say to starting a couple of rounds of jackpots?"

"I'm agreeable," Mr. Billingham assented readily. "I was kind of set on seeing the folks out of the opera, anyway."

A round of jackpots proceeded with varying fortunes. Mr. Billingham saw his stock of chips, notwithstanding the utmost caution, materially reduced, and as each chip represented a hundred or a thousand dollars according to its color, the fact was not without its significance. The last jackpot of the game Mr. Billingham himself opened. Everyone came in, and everyone drew three cards, excepting the host, who drew two. Mr. Billingham took one and started the betting with the limit—a thousand dollars. He was seen by everyone until it came to the turn of his host, who raised him a thousand dollars. Everybody dropped out except Mr. Billingham, who promptly raised the bid another thousand. Thenceforward it became a duel. The betting reached ten thousand dollars. Millionaire Frost relit his cigar, studied his cards, and looked across at his adversary.

"Say, ain't we wasting our breath like this?" he demanded. "It stands at ten thousand dollars just now. What about doubling?"

"I'm agreeable," Mr. Billingham replied without hesitation.

"Twenty thousand dollars, then," Millionaire Frost proposed.

"Forty thousand," Mr. Billingham rejoined.

There was a little chorus of exclamations and chaff.

"Guess you've run up against something, my lad," Senator Curtis observed with a chuckle. "It's a great game, that doubling game!"

Millionaire Frost studied his cards once more, scratched his head, and hesitated. Finally he threw them down on the table.

"I'm letting you have it, Billingham," he announced, counting his thousand-dollar chips out, and throwing them into the middle. "I reckon you've got me. In any case, I've quit being inquisitive."

"What did you get, anyway, Frost?" his friend Senator Curtis inquired.

"Only a pair of kings," was the regretful reply. "I kept a kicker and threw out two, to put him off, but he wasn't having any. No good seeing him. He drew one card and opened. He must have opened with two pair, which had me beat, to start with."

"Say, what had you?" the senator inquired, turning to Mr. Billingham.

The latter hesitated for a single moment.

"I'd have you understand," he explained diffidently, "that this isn't the kind of game I generally play. I picked up the eight, nine, ten, jack of spades and the jack of hearts. I opened the jackpot, pushed the jack of hearts here—to show you my openers," he went on, disclosing it, "and drew for a straight flush."

"And what did you get?" the other demanded.

Mr. Billingham turned his cards face upward. He had the eight, nine, ten, and jack of spades and the two of hearts.

"Bust!" he pointed out.

They all gazed at the cards open-mouthed. There was a roar of laughter. The senator leaned across and patted Mr. Billingham on the back.

"You've put one over on the old man," he declared. "Say, Frost, what about it?"

Millionaire Frost laughed good-humoredly.

"A fine bit of play," he pronounced. "We'll have a bottle and a sandwich and drink your health, Mr. Billingham!"

MR. BILLINGHAM was just in time to meet Madelon as she came out of the opera. She had said good-by to Madame de Bernande, and she welcomed him with a smile of pleasure.

"I knew Uncle wouldn't be here, although he promised," she said.

"I hurried round," Mr. Billingham confided, "to see how you felt about a bite of supper."

"I should love it," she declared. "But tell me first, please—you didn't bluff?"

"Not exactly what you might call bluffing," Mr. Billingham replied evasively, as he tucked her hand through his arm and started across the square.

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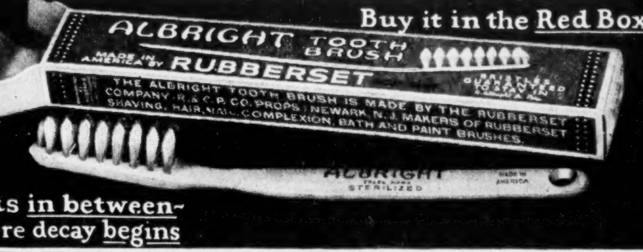
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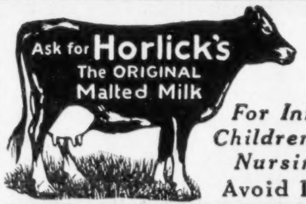

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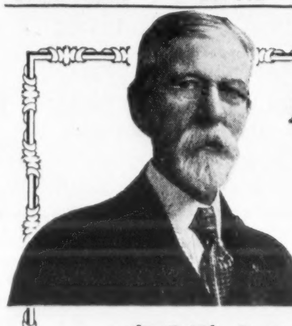

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

"COMMENCE Firing" we captioned the letter from "Two Respectable Old Maids" of Medicine Hat, and the title was a good one. The shots are coming thick and sharp. Even other "Old Maids" are confessing that they would have worn knickers and bobbed hair gladly, if those commonplaces of to-day had been available in the days of their youth. And men, who are supposed to be the most conservative of creatures as regards dress, are putting in a good word for short skirts and short hair. Legs, it seems, are here to stay.

We Expected This

To the Editor of Collier's:

I can think of no consummation less devoutly to be wished than to be labeled "Respectable Old Maid from Medicine Hat." I had an aunt once. She was not from Medicine Hat but the principle was the same.

I earnestly desire to inform the Two R. O. M. from M. H. that I was born in 1900; that I never owned a corset or its approximation; that I have never worn breeches, but I have, on countless occasions and pretexts, worn pants; that never did an iron hairpin bore its way into my skull; that I swim in a one-piece suit and get my legs—you heard me—legs tanned to a turn; that my natural complexion is not so bad, but, even so, I have improved it vastly by skillful application of unguents from various small jars; that my husband has taught me how to smoke, and that I have been known to puff brazenly in public cafés; that my ears come out from ambush only to laved; that I consider Alice and Phoebe Cary defunct dodos, but I enormously admire Edna St. V. Millay; that Paul Whiteman and Flo Ziegfeld have put it all over Gilbert and Sullivan; that Mrs. Coolidge, with her beauty, style and slimness, knocks Victoria into a cocked hat; that our short, sleeveless, straightline frocks do not crave comparison with the bustle and the Grecian Bend; that it's heaps more fun to toddle on a slick floor to the rhythm of saxophone cacophony and kitchen utensils than to stand around a wheezy organ and sing "After the Ball;" that if all this puts me in the class with "The Flapper of To-day," then I'm tickled to death to sign myself

ONE OF THEM, Indianapolis, Ind.

To the Editor of Collier's:

I cannot agree with the "Two Respectable Old Maids of Medicine Hat."

How much of the original woman did we ever see in the 70's?

Big sunbonnets and long skirts. Bustles and later the big puffed sleeves.

I think girls are much more sensible now and I believe they are just as respectable. If they are not, clothes or the lack of them have nothing to do with it.

Whenever I go out I think how much happier my own girlhood would have been if we had been as sensible as the girls are to-day. This afternoon I met two girls horseback riding, clad in knickers, riding man fashion, bareheaded, with bobbed hair, and looking so healthy the man who marries one of them will not have to pay out half his income for doctor bills.

I suppose I am a horrid old woman's rights person, but I believe in bobbed hair, short skirts, votes for women, knickers and corsetless figures.

Men's manliness never was supposed to depend on the clothes they wore; why should women's womanliness.

Me for the 1925 girl.

MRS. C. TIMMEEMAN,
Cortland, N. Y.

Illusions Still Fade

Who would have thought that
The paint of a maid
Would irk Medicine Hat?
Medicine Hat!
Far famed for its boom.
Where women, though few, were wild as a loon;
Where shots were as rapid as notes to a tune;
Where liquor ran free as it came from the vat.
And they're writing of flappers from Medicine Hat!
Alas and alack,
Who would 'a' thought it of Medicine Hat?

M. J. F., St. Louis, Mo.

A Town That Keeps the Law

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have recently re-read Shepherd's story on "After the Bootlegger—What?" and it is on my mind to tell you what a hick town I live in:

We have a federal judge that is such a "rube" that he actually issues injunctions and closes up illegal places of the socially elect the same as ordinary folks. Recently some wealthy persons were convicted and fined in his court and he played no favorites.

It was proposed to stage a prize fight here and our "hick" sheriff read the law and notified the promoters that he would not permit it. A "hick" judge refused to issue the injunction applied for and the fight did not take place.

We had a referendum some years ago and these "rubes" voted out Sunday movies BUT—

We have the largest per capita Sunday-school attendance of any city in the world.

We have to school our children in shifts because we cannot build houses fast enough to care for them. We have seven major projects under way now.

We mined 19,200,000 tons of coal last year with the fewest fatalities in the history of the district.

Seventeen hundred employees own stock in one of our public service corporations, and numerous engineers own bonds of the roads they run their engines over.

And to cap the whole rube climax, the captains of industry here, as a rule, obey the law.

BILL SIKES,
Birmingham, Ala.

Automobile Ethics

To the Editor of Collier's:

The successful reformer wisely attacks "evils" about the time men appreciate that "it doesn't pay." Take such a little thing as the killing of children by autos. This goes merrily on, no one figuring that a machine going 30 miles an hour has nine times the chance of "unavoidable" accident that one has if going 10 miles, where children are playing.

But when did you last hear of an auto running into a heavy loaded truck? It used to happen. The heavy trucks take a lot more risks than the children do, but auto and light truck drivers give them right of way. Some men with machines, gentle men at heart, give the babies and old folks right of way.

L. W. TESTLER,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Moving Toward Censorship

To the Editor of Collier's:

I wonder what you would think of a city making plans for a clear, pure water supply some miles away, and then making no provision whatever to protect the water supply from pollution on the way to the city where it is to be used?

Perhaps just what I think of hanging a "moral code" on the walls of our schoolrooms to begin the foundation of good character in our future men and women—and then making no effort to prevent pollution in the form of such "literature" (?) as is being sold our boys and girls at practically every news stand in the country.

I was at a news stand near one of our high schools to-day—just as the pupils were being dismissed for the day. Several boys and girls stopped and bought magazines. Some bought the real stuff—but most of them seemed to want something not so good.

I took the trouble to glance through two or three of the sensational magazines. It is wonderful how much filth can be told in "acceptable" language.

I am not a crank. Some of the happiest hours of my boyhood were spent with Frank and Dick Merriwell, Fred Fearnot, and perhaps a few with Diamond Dick and Old Sleuth. I won't object to my boy enjoying them—as I did. But I don't want his education in matters of sex to be "breezy" or "snappy"—and certainly not "sensational."

Let's stop the pollution.

PURITAN FATHER,
Washington, D. C.

Always or Almost Always?

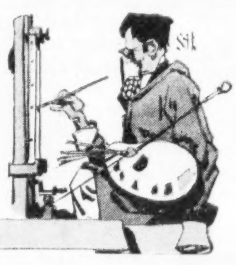
To the Editor of Collier's:

In an article entitled "Bringing Dead Ships to Life," appearing in Collier's for March 28th, the writer states: "It is significant that a cat-o'-nine-tails was found in the captain's and engineer's quarters. It seems that the German sailors were flogged into doing their duty."

Your correspondent is in error, for a veteran of the World War informs me that the cat-o'-nine-tails was used in *beating dust* out of clothes and not for flogging the German sailors.

HARRY P. GUMM,
San Francisco, Cal.

IN - THIS - ISSUE -



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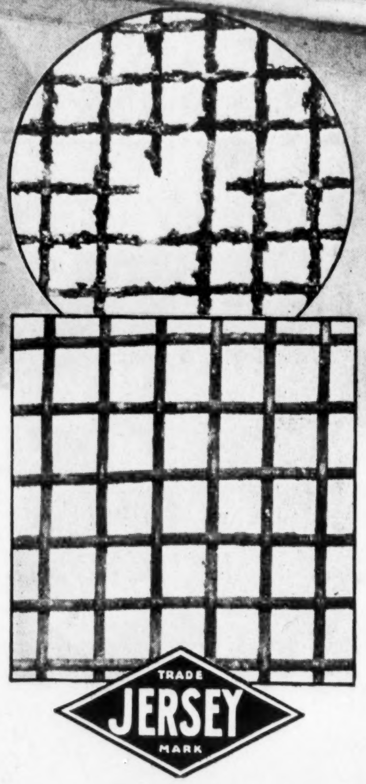

In the circle above is a photograph (enlarged 5 diameters) of steel cloth, metal coated, after a few months' service at a distance of more than 35 miles from the seacoast.

In the rectangle is an unretouched photograph (enlarged 5 diameters) showing Copper Screen Cloth made by the New Jersey Wire Cloth Company which has been subjected to the action of salt air for more than 12 years.

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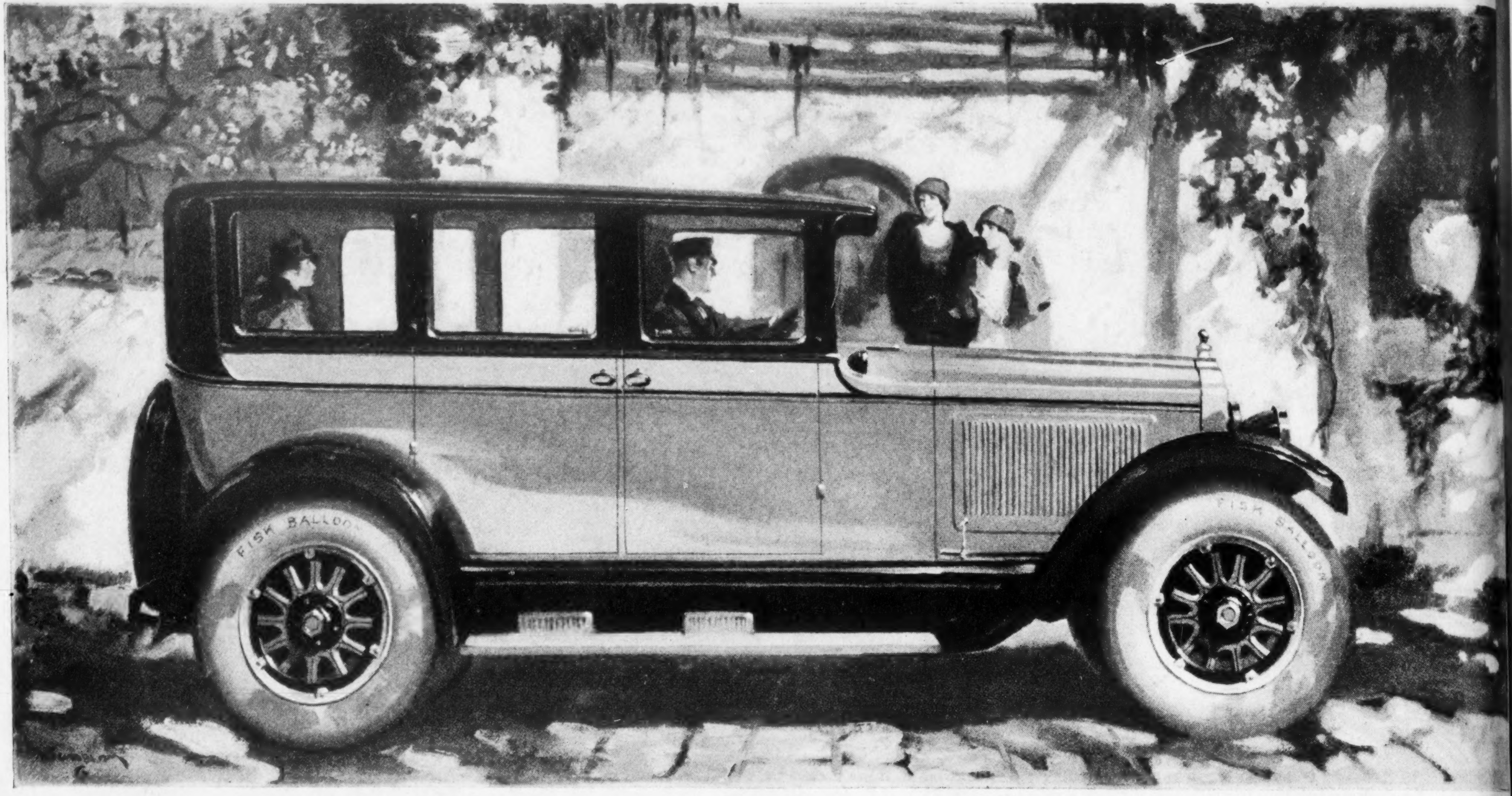

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